

# Renegade Immortal

(仙逆)

Book 02

## The Bloody Image of Cultivation

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### Story Description:

Wang Lin is a very smart boy with loving parents. Although him and his parents are shunned by the rest of their relatives, his parents always held high hopes that he will one day become someone great. One day, Wang Lin suddenly gained the chance to walk the path of an immortal, but found that he only had mediocre talent at best. Watch Wang Lin as he breaks through his lack of talent and walks the path towards becoming a real immortal!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 72: Seizing Foundation

The middle aged man looked around for a bit, then muttered, "This place is indeed strange. Two years ago, there was a sudden burst of spiritual energy which attracted these beasts. Since then, waves of spiritual energy have been sent out from around here. That is what attracts the beasts."

The youth's eyes suddenly lit up. He said, "Elder martial brother, could there be a treasure here?"

The middle chuckled and said, "There were some elders that also thought so, but after searching for a while, they determined that the release of spiritual energy was a natural occurrence."

The youth sighed in disappointment and said, "That is unfortunate. If only there really was a treasure here."

The middle aged man let out a laugh and said, "It's getting late. I'll catch a strong crystal spirit beast, then we can go back." With that, the middle aged man spread out his divine sense and found 7 to 8 crystal spirit beasts and began to observe them.

Just at that moment, all of the beasts that were cultivating suddenly started to move, as if something startled them. Some even began to growl.

Gradually, the number of growls began to increase, until all of the beasts were roaring. Their roars were directed at a vegetation-filled cliff.

The middle aged man was stunned. Before he was able to call his fellow disciples to quickly leave the area, a huge divine sense swept past them. The middle aged man's face changed greatly. Even with his 12th layer cultivation level, he felt completely powerless under this divine sense.

The girl named Xu's, who was next to the middle aged man, face turned pale. The flying sword under her feet flashed and fell to the ground. The girl and the youth hugging her also fell to the ground.

The flying sword under the middle aged man also faltered and he had to use all of his power to maintain flight. He took a step and grabbed the

two falling people before landing on the ground. Just this simple action caused him to be drenched in sweat.

After he landed, he quickly clasped his hands and said, "Junior is Xuan Dao Sect's disciple, Li Hai. I didn't know senior was cultivating here. Please forgive us."

The girl named Xu also noticed that divine sense. It caused her to lose control of her flying sword. She respectfully said, "Junior is Xuan Dao Sect's disciple Xu Fei."

The youth was so scared that there wasn't any trace of blood on his face. He stood there, clenching the girl's clothes, not daring to speak.

All of the beasts also felt chills when the divine sense spread across them. All of them revealed looks of shock and fear. They lied on the ground, not daring to move.

"Xuan Dao Sect..." A very old voice echoed from the surroundings. It was hard to tell whether the voice was happy or angry.

The middle aged man groaned. If he was by himself, he could have just escaped when he found that something was off, but now, with a junior sister and a little junior brother here, if he were to run away, then their masters would definitely hold him accountable. He could only hope that, because the Xuan Dao Sect was so close and that they hadn't done anything to offend this senior yet, the senior will not do anything.

After the senior said that phrase, he began to think. The middle aged man clenched his teeth and decided that his life was more important. If the senior started to act with killing intent, then he was going to save himself first.

Xu Fei's forehead was covered in beads of sweat. She was got very nervous when she saw her 3rd elder brother, who was alway calm, scared pale. She hesitated for a while, then said, "Senior, junior hasn't done anything to offend you. You..."

Before she could finish speaking, the old voice let out a surprised sound and said, "You said your name is Xu?"

The girl was stunned. She respectfully answered, "Disciple is named Xu."

The voice became silent again. After a long time, the voice let out a sigh and said, "You can leave." With that, there was a sudden change in the sky, as if there was an invisible hand that waved in the air. The three were pushed far away by an unstoppable wind.

The middle aged man felt even more horrified. Just at that moment, he felt like his entire body was imprisoned. If this senior wanted to kill him, he wouldn't even be able to react.

Out of fear, he immediately grabbed his junior brother and sister and rushed away as fast as possible without a word when the restricting force around them was gone. He was afraid that the senior would change their mind, so he used all of his strength to get away.

After the three left, the cliff covered with vegetation started to shake until all of the vegetation fell off, revealing a dark cave.

A young male with hair all the way to his waist slowly walked out. His face was white and his eyes sparkled. The moment he walked out of the cave, all of the wild beasts started to whine. Their eyes begged for mercy.

The long haired youth was about 20 years old. His gaze was cold as he looked at all of the beasts. He remained silent as he looked toward the Heng Yue Mountain with regret in his heart.

He was Wang Lin, who had been in closed door cultivation for 4 years.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He muttered to himself, "I have reached the peak of Qi Condensation a long time ago, but reaching Foundation Building is simply too hard. I have already tried it many times, but am still unable to break through. Situ, will the method you mentioned really help me reach Foundation Building faster?"

"Yes. Have you decided to use my method?" Situ Nan let out a proud smile. "I told you before: while reaching the Foundation Building stage is hard, if you use my method, it will succeed for sure."

A cold light flashed through Wang Lin's eyes. He said, "But I can't even

beat someone at the Foundation Building stage.. How could I catch one alive?”

Situ Nan let out a laugh and said, “You can rest assured, because you have me here. This time, in order to help you reach Foundation Building, I’ll take another risk and use my technique again. As long as you can find me an opening, I can help you restrain the person. You better find someone who has just reached Foundation Building so I won’t have to waste too much essence.”

Wang Lin pondered for a while, then let out a sigh. He wryly smiled. “Situ, this foundation stealing is very vicious. Whoever I steal from will surely die, so let’s wait and see first.”

Situ Nan said, with discontent, “You! I have told you countless times that, in the world of cultivation, the strong prey on the weak. Killing others for your own benefit is completely normal. With your current merciful nature, how long will it take you reach Spirit Transformation? Hmph, if you don’t want to use my method, you can also go look for wood element. If you can fill the heaven defying bead with wood element, the upgrade should give you enough spiritual energy to reach Foundation Building. If you won’t do either of those, and don’t have a Nascent Soul cultivator to help you, don’t even think about reaching foundation Building.”

Wang Lin pondered for a while, then said, “I wonder how other people Reach Foundation building.”

Situ Nan grunted and said, “It’s simple. If they have a sect, then a Nascent Soul cultivator uses their own cultivation to help the disciple reach Foundation Building. If I still had my body, I could do the same and help you. In my home country, the status of a Nascent Soul cultivator is like that of a Core Formation cultivator here. Although there aren’t too many, there are enough to help the disciples to reach Foundation Building.”

# Chapter 73: Tian Shui City

Wang Lin took a deep breath. In these 4 years, he had reached the peak of Qi Condensation in 2 years. He spent the remaining years trying to reach foundation building, but didn't have any success.

But because he kept trying to break into Foundation Building, the gap between his real body and his cultivation level became a lot smaller. Instead of looking like he was at the 3rd layer, he now looked like he was at the 8th layer.

Wang Lin muttered, "Foundation Building..." His eyes flashed as he made a decision. He slapped his bag of holding and a very extravagant looking flying sword came out. It circled around him once before stopping in front of him.

Wang Lin stepped onto the flying sword. His body moved and disappeared in a beam of light.

All of the beasts lying on the ground finally relaxed a bit and quickly scattered.

Wang Lin went around the Heng Yue Mountain and quickly flew away. The mountains, plains, forests, and villages looked very small under Wang Lin as he flew past them.

In the blink of an eye, the village he was born in entered his view. Wang Lin pondered for a moment, then flew past the village without even turning his head.

The Heng Yue Mountain was located in the northern border of the country of Zhao. It was a very remote location, with most people living in small villages. Wang Lin's destination was the city 10,000 kilometers from there. The city was called Tian Shui city and it was the largest city in the northern part of Zhao.

Wang Lin had only heard about Tian Shui city. His teacher told him that there was an army of 100,000 stationed there. Wang Lin had always wanted to go there ever since he was a kid.

Before he entered the the world of cultivation, his biggest dream was to make a name for himself in the state exam, then become a high ranked official in the capital, and move his parents there as well.

Wang Lin's mind echoed the wishes of his youth. He let out a smile as he flew toward the city.

10 days later, Wang Lin became confused as he floated in the air with Situ Nan's mocking laugh littering the air.

"I saw you flying for so many days straight. I thought you knew the road, but it turns out you don't!"

Wang Lin snorted and said, "If it wasn't for you asking me to go into these forests, I would have found the city for sure by now."

Situ Nan laughed. "There are many forests on the way there, so there is a chance that there are some wood elements that could be absorbed by the bead. I'm doing this for your benefit."

Wang Lin was about to speak, but suddenly stopped himself. He spotted a train of wagons on the road below.

Liu San, the head of the Mighty Escort service in Tian Shui city. Although his body wasn't big, he was very powerful. He had mastered the mountain splitting palm to a high degree and could be considered one of the experts in Tian Shui city. He normally wouldn't come out for jobs.

But this time, the shipment was too important, and it attracted too much attention. That was why North family asked him to come.

Liu San was an easy going person who loved to make friends. Everyone in the escort team gave him a lot of face. He was currently proudly riding on his horse. This shipment was already delivered and although there were many thieves on the way, they were all scared and posed no danger. The most dangerous crisis was when they were attacked by the Greenwood bandits, but when they saw that Liu San was there, they gave him face and didn't attack, making him very proud.

He closed his eyes and relaxed a bit. Tian Shui city was just up ahead, so this assignment by the North family could be considered complete.

On a horse to the right of Liu San sat a very strong young man. He laughed and asked, "Leader, once we finish this big delivery, how much of the profit do you think the North family will give us?"

A dark faced man also said, "Leader, this shipment is so important that we should be able to get a decent part of the profit, right?."

Liu San's stared at them and said, "When has the North family ever cheated us? Just wait and see. No need to worry."

The young man wasn't afraid. He patted his horse and said, "Okay, with leader's words, I'm relieved."

The dark faced man let out a laugh. Right before he was about to speak, his face sunk. He asked. "Leader, do you see a person standing there?"

Liu San focused his gaze and saw a figure standing at the cross road. His face also sunk. He said, "Yang Sen, ask him what's going on. If he needs help, give him some money. After all, everyone has hard times."

Yang Sen's head raised. He steered his horse and charged toward the person. When he got closer, instead of slowing down, he started to charge even faster.

When Liu San saw this, he frowned. Although Yang Sen did his job well, whenever he did something, he had to force others into a lower position.

The dark faced man let out a laugh and said, "That Yang Sen isn't afraid of charging in, but that kid really does have good horse riding skills."

The person who was standing at the cross was Wang Lin. He saw someone charge out from the train of carriages. That person quickly arrived before him.

Yang Sen was close enough to see what the stranger looked like. Although the person was very young, he was also very calm. He admired the youth for not being scared by his speed at all. He turned his horse and grazed by Wang Lin's side.

After he charged past Wang Lin, took a few steps back, clasped his hands, and said, "I'm Tian Shui city's Mighty Escort's Yang Sen. Does



friend need any help?”

Wang Lin's gaze scanned Yang Sen. He clasped his hands and said, “I'm looking for directions to Tian Shui city. I'm sorry if I bothered you.”

Yang Sen was stunned. He looked at Wang Lin a few times, especially at Wang Lin's hands and head. He smiled and said, “No problem. Tian Shui city isn't far. What is brother going to Tian Shui city for?”

Yang Sen looked at Wang Lin a bit more. By now, the carriages had caught up and a voice shouted, “Yang Sen, what is going on?”

Yang Sen turned the horse and shouted, “It's a kid that doesn't know any martial arts looking for directions to Tian Shui city.”

Liu Sen held the reins and quickly approached. His eyes lit up as he looked at Wang Lin and said, “Friend, what is your name?”

Wang Lin clasped his hands and said, “Hello, escort leader. My name is Wang Lin. This is my first time leaving home, so I hope escort leader can tell me directions to Tian Shui city.”

# Chapter 74: Bloody Disaster

Liu San, after carefully examining Wang Lin, suddenly asked, "Are you a student rushing here to take the exam?"

Wang Lin's expression remained calm. He shook his head and said, "I'm not here for the exam. I have some skill in a craft and would like to make a living in the city."

Liu San relaxed a bit. His question had a deep meaning. It was almost time for the state exam, so a lot of local villages sent students to the city to take the exam. However, all of those students would carry a box holding writing materials, but Wang Lin was carrying nothing. If he admitted that he was a student here for the exam, he would have to be wary of this person.

But Liu San didn't take this too seriously. He laughed and said, "What a coincidence. We are also heading toward Tian Shui city. Friend, how about you travel with us?"

A grateful look washed over Wang Lin's face. He said, "Thank you, escort leader!"

The dark faced man looked at Wang Lin and laughed. "Kid, can you ride a horse?"

Wang Lin wryly smiled and shook his head.

Liu San pointed at the carriage behind him and said, "What is there to thank me for? Everyone has a hard time when they are out traveling. Young man, there are only four days left until we reach the city."

Wang Lin clasped his hands. Without a word, he got on the carriage. He looked behind him and saw dozens of similar carriages. He scanned them with his divine sense and found them to all be empty. He didn't bother with it anymore and sat down cross legged.

Yang Sen reined his horse and walked next to Wang Lin. He asked, "Friend, how come you don't have any luggage for your travels?"

Wang Lin sighed and shook his head. He said, "I met robbers on the

way.”

Yang Sen was stunned. He looked at Wang Lin for a while, then said, “Keeping your life is more important. This area hasn’t been safe recently.”

As they were talking, Wang Lin’s expression suddenly changed. He raised his head and looked toward the forest in front of him. He expanded his divine sense and found two people hiding there, staring at the caravan.

Even after the caravan passed, those two they still didn’t do anything, so Wang Lin didn’t say anything and ignored them.

After a day of travel, the sun was starting to set and night was about to come. Liu San shouted from the front, “Boys, we will reach the Tian Shui city area tomorrow and the North family will send someone to greet us. Today, we won’t be able to find any lodging, so we will camp out here to rest for a bit, then set out early tomorrow morning. Once we reach the city, I’ll take you boys to the Red Ice Palace to find you some pretty girls to play with.”

All of the guys let out laughs, then got off their horses. They formed a circle with the wagons and tied the horses to the wagons. After that, they pitched their tents. Some went to sleep while others started drinking. The atmosphere became very lively.

There were also 3 to 5 people taking turns patrolling the area.

After Wang Lin got off the carriage, Yang Sen pulled him aside to a camp fire. During their day of conversing, Yang Sen found that he really liked Wang Lin and bragged a lot about his deeds to him.

The more interested Wang Lin seemed in his story, the more excited he got while talking about them. That was why he dragged Wang Lin to talk the moment the group stopped to rest.

There were three people sitting next to the fire. Besides the escort head Liu San and the dark faced man, there was also a middle aged scholar-looking man. He wore a blue robe, his skin was pale, and he had a broad forehead, but his eyes revealed an intelligent light.

Seeing Wang Lin arriving, Liu San laughed. "Sir, this is the little brother I was telling you about, the one going to Tian Shui city to make a living." With that, he said to Wang Lin, "Little brother, this is our Mighty Escort's Mr. Wang. You are also named Wang, so you guys must have some relation. You guys should talk. Mr. Wang is a very knowledgeable person who has seen a lot of things."

The middle aged scholar laughed softly and said, "Lao Liu, you don't need to brag for me. What I know isn't considered much."

Liu San rolled his eyes and said, "Says who? If you are a small person, then I am nothing. Little brother, this Mr. Wang is a living immortal. He knows everything up and down. His ability to tell fortunes is beyond amazing."

Wang Lin carefully looked at the middle aged man. He smiled and said, "Sir, you are full of energy and your eyes shine brightly. You are obviously a very intelligent person."

The middle aged scholar gave Wang Lin a surprised look and said, "It seems little brother is the same as me? I see that little brother looks like a scholar, but hides a dragon inside. Your future will not be average."

Wang Lin smiled and said, "My village's teachers also talked about fortune telling. After listening for a while, I also learned a bit."

The middle aged scholar let out a laugh. The dark faced man quickly said, "Mr. Wang, check mine as well. I'm already getting old. Will I have any luck with marriage?"

Liu San laughed. "How many times have you asked on this trip already? Every time Mr. Wang checks for someone, it takes a lot of energy, so just forget about it."

The dark face man ignored Liu San's words and stared at the middle aged scholar.

The middle aged scholar pondered a little, then answered, "Fine, I'll check for you. Yang Sen, weren't you asking me as well? I'll check for both of you."

Having said that, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them, they were shining a golden light. Wang Lin's expression remained the same, but his heart faltered. He spread out his divine sense and found that there was a sliver of spiritual energy moving inside the middle aged man. The spiritual energy moved in a strange path and arrived at the middle aged man's eyes.

The middle aged man stared at the dark faced man. He was muttering some words, as if he was calculating something, and his hand formed a seal. His face turned red as he said, while frowning, "Liu Laowu, there is a bloody disaster in your future. If you can get past it, you will get married three months after the event."

The black faced man was stunned. "A disaster? No problem. Us escorts live in danger, so having to deal with a bloody battle is normal," he responded.

The middle aged man turned his gaze to Yang Sen. His expression changed. He said "Strange. Why do you also have a bloody ray representing disaster?" With that, he quickly looked at Liu San and his face became dark and said, "Something is wrong. This technique passed down by my family has never been wrong. Lao Liu, you also have the sign of a bloody disaster."

With that, he stood up with a serious expression and looked at the surrounding people. His face became even more serious. "Lao Liu, I think something is wrong. I see that everyone here has the ray of a bloody disaster. This can't be a coincidence," said the middle aged scholar.

Liu San's eyes narrowed. He looked around, then asked, "Sir, do you mean to say that we will soon have to face a bloody disaster?"

The middle aged scholar nodded. After his eyes swept past Wang Lin, he was stunned. He carefully looked at Wang Lin and his expression suddenly changed. His face turned red and he spat out a mouthful of blood. His face revealed a look of fear. He pointed at Wang Lin and burst out, "You..."

# Chapter 75: Encountering the Enemy Again

Liu San and the group was stunned. They had never seen the middle aged man act like this. He secretly moved a few steps away from Wang Lin and asked, "Sir, what about this little brother? Is he going to encounter that bloody disaster because of us?"

Wang Lin's expression was calm. He looked at the middle aged man, but didn't say a word as Situ Nan's lazy voice floated into his ears.

"This little baby is kind of interesting. His fortune telling technique is pretty good. When it comes to normal people, he is able to see signs of their future, but when he wants to look into the future of us cultivators, it's like struggling in the water. I sent him some memories of me wiping out a sect and he can't handle it anymore."

In just one breath of time, the middle aged scholar was covered in sweat. His gaze toward Wang Lin was no longer neutral, but filled with fear. He heard Liu San's words and quickly said, "Nothing to do with little... little brother. My skill isn't good enough. I can't see through it, can't see through it." With that, he repeatedly bowed with a bitter look on his face.

The scene he saw before had already completely stunned him. That was not a normal world, but a hell filled with blood. Those people in the scene were obviously not mortals. They were able to fly in the sky and destroy mountains. The middle aged man grew up learning the fortune telling technique, so he knew that immortals existed. He also knew that he mustn't get involved, or he will die.

Liu San frowned and was about to speak when he suddenly heard scream. A head flew through the area and landed on the ground. It rolled until it stopped next to the fire.

Liu San's expression changed greatly. He quickly stood up as he realized that this head belonged to someone who was patrolling the area.

Yang San grabbed the head. He clenched his fist and said, "Er Gou, brother will get revenge for you!"

All of the guards took out their weapons and their killing intent spread to the surroundings.

The dark faced man stood next to Liu San and asked, "Who are you? Seems like you guys don't understand the rules at all."

A dark laugh came from the distance. Following a rustling sound, dozens of black clothed men appeared from the ground. They padded the dirt off their clothes as they stared at everyone.

"Mountain splitting palm Liu San, give us the thing and we will leave immediately. Otherwise, no one will leave here alive." A skinny and old man walked out of the group of black clothed men.

Liu San's face was as calm as water. He said, "I was wondering who it was. It seems it's the Vulture Escort."

The old man let out a laugh. "Man named Liu, there is no need to say pointless things. Your Mighty Escort officially went to carry out a shipment, but secretly brought back a 500 year old ginseng. If you surrender it, you will all be safe. Don't let such a thing endanger your life."

Liu San frowned. He looked at the people around him and thought, "How does the Vulture Escort know that I was hiding the ginseng? It seems there are people in the same business with greedy hearts." With that, his gaze fell on Wang Lin and he sneered.

He glanced at the dark faced man. He clenched his hand and said, with a deep voice, "Whether or not I have the ginseng, are you going to steal it from me with your inferior martial arts skills?"

The dark faced man got the message and secretly got behind Wang Lin.

Wang Lin frowned. The middle aged man quickly stopped the dark faced man and said, "What are you doing? This little brother isn't the enemy."

The dark faced man was stunned and was unable to respond.

Just at that moment, the old man let out a laugh. “Man named Liu, I can’t beat you, but our boss is going to act personally. You are a dead man.” With that, he took a few steps back and said, “The boss has arrived.” He immediately bowed on the ground.

All of the black clothed men became very excited. They all did the same as the old man and shouted, “The boss has arrived!”

A cold voice suddenly came from all sides. “Bring out the ginseng, or you will die!” The moment the voice arrived, a fist sized fireball flew into the circle of carriages. The extremely hot fireball hit one of the escort members. Before he could even scream, he was burned to death.

At that moment, everyone in the escort was stunned. Some of them even lost their grips on their weapons and dropped them on the ground.

Yang Sen’s eyes revealed a look of fear. “What...what weapon is that?” he shouted.

Heat surged around the fire, making the escort guards understand just how hot the fire was.

Liu San’s face was filled with shock. He took a few steps back and stared at the burned body, unable to say a word.

The dark faced man’s eyes revealed extreme fear. He said, while trembling, “Immortal...immortal technique?” The dark faced man took the test to enter a sect when he was a kid. After he failed, he entered the martial arts world. The test was deeply ingrained in his mind, so when he saw the fireball, he immediately made the connection.

The old man revealed a proud expression and said, “Of course our boss is an immortal. Why don’t you quickly hand the ginseng over to us.”

All of the members of the escort looked at Liu San. Their eyes revealed a cry for help. If it was normal people, they would have the courage to fight, but this was an immortal. All of the escort guards lost their will to fight.

Liu San revealed a bitter look. He was about to speak when three more fireballs appeared in the air, motionless.



Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he became very interested. From the looks of the fireballs, the person who was casting them couldn't have been higher than the 3rd layer. He touched his chin and sent out his divine sense. He quickly found the person on a large tree not far away.

"What is this?" Wang Lin muttered. He was stunned. The person was about 20 years old and was at the peak of the 2nd layer. He could almost break into the 3rd layer. The young man's face was gloomy and was covered in scars. At first glance, he looked very ferocious, but the more Wang Lin looked, the more familiar he looked.

The middle aged scholar sighed. "Lao Liu, give it to them. Even if the North family finds out, they wouldn't blame us. The enemy is an immortal. How could us mortals defend against him?"

Liu San hesitated for a bit, then helplessly took out a small case and placed it on the ground.

The moment the case landed on the ground, it rose into the air. However, it didn't fly to the Vulture Escort people, but into Wang Lin's hand.

# Chapter 76: The Strange Flying Sword

Liu San jerked his head back. He gnashed his teeth and said, "You really were an spy!"

Yang Sen's eyes were filled with rage as he looked at Wang Lin. The dark faced man's pupils shrank. He knew that the method Wang Lin used to get the box wasn't something a mortal could do.

The middle aged scholar was also stunned. He looked at Wang Lin with a complex expression and sighed.

Song Xing shouted, "You dare?!" Then, he quickly jumped forward and grabbed toward Wang Lin's head.

Song Xing's move caused Liu San's group to be confused, but Liu San didn't stop Song Xing. Everyone else also moved out of the way, opening a path to Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn't even raise his head. Instead, he opened the box and saw a very shriveled up ginseng. This ginseng's body was very small, but it had countless roots. There was a yellow talisman on the ginseng, covering up the spiritual energy inside it.

Song Xing had already gotten close. He smiled as he was ready to break Wang Lin's head. Then, his body suddenly quivered as an invisible force stopped him. Song Xing was tossed to the side and didn't get back up.

The bizarre scene before them caused everyone to be stunned. Wang Lin didn't tear the talisman off the ginseng, but looked at it for a while. Then, he sighed and said, "You see an old friend and you won't even come out to say hi?"

With a series of rustling sounds, that cold looking youth walked out of the forest. There was an invisible force around his body. All of the black clothed men were pushed to the side as he walked by. In addition, the three fireballs floating in the air returned to the youth and circled around him.

The moment the black clothed men saw the youth, they respectfully

said, "We greet the boss!"

The youth didn't even look at Song Xing, who was coughing up blood, but looked at Wang Lin and said, "The person I know couldn't have not changed at all in 10 years! Who exactly are you?"

Wang Lin looked at the youth, but didn't say a word. Instead, he took out a yellow paper from his bag of holding.

The moment the cold looking youth saw the paper, he was stunned. He looked at Wang Lin a bit more, then frowned. He said, "Friend, what exactly is this? Friend, please give me that ginseng. It is very important to me."

Wang Lin was stunned and looked at the youth in front of him for a while. A doubt appeared in his heart. He spread out his divine sense and found something abnormal in the sky. He coldly smiled in his heart, then threw the ginseng over and said, "Forget it. I got the wrong person."

A myriad of complex feelings crossed the youth's eyes. He caught the ginseng and said, "Thank you! Farewell." With that, he turned to leave when a dark cloud suddenly appeared. The moment the dark cloud appeared, a gust of wind caused everyone in the Mighty Escort to take several steps back.

The dark cloud quickly moved and descended. As the cloud got lower, a strange gust of wind appeared and became stronger and stronger. A middle aged man dressed in white stepped onto the gust of wind and descended.

The moment he appeared, an escort guard exploded into a mist of blood. Then, several other guards also exploded and turned into mist made of blood.

The blood mist moved strangely in the air. They quickly gathered together and formed a shiny drop of blood.

The middle aged man opened his mouth and sucked in. The drop of blood entered his mouth and his face turned red. He said, "Zhang Hu, you met someone you know. Why are you afraid of admitting it?"

Zhang Hu's face quickly turned cold and respectfully said, "Teacher, disciple doesn't know this person."

Wang Lin's expression remained calm. He sent out his divine sense and was stunned. This middle aged man had already reached the peak of the 15th layer.

The middle aged man smiled and said to Wang Lin, "Fellow cultivator, do you know my disciple?"

Wang Lin's expression didn't change at all. He said, "So what if I know or if I don't know him?"

The middle aged man was stunned. He looked at Wang Lin for a bit, then suddenly smiled. "Makes no difference. Although you're only at the 8th layer, if I drink your blood, it will still increase my cultivation a bit."

Zhang Hu's face suddenly changed. He quickly got in front of the middle aged man and said, "Teacher, this person is my childhood friend. Please...please spare him."

A cold light flashed across the middle aged man's eyes. He said, "Leave. Go and gather the blood essence of all of the mortals here. You have no business with this matter."

Zhang Hu was about to speak when the middle aged man sneered as he said some words. Zhang Hu's face suddenly became pale and he started to bleed out of his orifices as large quantities of sweat dripped from his forehead.

Wang Lin raised his brow. He activated his attraction technique and grabbed toward the middle aged man. The middle aged man's expression changed slightly. He let out a cold snort as he spat out a green light. The green light turned into a flying sword and slashed at the hand.

Wang Lin's attraction technique had already reached an unimaginable level. The hand split into two hands. One grabbed Zhang Hu and the other grabbed the flying sword.

The small green sword started to vibrate. The light the sword emitted flickered on and off. The middle aged man's expression suddenly changed

and he threw out a black sword scabbard from his bag of holding. Without a word, he shot out several red lights from his hand.

The moment the scabbard appeared, the green sword that was grabbed by the attraction technique suddenly disappeared. When it reappeared, it was next to the scabbard and fused with it.

Wang Lin's face looked calm, but his heart was shocked. This was the first time the attraction technique had failed. A cold light flashed across his eyes. He slapped his bag of holding and several pieces of black wood appeared. The pieces of black wood fused into a whip and quickly flew out.

Situ Nan's voice appeared in Wang Lin's ears. "Wang Lin, there is something strange about that sword!"

The moment the flying sword entered the scabbard, it started to emit a buzzing sound as if it was facing a lot of resistance. After sinking in  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the way, it was no longer able to go any deeper. The green sword suddenly turned to blue and yanked itself out of the scabbard and slashed at the whip.

This whip was something he got from Zhang Kuang. When he was in closed door training, he refined it to belong to him with advice from Situ Nan.

Wang Lin controlled the whip to go around the flying sword and charge directly at the middle aged man.

The middle aged man sneered. He ignored the whip and pointed at the flying sword. He muttered a few words, then the flying sword shook and suddenly disappeared. It reappeared in front of the middle aged man and slashed downwards.

The middle aged man grinned and spat out a drop of golden blood. The drop of golden blood immediately turned into thin threads and entered the flying sword.

# Chapter 77: Old Man Jimo

Wang Lin frowned. Just as he was about to retrieve the whip, a small red sword flew out of the ghostly sword. The red sword slashed down at a speed several times faster than its main body.

The whip quickly split into two. It transformed back into pieces of wood and fell from the sky.

The middle aged man revealed a murderous look. He waved his right hand and the sword flew toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin frowned. He grabbed Zhang Hu and threw him back. Then, he quickly backed up.

The flying sword was speeding toward Wang Lin. An illusion appeared at the tip of the sword. Like lightning, the sword suddenly appeared in front of Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's expression changed. He waved his hand and a piece of jade appeared in it. The jade glowed and a blue light screen appeared, blocking the sword. The sword slashed down and the light screen started to crack. It couldn't hold on much longer.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He spat out a mouthful of spiritual energy into the light screen. The light blue color started to turn green and its faint color started to become more solid.

The cracks started to seal back up, blocking the attack of the sword, but a faint crack appeared on the jade.

"What is this?" The middle aged man's eyes narrowed. He looked at Wang Lin and said, "It seems that you're not only at the 8th layer. However, even if you're at the Foundation Establishment stage, you won't be able to get away alive from my flying sword."

With that, the middle aged man pointed with his finger while his eyes revealed a serious expression. He waved his hand and the flying sword flew back and entered the scabbard again. This time, it went halfway in and turned from blue to black and flew out of the scabbard again.

A cold light flashed across Wang Lin's eyes. This was the first time Wang Lin had fought someone who was at the same cultivation level as him. Although their cultivation level was the same, his opponent obviously had better magical treasures. Wang Lin could feel that the sword had gotten a lot more powerful and Zhou Peng's jade wouldn't be able to withstand it.

He didn't hesitate. He slapped his bag of holding and took out an ancient jade. The moment the ancient jade appeared, it released a majestic aura.

This ancient jade was the life saving treasure Liu Wenju gave to Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye. He spat out a mouthful of spiritual energy and pointed at the ancient jade. Instantly, numerous golden symbols floated out of the ancient jade.

Wang Lin's expression didn't change at all. He coldly stared at the middle aged man. Killing intent appeared in his eyes.

The middle aged man's pupils shrank. He hesitated a bit, then clenched his teeth and took out two golden orbs. The two golden orbs flew into the flying sword.

The flying sword was currently black and covered in shining, golden spots. The sword circled around once, then flew toward Wang Lin. Several black swirls appeared near the sword.

The coldness in Wang Lin's eyes intensified. He didn't even bother with the sword, he just pointed at the ancient jade before him. The golden symbols on the ancient jade suddenly glowed and came out of the jade. The symbols lined up. There was a total of 9 symbols.

The flying sword was flying toward Wang Lin. He formed a seal with his hand and three of the symbols began to glow. The three symbols quickly appeared around the sword. Lightning connected the three symbols, forming a prison and trapping the flying sword.

The flying sword was like a trapped beast, releasing a strong buzzing

sound. It charged around in the cage and, every time it collided with the cage, the symbols would shine.

The middle aged man's expression finally changed and he said, "This... this is a core treasure?"

Wang Lin had learned from Situ Nan what a core treasure was. It was simply a treasure made by a Core Formation cultivator. If a Nascent Soul cultivator made a treasure, it was called Nascent Treasure.

The middle aged man quickly revealed a look of fear. He waved his hand and grabbed toward the scabbard.

Wang Lin let out a cold smile. The seal on his hand changed. The remaining six symbols instantly started to shine and charged toward the middle aged man.

The fear in the middle aged man increased greatly. He quickly took out several pieces of jade, hoping that they would increase his chances of escaping.

Before the pieces of jade could even activate, they exploded under the effect of the golden symbols. They didn't manage to stop the golden symbols one bit.

The middle aged man revealed a look of despair and shouted, "Fellow cultivator, I am old man, Jimo's disciple..."

Before he could finish speaking, the golden symbols appeared before him. The first symbol pressed into his chest. His chest quickly caved in, causing him to cough out a mouthful of blood.

The second symbol followed quickly after. The middle aged man bled out from his orifices and his chest had been pierced through.

The third symbol quickly followed as well and the middle aged man's body completely disintegrated along with his bag of holding. Only the sword scabbard was completely unharmed and fell to the ground.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He pointed toward the ancient jade. Suddenly, the three remaining golden symbols paused and entered the



ancient jade again.

Also, after the middle aged man died, the frequency of the collisions from the flying sword slowed down until it eventually stopped moving.

Wang Lin waved his hand. The three symbols trembled. Two of the symbols collapsed and only one of them followed Wang Lin's call and returned to the jade.

Wang Lin carefully put the piece of jade back into his bag of holding. This piece of jade originally only had one attack, but, with Situ Nan's help, he managed to split it into 9 attacks. Although each attack was much weaker, it allowed him to use it more often.

After doing all of that, he took a deep breath. His forehead was covered in sweat. This was the most vicious fight he's had since he started cultivating. He activated the attraction technique and retrieved the flying sword and scabbard to exam them.

"Wang Lin, I didn't act before not because I didn't want to, but because my Nascent Soul essence has a limit, so it can't be carelessly wasted. Plus, you have to experience these life and death battles to help you grow in the future." This time, Situ Nan's voice was serious for once.

Wang Lin nodded. He didn't say a word as he curiously checked out the treasure in his hand.

Situ Nan explained. "This flying sword is really strange. That little baby could even display its full power. However, the real treasure here is that sword scabbard."

# Chapter 78: Teng Family City

Wang Lin was checking out the treasures when he suddenly heard a whisper from behind. He shot a golden light into the flying sword and turned around. Zhang Hu opened his eyes. After he saw Wang Lin, he was startled. He looked around and saw the flying sword and sword scabbard in Wang Lin's hands. Zhang Hu revealed a joyous look and asked, "He... died?"

Wang Lin chuckled and nodded. "Yes. Zhang Hu, did you say you didn't know me before because of him?"

Zhang Hu quickly touched his chest. After pondering for a while, he said, "He really is dead. Wang Lin, this is not a good place to talk. Once I finish all these people, we can catch up."

With that, he raised his right hand and 3 fireballs appeared.

All of the people in the surroundings were completely stunned. What they just saw was something they had never thought they would see in their lives. When they saw the fireballs in Zhang Hu's hand, their faces revealed looks of fear.

As for the people dressed in black, they also carefully looked at Zhang Hu with fear in their eyes.

Wang Lin frowned. Just as he was about to speak, Zhang Hu took a step and threw the fireballs. However, the target was not Liu San's group, but the group of men dressed in black.

In terms of their worth, the lives of these mortals were like ants. Without any ability to fight back, the men in black, including Song Hang, were caught by the fireballs. The strange thing was that their whole bodies weren't burned to ashes. Several strange golden drops of blood formed and were swallowed by Zhang Hu.

Liu San's group were roasted by the heat of the fire until their hair curled and skin cracked, but none of them dared to move one bit.

Seeing that Zhang Hu formed 3 more fireballs, Wang Lin said, in a

heavy tone, “Zhang Hu, don’t kill anymore.”

Zhang Hu turned his head and looked at Wang Lin, then said, “If we don’t kill these people, then they will go back and report everything. The person you killed is my teacher and also old man Jimo’s 6th disciple. If he finds out about this, it will be hard for us to escape death.”

The middle aged scholar was one of the few who was still calm. He quickly said, “Two immortals, we promise that we won’t talk. I...”

Before he finished speaking, Zhang Hu frowned and sneered, “Promise not to talk? That’s not up to you. When they take out your soul and refine it, you will tell them everything.” Although he was talking to the middle aged scholar, his eyes were on Wang Lin.

Wang Lin pondered for a while. He waved his hand and the remaining 6 or 7 people forcibly moved until they landed in front of Wang Lin.

Zhang Hu withdrew the fireballs and stood at the side, silent.

Wang Lin took out a piece of jade from his bag of holding. This was the jade he got from Zhang Kuang when he went to the exchange with Wang Hao.

He vaguely remembered that there was technique inside that would wipe people’s memories.

After carefully searching the jade, he found the technique. Wang Lin checked it once and put the jade away. Wang Lin’s eyes looked at the group and glowed blue. The blue light entered their eyes and their eyes also glowed blue before they fainted and fell onto the ground.

Zhang Hu secretly sighed. He opened his mouth to say something, but didn’t speak in the end.

After Wang Lin finished the technique, he looked at Zhang Hu and flew off into the distance. Zhang Hu sighed. He spat out a golden ball, got on it, and flew after Wang Lin.

The two flew in the air for a long time. Zhang Hu started to run out of breath and landed on a mountain top while Wang Lin slowly floated

down.

Zhang Hu calmed his breathing, then found a place to sit down. He took out two pieces of sweet potato and passed one to Wang Lin. "I baked this. Check how it tastes," he said.

Wang Lin took the sweet potato. He felt like he had returned to 10 years ago when the two had just meet.

"When I left the Heng Yue Sect back then, I didn't go home, but wandered around, looking to join another cultivation sect. I got lucky and consumed some herbs and somehow managed to reach the 1st layer of Qi Condensation. I have to thank the weasel's booklet for that. After meeting Bai Zhan, he decided not to kill me after he saw that I was at the 1st layer. Instead, he made me his disciple to help him gather the blood of mortals. He left a poison in me so he could control my life and death."

"Before, I didn't want to say I knew you because he was nearby, but, thankfully, you killed him. That destroyed the poison in my body and I'm finally free." Zhang Hu took a bite of sweet potato as he quickly explained what had happened in the past 10 years.

Wang Lin felt very regrettable. Although Zhang Hu's story was very simple and short, he could see from Zhang Hu's expression that these 10 years had been very difficult for him.

Zhang Hu revealed a look of envy and said, "Wang Lin, we haven't seen each other in 10 years. Seeing that you could kill my teacher, you must have reached Foundation Establishment. My teacher's flying sword is very powerful. He said he could only use  $\frac{3}{5}$  of its power, but even then, no one below Foundation Establishment could compete with him."

Wang Lin shook his head and said, "I haven't reached Foundation Establishment yet. Do you know where this flying sword came from?"

Zhang Hu looked at Wang Lin with a surprised look, but he didn't ask further. He carefully thought about it and said, "I think he talked about it once. I think he said he found it in a cave and only got it because of the great opportunities at that moment. He always viewed it as a great treasure. Also, that sword scabbard is also a treasure. Teacher treasured

that scabbard several times more than the flying word. I once heard from my teacher that besides him, unless someone is at the Core Formation stage, they can't refine it for themselves."

Wang Lin found a rock to sit down on. He pondered for a while, then asked, "Tell me about old man Jimo so we can at least be on guard against a few things."

Zhang Hu swallowed the sweet potato in his mouth and said, "Old man Jimo is an independent cultivator. It's said that he has already reached Core Formation. He cares about his reputation a lot, so he will definitely be out searching for us when he finds out about Bai Zhan's death. You better return to the Heng Yue Sect. As for me, I can go hide in the Teng Family city. Even old man Jimo won't dare to be arrogant there. As long as I stay in the city, I should be safe."

Wang Lin wryly smiled and said, "The Heng Yue Sect only exists in name now."

Zhang Hu was startled and said, "I heard about this before. 4 years ago, the Xuan Dao Sect stole the Heng Yue mountain, but I heard that the Heng Yue Sect disciples migrated. Did you not migrate with them?"

Wang Lin didn't want to discuss this matter and asked, "What kind of place is the Teng Family city?"

# Chapter 79: Refining The Flying Sword

Zhang Hu stuffed the remaining sweet potato in his mouth. After he finished eating, he said, "The Teng Family city belongs to a large cultivation family in the northern part of Zhao. It is said that they have Nascent Soul experts in the family. If a cultivator wants to enter the city, they have to pay 1 low quality spirit stone. If they wish to live there, they must pay 1 mid quality spirit stone per month. With all of the spirit stones I have gathered, I can live there for 6 months."

Wang Lin rubbed his chin and asked, "Zhang Hu, does this Teng Family City have an exchange fair?"

Zhang Hu nodded and said, "There do. Every month, there is a large exchange fair where all of the surrounding cultivators come. Are you going to go exchange some things?"

Wang Lin nodded and smiled, "What? Do you not welcome me following you? I don't have many spirit stones, so I'm relying on you."

The Teng Family was a very famous cultivation family in the northern part of the country of Zhao. The family head, Teng Xingsen, reached the Nascent Soul stage in the last 500 years, so he didn't go to the wars in the rank 4 countries.

He was also Wu Feng Valley's minister, so his position was very high.

Because the Teng Family had an ancestor like him, no one dared to mess with them, even though they weren't a big sect.

The Teng Family's exchange fair provided a platform for the cultivators to trade in. At the beginning of each month, Teng Family City was very busy.

Where there are lot of people, there will naturally be a lot of conflicts. Sometimes, people would fight the moment they met. Because of that, the Teng family ancestor, Teng Xingsen, set a no fighting rule in the city.

Everyone in the city was prohibited from fighting.

The moment the order came out, everyone in the city obeyed, especially

after Teng Xingsen personally came out and killed a few Core Formation cultivators.

On this day, two rainbows flew across the sky toward the Teng Family city. One of them said, "Wang Lin, flying is prohibited in the city, so we need to walk from here."

These two were Wang Lin and Zhang Hu.

Wang Lin's gaze swept the Teng Family City before him. This city wasn't big. To be honest, it was more like a large town than a city.

Outside the city stood two Teng Family disciples greeting travelers with smiles and handing out tokens.

Wang Lin expanded his divine sense and immediately found out that both of them were at the 3rd layer, like Zhang Hu.

Looking at the long line going into the city, Wang Lin wasn't in any rush. He checked everyone in the line and found that everyone was a cultivator, but the strongest was only at the 13th layer.

After a long time, just as Wang Lin and Zhang Hu were about to arrive at the gate, a figure suddenly appeared in the distance. The figure released a very strong aura. Wang Lin sent out his divine sense and was stunned. This person wasn't old at all, only about 30 years old, but had already reached Foundation Establishment.

This person quickly arrived at the front of the gate. He waved his hand and created a wind that blew everyone away. The people with lower cultivation were sent rolling on the ground.

Zhang Hu would have also been sent rolling if Wang Lin hadn't caught him right away.

Wang Lin was also sent back a few steps. His expression was normal as he coldly looked at that person.

The person let out a cold snort and walked to the gate. He threw out a token and the two guards became very respectful. One of them even followed the person into the city.

Zhang Hu revealed a look of envy and asked, "What cultivation level is that person at to have that much power with just a wave of his sleeve?"

Wang Lin lightly said, "Foundation Establishment."

When it was their turn to enter the city, Zhang Hu quickly handed over two low quality spirit stones and the two entered the city.

Zhang Hu had been here many times before. He lead Wang Lin through the city before paying two mid quality spirit stones to get rooms for themselves.

Zhang Hu smiled at Wang Lin. "We don't have much money left. I hope this 500 year old ginseng sells well. We will split the profit evenly between us."

The two talked for a bit before returning to their own rooms.

Wang Lin returned to his room and sat down cross legged. He took out Zhang Hu's master's flying sword and sword scabbard. After watching them for a long time, his eyes lit up and he threw the flying sword into the air. His hand formed a seal and pointed at the flying sword. A golden light flew out from the flying sword. Then, the flying sword suddenly moved like it returned to life and tried to fly away.

Just as it charged halfway across the room, it seemed to have hit an invisible wall. It changed directions and charged again, but was stopped once again. After charging in a few directions, the flying sword stopped, released a humming sound, and charged toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's expression was normal as he took out the life saving treasure and sent out the golden symbol. The flying sword seemed to be afraid of the symbol, so it backed away.

Wang Lin waved his right hand and the golden symbol started to circle around Wang Lin's body. The sword didn't seem to dare to attack Wang Lin again and started to wildly charge around the room faster and faster.

Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye. He spat out a mouthful of spiritual power to surround the sword. The flying sword suddenly disappeared and reappeared in front of the door and was about to charge out.



At that moment, the flying sword turned from black to blue and its humming became a lot weaker.

Without a word, Wang Lin pointed with his right hand and the golden symbol charged toward the flying sword.

The sword's humming revealed a hint of fear as it backed away when the golden symbol got closer. Then, the sword suddenly disappeared again and reappeared near the window.

The color of the sword suddenly changed from blue to green. The sword now looked exactly like it did before it entered the sword scabbard.

Wang Lin's eyes darted across the room. He noticed that the sword's teleportation ability had something to do with its color. Without a master, it seemed its teleportation cost a lot of spiritual power.

Situ Nan's slowly said, "The more consciousness a treasure has, the harder it is to refine. Even after killing its master, it will still take a lot of effort to make it your own treasure."

Wang Lin narrowed his eyes. He knew that this flying sword had consciousness and even had a teleportation skill. The more difficult it was to refine, the more he wanted to make it his own.

Seeing that the flying sword was about to escape, Wang Lin waved his hand and two golden symbols flew out. The golden symbols blocked the flying sword's path and were positioned so that even if the sword teleported again, it wouldn't be able to get away.

# Chapter 80: Blood Refining Technique

After teleporting three times, the flying sword's color changed to light green. Both the light and sound that were emitting from the sword clearly showed that it was much weaker.

Shortly after, the flying sword that hadn't teleported in a while was pushed into a corner by the two golden symbols. Wang Lin spat out another mouthful of spiritual energy. The flying sword was too slow and was surrounded by the spiritual energy. The two golden symbols circled the flying sword like two golden dragons. Every time the flying sword tried to escape, they'd force it back, so the flying sword couldn't get out.

As time passed, the flying sword's struggle didn't decrease, but it got more violent. When the spiritual energy surrounding the flying sword was fading, Wang Lin clenched his teeth and spat out another mouthful of spiritual energy to keep refining it.

The night slipped by and the sword's struggle finally seemed to have decreased a bit. Wang Lin's face was pale. He had already spat out dozens of mouthfuls of spiritual energy.

Even with his 15th layer cultivation level, and with the help of the spirit liquid, he could barely hang in there.

The morning light shone into the room as Wang Lin continued his refining of the sword. The flying sword was no longer struggling. It floated in the air as slivers of Wang Lin's spiritual energy entered it.

The moment Wang Lin's expression changed, he heard a knock, followed by Zhang Hu's voice.

"Wang Lin, do you want to go with me to the weapon store?"

Wang Lin took a deep breath and said, "Zhang Hu, I'm at the critical point of my refining, so I can't go."

Zhang Hu was stunned. He pondered for a while, then, without a word, sat down cross legged in front of Wang Lin's door.

Wang Lin no longer bothered with Zhang Hu and continued to refine.

Time slowly passed until it was night. Wang Lin had already drank three gourds of spirit water, but the refining was still not over.

In desperation, Wang Lin had to ask Situ Nan for advice.

Situ Nan slowly said, "Kid, finally figured out that you should come to me? Hmph, I've been waiting. If you go into closed door training for 10 years and use up a lot of spiritual power, you might have a chance to successfully refine it. I'm talking about the real world, not the space in the heaven defying bead."

Wang Lin frowned and asked, "That long?"

Situ Nan slowly said, "Of course. This is a Core Formation treasure and a super high-grade Core Formation treasure at that. A crazy Core Formation cultivator must have made it while they were tackling Nascent Soul cultivators and, by risking their chance to successfully reach Nascent Soul, they used the moment of breakthrough to refine this treasure. This person was really a madman. I have also wanted to do this, but after considering it for a long time, I gave up. Although failing to reach Nascent Soul isn't too bad, breaking through to Nascent Soul is the a very dangerous moment. One misstep and your soul will completely disappear."

"That Bai Zhan must have also received help from the creator to make it his personal weapon. If I still had my body, it would be easy to refine, but now, even I can't do much ... however..."

Wang Lin already knew about this old guy's temper and that he liked to tempt people, so Wang Lin wasn't worried and waited.

After a while, Situ Nan sighed and muttered, "Forget it. I'll tell you this: if you use the normal method of refining, it will take too much time. I'll teach you a method called the blood refining technique. The advantage is that you can instantly make this flying sword your own, however, the disadvantage is that if the flying sword takes damage, you will also take damage. But with the time required to refine it, the damage you'd take would be several times worse than other methods."

Wang Lin pondered a bit and said, "Tell me how to use this blood

refining technique.”

Situ Nan just wanted to leave Wang Lin in suspense for a bit, but realized that this kid would probably just ignore him, so he decided to speak, but he raised one condition.

“I haven’t touched a woman in so many years. No matter what, you must let me be satisfied, even if I’m just watching.”

Wang Lin vaguely answered Situ Nan. Then, his hand formed strange seals according to Situ Nan’s directions. He bit the tip of his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood filled with spiritual power. Then, he moved his hands and a strange symbol appeared in the air.

The moment the symbol appeared, the blood started to enter the symbol. Soon, all of the blood was absorbed and all that remained was a blood colored symbol. Wang Lin waved his hand and the symbol landed on the sword.

The flying sword trembled and immediately started to release strands of white gas.

Wang Lin immediately spat out another mouthful of blood. He looked weaker, but his eyes looked more determined. He formed another strange symbol that absorbed the blood and was shot toward the flying sword.

This process lasted several hours. It wasn’t until the morning that a sharp sword hum came out of Wang Lin’s room. Zhang Hu, who had been sitting outside Wang Lin’s room the whole time, immediately stood up.

The door silently opened. Wang Lin’s face was carrying a bright smile. His mood was very good right now. He said, “Thank you, Zhang Hu.”

Zhang Hu looked at Wang Lin with a strange expression and asked, “What were you doing? Why did I just hear that sword hum just now?”

Wang Lin opened his mouth and a small, green flying sword immediately flew out. The moment the sword appeared, a smell of blood surrounded the area.

Zhang Hu was stunned and asked, “This...this is my teacher’s flying

sword? You managed to refine it? Eh? Why is there such a strong scent of blood?”

Wang Lin nodded. He waved his right hand and the flying sword returned to his side and entered his mouth again. Wang Lin was also very irritated over this strong scent of blood. Situ Nan only told him near the end that all treasures refined using the blood refining technique would have a bloody scent and, as it kills people in the future, the scent will only get stronger.

Zhang Hu gawked at the flying sword. After a long time, he took a deep breath and said, “Wang Lin, I’m impressed. With this flying sword, people of the same level will no longer be a threat to you. This sword’s special ability is teleportation. The distance varies depending on the spiritual power of the user, but, when used unexpectedly, it is a very good ace.”

The two exchanged a few words. When Zhang Hu was about to leave, he reminded Wang Lin that the monthly exchange fair was in 3 days and that Wang Lin should prepare for it.

After Zhang Hu left, Wang Lin took out the sword scabbard. Even Situ Nan kept praising this sword scabbard and didn’t know what rank of treasure this was.

Wang Lin originally thought that this flying sword and sword scabbard were part of a set, but, after refining the flying sword, he noticed the difference between the two.

Upon closer inspection, the sword scabbard released a very strong killing intent. The closer Wang Lin looked, the stronger the killing intent became, until his mind would go blank and he could only see the faint illusion of a sword.

# Chapter 81: Stealing Foundation (1)

It was an extremely ancient sword. An evil aura was being released by the sword. That made it so that one couldn't help but stare at it. After a long time, Wang Lin slowly awakened. His eyes lit up as he gained some understanding.

Three days later, the entire Teng Family City was covered in flowers as thousands of cultivators walked through the streets. Zhang Hu and Wang Lin had left early in the morning and were wandering around in the city.

Because Zhang Hu needed to sell the ginseng, he left after talking to Wang Lin for a bit.

Wang Lin slowly walked through the city while checking out all of the stalls. Some of the stuff really interested him, but the prices were simply too high, so Wang Lin left.

While he was walking, he suddenly stopped. Before him was the stall of a cultivator who had various flying swords, pieces of jade, and a thread bound book.

There were a few small words on the book. "Basic formation research"

"Formation?" Wang Lin rubbed his chin and picked up the book. The little book was pretty thick. There were about 50 or 60 pages in the book.

The stall owner was a 30 something year old man. He raised his head and slowly said, "10 mid quality spirit stones for the book. If you're not going to buy it, don't carelessly touch it."

10 mid quality spirit stones was all that Wang Lin had at the moment. After flipping through the book for a bit longer, he saw that the stall owner was getting impatient, so he put down 10 mid quality spirit stones and left.

He checked out a few more stalls and found some wood element materials, but they were all very expensive. There was even an piece of iron wood, but its price was unfathomably high.

A day had passed before Wang Lin even realized it. He returned to the

inn and, just as he was about to step inside, he raised his brow and stopped.

Normally, at this time of day, the inn was really lively, but it was completely silent at the moment.

Wang Lin spread out his divine sense and his face suddenly changed. There was a mysterious force surrounding the inn that was preventing Wang Lin's divine sense from going in.

Without a word, Wang Lin's body immediately moved backwards. He surrounded his body with the attraction technique and his body shot back dozens of meters like a sword.

"What's this? Your reaction was pretty fast." A slightly surprised voice suddenly came out as a person walked out of the inn. This person was 25 or 26 years old and wore a white robe with black vines embroidered on the cuffs.

He looked at Wang Lin, who was quickly backing away. He sneered and said, "Teng Jia, Teng Yi, the two of you wait here for that kid, Zhang Hu. Destroy his cultivation, then throw him into jail while I catch this nimble brat."

The moment he said those words, two shadows shot out and appeared next to him. The two shadows were two wrinkly faced old men. One of them said, "My lord, these two people are in Teng Family City. This is against the rules. If the head asks..."

The white robed man frowned and stared Wang Lin. He said, "If my grandpa asks, just tell the truth. Zhang Hu got help from an outsider to kill his own teacher. How could I let such people get away?"

With that, he waved his sleeves and his body flew into the air as he quickly chased after Wang Lin.

The two old men looked at the young man before leaving, then disappeared without a trace.

Wang Lin released all of his power and pushed himself to the limit to run away. Right as he saw the walls of the city, a few shadows

suddenly appeared and shouted, “Feng Family City has a restriction on flying. Fellow cultivator, please stop!”

Without a word, Wang Lin took out a gourd. He didn’t have time to worry about the secret of the spirit water getting out as he took a big gulp. Spiritual energy filled his body as his speed exploded and he shot forward. The expression of the Teng Family disciples, who were blocking Wang Lin’s path, suddenly changed. Wang Lin charged through as he used his attraction technique to throw the disciples to the side.

Like an unstoppable force, Wang Lin broke through. Because of his actions, more than 100 Teng Family disciples riding on different treasures chased after him.

Wang Lin felt very bitter in his heart. He still didn’t really know what exactly was going on. He didn’t know what had happened back at the inn to cause those people to be waiting for him there. If he was just slightly slower, he would have already been caught.

As for Zhang Hu, Wang Lin could only wish for the best as he was in danger himself.

After leaving Teng Family City, Wang Lin kept racing south as the Teng Family disciples chased behind him. Suddenly, a rainbow color light shot out from Teng Family City. The light passed by all of the Teng Family disciples and shot at Wang Lin.

An almost unreal, large flying sword appeared and slashed down at Wang Lin. At that moment, lightning gathered into countless balls and fell down with the sword.

Wang Lin’s scalp felt numb as Situ Nan shouted, “This is a Nascent level treasure! Wang Lin, retract all of your divine sense. I’m going to teleport you!”

Blue crystal quickly spread from the crystal in Wang Lin’s hand and covered his body. The moment that happened, the giant sword fell down. Sounds of the ground shattering echoed and the balls of lightning fell, creating waves of lightning.



Wang Lin's body disappeared the moment the giant sword fell down. His body reappeared 300 meters away and he immediately flew away.

Situ Nan's voice sounded weak as he scolded Wang Lin. "That little bastard is already at the Foundation Establishment stage at that young age. If you were at the Foundation Establishment stage, I could borrow your body and use some techniques. But right now, with only your Qi Condensation cultivation level, no matter how much I help, I can only get rid of a mid stage Foundation Establishment."

Teng Li frowned, but immediately smiled. "You are the first person below Core Formation who has escaped from an attack from me. If it wasn't for brother Jimo asking me to do this, I really wouldn't want to kill you."

Wang Lin didn't even turn his head as he quickly escaped. His consumption of spiritual power was too great. Without any hesitation, he took out a gourd and drank a gulp as his speed rose.

Teng Li's eyes became cold and said, "I want to see how many times you can teleport!" With that, he pointed his finger at Wang Lin. The sky darkened and the giant sword appeared gain.

## Chapter 82: Stealing Foundation (2)

All of the lightning balls roared as the giant sword swung down.

Situ Nan didn't wait for Wang Lin to give him permission, he instantly teleported them again after cursing a few times.

Teng Li frowned. He snorted and waved his right hand. The flying sword followed his hand and chased after Wang Lin.

Two rays of rainbow followed one after the other as they flew across the sky. The Teng family's disciples chased for a while before giving up because they couldn't keep up.

The more Teng Li chased, the more shocked he became. With his late stage Foundation Establishment cultivation, every time he caught up to the brat, the brat would teleport away.

The more Wang Lin acted like this, the more interested Teng Li became. Teleport was a Nascent Soul technique. Wang Lin wasn't even at the Foundation Establishment stage, but could use teleportation. In Teng Li's eyes, Wang Lin must own a treasure that did this.

Thinking about that, he licked his lips. The urge to kill Wang Lin for that treasure became even stronger.

He was very good friends with old man Jimo's eldest disciple, Chen Zhong. A few days ago, he received a voice transmission jade from Chen Zhong to kill two people. One of them was Zhang Hu, who was the disciple of the 5th disciple of old man Jimo.

Zhang Hu got outside help to kill his teacher and at the moment of the 5th disciple's death, old man Jimo detected it. That Zhang Hu didn't know that besides the poison, there was also a secret technique that old man Jimo used to control his disciples inside of him. By using this technique, he saw everything that occurred. In a fit of rage, old man Jimo used the technique to predict where Zhang Hu would be and sent out his eldest disciple, Chen Zhong, to find the two.

Chen Zhong was very far away, so he sent a message to Teng Li to help

him with this matter.

Teng Li did a search and found that Zhang Hu was indeed inside Teng Family City and the person with Zhang Hu must've been his accomplice. Those were the events that lead up to now.

Originally, he just planned on helping as a favor, but now, he was determined to kill Wang Lin for the treasure that allowed him to teleport.

Thinking about that, his speed increased as he chased after Wang Lin.

Wang Lin drank a large gulp of spirit liquid. He then opened his mouth and spat out a ray of green light. The moment the green light appeared, the smell of blood filled the air.

Soon, the green light flashed as it shot backward while Wang Lin continued to charge forward.

Teng Li could clearly see what was going on. He didn't mind the green light at all and let out a sneer. He pointed at the green light and a lightning ball appeared that shot toward the green light.

The moment the lightning ball touched the green light, it exploded.

Teng Li looked at it with a look of contempt before withdrawing his gaze. Just at that moment, a ray of green light flashed 10 meters before him. The light shot toward Teng Lin and hit his body. His clothes were instantly destroyed, revealing glittering armor.

After the green light was stopped by the armor, it immediately flashed and disappeared without a trace.

Wang Lin secretly sighed and felt very regrettable. The green sword appeared in his hand as he continued to run away.

Sweat appeared on Teng Li's forehead. What just happened was simply too dangerous. Even with his late stage Foundation Establishment cultivation, if he was hit, he would have been seriously injured. Also, the light that that sword released showed that it wasn't a simple treasure. He guessed that if he was hit by it, he would have died on the spot.

Teng Li touched the armor his grandfather gave him and felt like he

was very lucky, but his urge to kill Wang Lin had increased even more. A cold light flashed across his eyes as he muttered to himself, “Besides the treasure that can teleport, he also has that sword. Little guy, all of your treasures will belong to me.”

In a desert, three days later. Wang Lin drank a gulp of spirit liquid and muttered to himself, “There isn’t enough spirit liquid left. I must find a way to quickly replenish it.”

Situ Nan weakly said, “Kid, I can’t hold out much longer. I have used teleport too much in these past 3 days and don’t have much essence left.”

Wang Lin turned his head and his eyes were filled with killing intent as he coldly said, “He caught up again.” He touched his bag of holding and a green sword appeared in his hand.

The sword’s color was dull and there were a few scratches on it. In these three days, Wang Lin had used the sword many times, but since Teng Li was already on guard, it was hard to launch a sneak attack. Also, Wang Lin’s sword couldn’t penetrate even an inch because of Teng Li’s armor.

After sending out the flying sword, Wang Lin spread out his divine sense and found a forest to the west. The forest was covered in a layer of fog.

After pondering a little, without a word, Wang Lin flew to the west. In the blink of an eye, he arrived at the forest and descended to the ground.

Wang Lin knew that he was running out of spirit liquid and Situ Nan couldn’t teleport anymore, so if he stayed in the air, he would be caught for sure.

It would be better to give up on flying and travel on foot in the forest. Although he didn’t know why this forest was covered by fog, he found that when he spread out his divine sense, his senses became muddy and he could only feel a dozen meters around him.

Shortly after Wang Lin entered the forest, a rainbow arrived at the edge of forest. After circling the air around the forest, Teng Li stopped at the entrance. He had used up too much spiritual energy chasing Wang Lin in the past 3 days. If he didn’t have recovery pills with him, he would have

already given up on the chase.

But the treasures that Wang Lin possessed had always kept him hooked. He wished he could immediately kill Wang Lin and take the treasures. Also, he didn't expect Wang Lin to last for so long. Even though Wang Lin could use a teleportation treasure, he didn't expect it to be this hard. He thought that because Wang Lin still hadn't even reached the Foundation Establishment stage, he would be able to outlast Wang Lin.

So he wasn't in a rush during the entire chase and was waiting until Wang Lin ran out of spiritual energy to kill him in one blow.

But he gave up this idea after the second day of chasing. Instead of slowing down, Wang Lin's speed increased as the chase went on. After observing for 3 days, Teng Li was completely shocked.

He saw that Wang Lin would constantly take out a gourd and that every time he drank from it, his speed would increase. He had seen this countless times during the 3 day chase.

The urge to kill Wang Lin became even stronger.

Teng Li stood outside the forest. His eyes became cold, but he was a bit nervous about the forest. He thought, "This wild jungle is very mysterious. It is constantly surrounded by a fog and even grandfather said to stay away from this place. Now, should I keep chasing or not?"

After pondering a little, Teng Li made a decision. The treasures Wang Lin possessed made Teng Li determined to make them his own.

There were many ancient trees that reached the sky and were filled with leaves. The ground was covered with half a meter thick layer of dead leaves. Countless poisonous insects crawled on the ground and snakes quickly moved through the leaves. Thousand year old trees could be seen everywhere. Countless types of flowers filled the ground, and many different type of beasts inhabited the area. The smell formed by the rotting leaves and animals created a stench strong enough to kill.

This place was covered by fog year round. Strange trees grew tall enough to reach the sky and beast as powerful as Nascent Soul cultivators

lived here. If one was not careful, then it would be easy to lose one's life here.

Wang Lin spread out his divine sense as he quickly moved through the forest. Situ Nan quickly shouted, "Stop! Quickly stop!"

Wang Lin's body stopped in an instant.

Situ Nan sucked in a breath and slowly said, "What kind of place is this, to still have Blue Line Vines? These blue vines are causes of disaster. A rank 2 country was wiped out by Blue Line Vines before."

"Blue Line Vine?" Wang Lin was startled.

Situ Nan seriously said, "Before you is a vine, and on the vine there is a blue line...What is this? Wait, this isn't Blue Line Vine. Strange... Wang Lin, this should be a baby blue line vine. You better avoid it, because adult blue line vine is a nightmare for cultivators below Core Formation. This stuff is very sensitive to blood and every time it devours someone, it evolves. If it manages to reach the intermediate stage, then not even Spirit Forming cultivators can resist it. Also, this stuff is very sensitive to fluctuations of spiritual energy, so don't use techniques to attack it."

Wang Lin looked around with a serious look in his eyes and his gaze fell on a vine in the distance.

This vine looked very normal, besides the thin blue line on it. Otherwise, it looked exactly like any other vine.

Wang Lin pondered a little. He didn't listen to Situ Nan's warning, but walked forward without emitting any spiritual energy. He carefully pinched the vine and slowly pulled it out. After pulling it out for 3 meters, he let go and backed up. He cut his finger and flicked a drop of blood onto the vine.

The moment the vine was hit by the blood, it immediately began to flail as a few more Blue Line Vines came out of the root and gathered together. After stirring for a while, they calmed down.

Sweat appeared on Wang Lin's forehead. He faintly grinned and quickly left.

Soon after he left, Teng Li arrived as well. Teng Li had been using techniques non stop to catch up to Wang Lin and Teng Li didn't even bother to pay any attention to the few vines on the ground.

Although his divine sense was restricted, he could clearly feel that Wang Lin was very close. He let out a sneer as he moved faster, but just as he passed some ordinary looking vines, a change occurred.

## Chapter 83: Stealing Foundation (3)

Two days later, Wang Lin was next to a creek, filling his gourd with water while carefully checking his surroundings. His expression suddenly changed as he cursed, "This is never going to end!"

He sent out his flying sword, put away his gourd as he jumped across the river, and ran deeper into the forest.

A moment later, Teng Li carefully chased after Wang Lin, not daring to use any spiritual power. He looked very pathetic. His clothes were torn and his armor had lost its luster. His right arm was limp as he chased after Wang Lin.

His hair was disheveled, his face was pale, and his eyes were filled with rage. His hatred for Wang Lin had reached an unimaginable degree. He had always been treated like a genius ever since he was little and never before had he been put into such a pathetic situation.

All of this was caused by Wang Lin.

The vines 2 days ago almost killed him. He never thought that such small vines could be so deadly. When the liquid the vine shot out hit his armor, it started to dissolve the plate.

If it was only that, then it would be fine. He would have killed it with his flying sword. However, this vine was undying. Every time he cut the vine, it would divide into more.

Even the lightning ball created by the flying sword couldn't stop the vines.

Then, there were sneak attacks by Wang Lin's strange flying sword. His right arm was injured by the flying sword.

Finally, Teng Li had to take out his life saving treasure given to him by his grandfather. The treasure was very powerful, but it only had one use. He had never used it once ever since he received it, but he knew that if he didn't use it now, he wouldn't be able to save his own life.

In the end, under the power of the treasure, a majority of the vines were



destroyed and the rest retreated back underground. Teng Li used this opportunity to finally escape.

Thinking about it now, his forehead got covered in cold sweat. As for Wang Lin, he now hated him to the bones.

Especially the fact that Wang Lin never attacked him head on and always sneak attacked him. With that strange flying sword Wang Lin possessed, Teng Li had to keep his flying sword floating around him at all times.

He carefully checked the river. After hesitating for a bit, he drank some water from it as he was very thirsty after chasing for 5 or 6 days.

The water felt very refreshing and sweet. Teng Li felt rejuvenated and was about to drink more when his heart suddenly skipped a beat. A small green sword quietly appeared before him and stabbed toward his head.

Teng Li quickly retreated without any hesitation as he called his own flying sword to protect him. The two flying swords collided with each other, but the green sword was clearly at a disadvantage. After a while, the green sword gained a few more scratches as it suddenly flashed and disappeared.

Teng Li looked at the hair the small green sword had cut as he screamed at the top of his lungs, "Damn it! I swear that when I catch you, I'll let you experience all of the torture in the world and then refine your soul!"

Wang Lin was running through the jungle as his face suddenly turned red and he swallowed a mouthful of blood. The green sword appeared next to him. He felt pain in his heart when he saw the new scratches. A cold light flash across his eyes as he kept running.

Late into the night, 5 days later, Wang Lin and Teng Li were still running through the jungle. They had already entered into the deep part of the jungle and on that night, Wang Lin suddenly stopped.

Situ Nan quickly said, "Brat, you noticed it too? There is a very powerful spiritual fluctuation northwest of here. Go check it out." In these past few

days, he had been on his toes using all of his knowledge to help Wang Lin avoid one danger after another.

Without a word, Wang Lin changed his direction to northwest. Shortly after, he arrived at the spot of the spiritual fluctuation.

The scene before him caused his pupils to contract.

Under the moonlight was a giant tree that had been completely uprooted, laying on the ground. The area was clear of everything besides a dead body lying on the ground.

Above his head floated a green bead as spiritual energy gathered from all directions, forming many smaller swirls.

Situ Nan was stunned and said, with a surprised tone, "A green core? Didn't think there would be a green core from a rank 4 country here."

Wang Lin asked, "What is a green core?"

"This is the rank 4 country's demon sect's special cultivation technique, the Green Core, or the Fake Core. Unlike normal cores, you can have as many green cores as you wish. I remember that there was a mad man from a rank 4 country who had tens of thousands of green cores. Not even Spirit Forming cultivators from rank 5 countries would dare to mess with him. It has to be said that besides the ability to increase your cultivation, what makes the green core deadly is when it explodes. It is really powerful when tens of thousands of those green cores explode at once.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he suddenly asked, "How many green cores does this person before us have? Can you tell?"

"Him? Only one is pretty good for him, and this person is also not a living person. He is clearly a zombie that has intelligence. He was probably a demonic cultivator from a rank 4 country that used a technique before his death to turn into a zombie."

That zombie had clearly already seen Wang Lin. He didn't move, but raised his finger and flicked. A green light shot out straight toward Wang Lin's forehead.

Wang Lin quickly retreated and dodged the green light.

The green light didn't chase, but made a circle and stopped. The green light projected a blurry image that released an unclear voice.

"Leave... this place.... you... die." With that, the image's body moved as it disappeared. Soon, the massive amount of spiritual energy fluctuation disappeared without a trace as if it was completely covered up.

Wang Lin carefully backed away without even batting his eyes. After a bit, a cold light flashed across his eyes and he no longer ran away, but spread out his divine sense, waiting for Teng Li to catch him.

Teng Li's flying sword circled around his body, getting rid of anything in his way. He suddenly noticed something as he smiled. He pointed his finger forward and his flying sword shot out.

Wang Lin's shadow was within sight. Teng Li became excited as he checked his surroundings. Wang Lin's actions put him on guard. He sneered, "How come you're not running?"

Wang Lin pointed with his right finger and the green flying sword appeared. He waved his hand and the green sword shot out. Then, he took out a piece of jade, then spat out a mouthful of spiritual energy onto the jade.

Suddenly, 4 golden characters appeared from the jade.

Teng Li grinned. He bit his finger and flung out a drop of his blood onto his flying sword. Suddenly, the flying sword shook as it released demonic light and grew into a great sword. Countless lightning balls appeared as well, but there were clearly a lot less than before.

The moment the great sword appeared, it released a cold aura as Teng Li swung it down.

Wang Lin's small sword teleported and arrived behind Teng Li. Right before the sword could strike, Teng Li touched his bag of holding and a bell suddenly appeared and attached to his body.

The small green sword struck the bell and waves of ripples appeared on

it.

While the great sword was swinging down, Wang Lin pointed his finger and the 4 golden symbols shot toward it. Wang Lin backed up until he arrived at the place he saw the zombie.

The 4 symbols all exploded after they collided with the flying sword, sending it back up. However, there were simply too few golden symbols, so after pausing in the air for a bit, the great sword continued to swing down.

Crackling sounds came from the ground as the ground clearly couldn't handle the pressure. All of the giant trees in the surrounding area fell over. Just as the sword came down, Wang Lin's body was covered in a blue light and he teleported away.

Just as the sword was about to come in contact with his body, he teleported 100 meters away with a stream of blood trickling down from his forehead.

The great sword slammed down into the ground with a bang. Soon after, a ghostly scream appeared and a ghostly figure that smelled like a rotten corpse charged toward Teng Li.

Teng Li's expression suddenly changed. He already had his suspicions, but he didn't expect such a creature to be living here. He pointed his finger forward as the lightning balls slammed into the zombie.

The lightning balls were very powerful and lightning was also the weakness of all undead. They immediately exploded when they touched the zombie. The zombie let out a scream as part of its body was blown off, revealing black bones.

Teng Li sneered as he waved his left hand. Suddenly, more than 10 lightning balls appeared around the flying sword. The lightning balls charged toward the zombie, with the great sword following closely behind.

Wang Lin secretly thought, "Not Good!" He didn't think that the zombie would be this weak and was about to escape.

The zombie also noticed that something was wrong and, in a life and death situation, it let out a scream and spat out a green core. The moment the green core appeared, it immediately exploded.

A wave of energy expanded outward in a ring around the zombie. All of the surrounding plants turned to dust and Teng Li, who was simply too close, bit the tip of his tongue and spat blood onto the bell attached to his body.

In a flash, the bell went from a half transparent state to a more solid form. There were many ancient patterns on the bell.

The moment the wave hit Teng Li, the bell shook violently. It only lasted a few seconds before it cracked.

Using the time the bell bought for him, Teng Li threw out one treasure after another. As the bell broke, defensive layers went up in front of him one by one.

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The countless layers of colorful defensive barriers were quickly broken through by the explosion like a sharp blade going through paper.

As for Wang Lin, because he was very far away and the zombie was mainly targeting Teng Li, the shock wave didn't effect him much. When the waves arrived, he calmly took out a piece of jade and threw it in front of him. The jade immediately cracked and released a yellow gas that surrounded Wang Lin.

His eyes pierced through the yellow gas and locked on to Teng Li.

The shockwaves created by the explosion had started to weaken, but almost all of Teng Li's defenses had been broken. When the last layer of defense broke down, Teng Li pointed his finger at the zombie, ordering his great sword to stop its attack. At the same time, Teng Li quickly backed up 50 meters.

He had already developed a deep fear of this zombie. If it wasn't for the fact that he had so many treasures, he would have already died.

It has to be said that even though the zombie's green core's explosion wasn't as strong as a normal core's explosion, it still took Teng Li's late stage Foundation Establishment cultivation with a ton of treasures to barely resist it.

He was completely terrified that the zombie would throw out another green core like that. He had already lost all his urge to kill Wang Lin and only wanted to escape.

Wang Lin had always been staring at Teng Li. He let out a faint smile as a cold light flashed across his eyes. He raised his right hand before him, put two of his fingers together, then gently pushed forward.

Suddenly, a green light flashed and Teng Li felt pain striking his back as he was backing up. He panicked and, without looking back, continued to retreat.

Wang Lin frowned. Teng Li's almost broken armor managed to stop the

sword from piercing through his flesh. Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He bit the tip of his tongue and spat out some blood. The small green sword appeared in the blood and let out a loud sword hum, then quickly flew toward Teng Li.

While in the air, the green sword suddenly teleported and stabbed toward Teng Li's back. Teng Li suddenly turned his head. His eyes were bloodshot and revealed a vicious gaze. A few pieces of jade quickly flew out of his bag of holding, forming defensive barriers.

At the same time, he raised his left hand and pointed at Wang Lin. His great sword suddenly paused and sliced toward Wang Lin while several lightning balls appeared and smashed toward the zombie.

He was betting, betting on whether Wang Lin's flying sword stabbed himself first or if his great sword would cut Wang Lin in half. If Wang Lin used teleport to escape, then he would lose control of the flying sword and give Teng Li time to escape. He was already almost out of gas, so if he stayed around any longer, he would be digging his own grave.

Situ Nan screamed, "Mad! You are mad!" Without waiting for Wang Lin, Situ Nan decided to teleport them. Right as the blue light appeared, Wang Lin shouted, "It is not time to teleport yet! Stop!"

A vicious look appeared on his face. Without looking at the great sword, he controlled the small sword to dodge the defensive layers and appeared before Teng Li.

Teng Li panicked. His great sword was already half a meter above Wang Lin's head. A stream of blood flowed from Wang Lin's forehead. Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye as he grinned and said, "Die!"

The green sword flashed. It pierced through the armor and Teng Li's body, followed by a trail of blood.

At the same time, Situ Nan used teleport. A blue light flashed as Wang Lin's body disappeared under the great sword and appeared before the bloody Teng Li.

The great sword smashed down and created a deep rift in the ground.

Wang Lin ignored the blood on his forehead, knelt down, and put his hand on Teng Li's body. Situ Nan knew what Wang Lin was thinking. The heaven defying bead suddenly lit up and a stream of energy flowed from the bead into Teng Li. Teng Li's body quickly froze into an ice sculpture with a terrified expression on his face.

All of this happened in a short period of time. It happened so fast that the zombie didn't even realize what had happened. When it realized that Teng Li had been frozen, he cautiously looked at Wang Lin.

All of the lightning balls that were charging toward the zombie dissipated. Even the great sword shrunk down to a small silver sword and fell into the rift on the ground.

Wan Lin grabbed the ice sculpture and slowly backed away as he pointed the green flying sword at the zombie.

The zombie stared at Wang Lin and screamed. It was about to charge at Wang Lin when it looked at the rift on the ground. During that moment of hesitation, Wang Lin had already moved more than 300 meters away and disappeared with a teleport.

The zombie let out a roar and shot a look of frustration at Wang Lin's direction. It jumped into the rift and retrieved Teng Li's sword with a look of excitement and swallowed it.

Wang Lin held the ice sculpture. His face was pale as he quickly moved through the forest. After making sure no one was following him, he finally relaxed a bit. He took out a gourd of spirit water and chugged it all down before sitting down cross legged to cultivate.

The forest was silent. After a long time, Wang Lin opened his eyes as Situ Nan's discontented voice came.

"Brat, are you crazy? If I was a bit slower, you would have lost your life."

Wang Lin deeply said, "That was the only opportunity to kill Teng Li. If his spiritual energy recovered, there would never have been a second chance. This person has also chased me for several days. If I let him live, he will be a nuisance in the future, so I decided to take the risk. Also, the



speed of the great sword depended on how much spiritual energy he had left in his body. Back then, he was almost out of power, so he couldn't have been faster than my sword."

Situ Nan was silent. He found himself feeling as if he had just got to know the real Wang Lin. After a long time, he said, "You are qualified now. With that state of mind, you can establish your own sect in this cultivation world." Situ Nan's voice was no longer filled with arrogance, but with a bit of respect. If it was himself in that situation, he wouldn't have dared to risk it.

Wang Lin didn't speak, but stared at Teng Li, who was trapped in ice. His eyes lit up and he said, "Is it fine to steal his foundation?"

After hearing Wang Lin's question, Situ Nan replied, "It's completely possible. He is at the late stage of Foundation Establishment, so if you use him to break into Foundation Establishment, your cultivation level will rise faster than normal. Also, you will receive a bit of his talent, so your own talent will increase. This kid is already so strong at this early age, so his talent must be amazing. Haha, this time, you got something good from your gamble."

With that, Situ Nan explained the chant and the process of stealing foundation again. It wasn't until the sun went down that Situ Nan finished. Wang Lin spat out the green sword and stabbed it into a giant tree nearby.

After carving a hole in the tree, Wang Lin jumped inside with Teng Li.

He didn't put away the green sword, but had it float around him.

The hole wasn't large and was very moist, but Wang Lin couldn't be bothered by that now. He washed his wounds on his forehead with spirit liquid before he started to cultivate.

In the morning of the next day, Wang Lin opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of spiritual power that turned into mist. Wang Lin didn't stop as his hand formed seals and shot out a blue light.

The moment the blue light entered the spiritual energy mist, it started

to move like boiling water as it shrunk and expanded.

Wang Lin's expression remained calm as he kept moving his hand and shot blue light into the spiritual energy mist. As more blue lights got shot into it, it started to shrink and expand even faster.

Immediately after, he moved his right hand and grabbed Teng Li's body. Situ Nan melted the ice without Wang Lin even asking.

In a flash, the ice crystal surrounding Teng Li disappeared.

Wan Lin's eyes lit up as he pointed his hand at the spiritual energy mist. The mist entered Teng Li's body. His body suddenly shook as his face revealed a painful expression, but his eyes remained closed. Soon, all of the mist entered Teng Li's body.

Wang Lin took a deep breath as he revealed a serious expression. He bit the tip of his tongue, then drew a strange blood symbol with his hand.

Wang Lin waved his right hand and the symbol landed on Teng Li's chest.

Teng Li's body violently quivered as his arms and legs convulsed and blood flowed out of his orifices. However, the blood didn't drip down, but converged together.

Soon after, a crisp snapping sound came from Teng Li's body as his face turned red and a strange shade of red appeared on his skin.

Drops of blood seeped out of his skin.

Wang Lin's expression became even more serious. Without even blinking once, he drew another blood symbol that landed on Teng Li's chest.

Teng Li suddenly opened his mouth and let out a few miserable groans as all of the blood vessels in his body broke. Blood flowed out of his body and gathered in the air.

In the blink of an eye, a giant ball of blood floated above Teng Li. His red colored body quickly turned pale.

Wang Lin's forehead was covered in sweat. He watched the ball of blood

as he quickly formed seals and sent out techniques toward it. Soon, the ball of blood slowly shrunk until it was the size of a fist, emitting a blood-red light.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. His entire body was soaked in sweat. Without stopping, he spat out more spiritual energy and shot blue light into it. Then, Wang Lin motioned with his hand and the mist went into Teng Li's body again.

# Chapter 85: Stealing Foundation (5)

Teng Li suddenly opened his eyes. His eyes had no light and were bloodshot. His lips quivered and his jaw was clenched.

Wang Lin drew a complex symbol in the air with his right hand. Then, he bit his finger and flicked a drop of blood onto Teng Li's head.

Teng Li let out a groan as his body started to violently twitch. Things started to move under his skin and made their way to his chest.

Not long after, Teng Li's body visibly shrunk as all the muscles and veins in his body formed a big ball of meat on his chest.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. His right hand waved and sent out another technique. With a bang, the ball of meat separated from Teng Li's body. His body was now just a bag of bones.

Wang Lin took a deep breath and spat out another mouthful of spiritual energy. The energy entered the ball of meat and, after a while, it shrunk down to the same size as the ball of blood.

Wang Lin revealed an exhausted expression. He took out a gourd and drank a gulp before he started to cultivate. After a short while, he opened his eyes and pointed at Teng Li's body.

Suddenly, loud cracking sounds filled the air. All of the bones in Teng Li's body crumbled into bone powder and formed a ball of bone dust.

Blood, meat, and bone balls lined up, releasing a demonic aura.

Wang Lin sighed and muttered to himself, "In order to steal one's foundation, you need their blood, meat, bones, soul, and spirit root. Also, the person can't die when you extract their blood, meat, and bone. This technique is just too cruel."

Situ Nan slowly said, "This is nothing. In the country I came from, there are demonic sects that steal cores. That stuff is really cruel. Not only does the person who has their core taken suffer, even the person stealing it has to suffer, all for less than a 1% success rate."

Wang Lin pondered a little and regained his focus. He pointed his hand at Teng Li and started to chant. As Wang Lin chanted faster and faster, white gas was coming out of the pile of meat that was once Teng Li's body and gathered in the air.

After an unknown amount of time, the white gas got very dense and formed a human shape. If one looked closely, the figure looked exactly like Teng Li.

The little person's eyes revealed a confused look and his body shook. Slowly, the confused look disappeared as he looked viciously at Wang Lin and let out some silent screams.

Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye. He waved his hand and a red light appeared. The little person seemed to be afraid of the red light and tried to escape, but the area 3 meters around Teng Li's body was like a prison. No matter how hard the little person tried to escape, it couldn't get out.

Finally, the little person saw that he couldn't escape. He let out a vicious look and charged toward the red light.

Wang Lin revealed a deadpan expression as he waved his hand. The red light circled around the little person a few times and pulled it toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin knew that the soul extraction step was very important. He must safely extract the soul out of that 3 meter range without breaking it. Although a broken soul won't affect him stealing the foundation, he wouldn't be able to use Teng Li's spirit root to improve his own if the soul were to break.

That little person's face revealed a painful expression as the red light slowly pulled it out. In the blink of an eye, half of its body had been dragged past the 3 meter mark.

At that moment, a yellow light shone from the little person's body and the yellow light broke the red light. The little person quickly retreated back into the 3 meter space and with the glow of the yellow light, the little person became more solid.

Wang Lin's face darkened as he stared at the little person. His hand moved to cast the technique again. The little person's face revealed a look of horror as he spoke.

"If you kill me, my grandfather won't let you go! He is a Nascent Soul cultivator, so if you kill me, you will die for sure."

A cold light flashed across Wang Lin's eyes. He spat out a lot of spiritual energy. Then, he constantly casted one technique after another on the spiritual energy until it became a thin line.

The little person's fear became even worse as he said, "My grandfather already knows that I am in danger and he should be here any second. You..."

Before he could finish, Wang Lin waved his hand. The line wrapped around the little person and pulled him out.

The little person struggled and screamed, "Grandfather, save me!" The yellow light glowed stronger as it resisted Wang Lin.

Without a word, Wang Lin slapped his bag of holding and took out a gourd of spirit water. He poured the spirit water on the line and the line suddenly became as thick as a thumb as he pulled again.

This time, no matter how hard the yellow light shone on the little person, it would no longer resist Wang Lin. The little person was pulled out of the 3 meter range. The moment the little person left the 3 meter range, the yellow light transformed into a yellow gas cloud, forming a shadowy figure inside. The figure wasn't clear, but a voice rang out, "Fellow cultivator, please stop! We can talk about this."

Wang Lin was startled, but Situ Nan quickly said, "Don't worry, this is an illusion avatar of a Nascent Soul cultivator. This is different from a physical avatar because it can't attack, see you, or even know your location. It only allows you to hear what he has to say. Also, looking at this illusion avatar, this person is very far away, that's why it is so blurry. As for why it is there, it seems he really loves Teng Li, so he always leaves that piece of divine sense with him."

Without a word, Wang Lin pointed at the little person. The little person immediately stopped, struggled, and shrunk until it was a ball that released purple light.

The illusion avatar seemed to have noticed that Teng Li's soul was being refined. He shouted, "You killed a Teng Family member, so you must pay! I will find you one day and I will kill you."

At a mountaintop tens of thousands of miles away, an old man in black robes stood up with a dark expression. His eyes lit up. He clenched his fist and muttered to himself, "Li Er, your grandfather promises that I will avenge you." With that, he hit his chest with his right hand and coughed up black blood. His right hand rapidly drew in the black blood, forming countless strange symbols that floated in the air.

Then, purple colored small people appeared and sat in the air.

The little person shouted, "Curse, go!" The little person's hand formed a seal as his divine sense split up and fused into all the symbols.

"Curse, complete!" The old man's soul visibly shrunk. It seemed he wasn't afraid to waste his energy at all. Those symbols with divine sense infused into them glowed a demonic light as they floated into the sky. They covered up half the sky, forming a formation, causing thunder to rumble.

"Curse, turn!" The formation started to slowly turn. Blood colored lightning appeared in the sky, forming a strange diamond shape.

"Curse, close!" The little person let out a shout as the earth shook. He spat out more soul energy as the formation spun faster and faster and the strange blood colored lightning became more and more solid. Soon, the formation shrunk until all the blood colored lightning was engraved onto the diamond shape.

The pattern slowly fell down from the sky and imprinted onto the forehead of the little person.

The little person let out a dark smile and said, "If you kill people of the Teng Family, you will be cursed by me!"

Inside the hole in the tree were 4 balls floating before Wang Lin. He pointed his finger at Teng Li's remains and countless specks of gold light floated out of the remains.

These specks of light were countless and  $\frac{1}{3}$  of them dissipated into the surroundings.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He knew that these specks of light were the so called spirit root. He spat out a mouthful of spiritual energy to devour the spirit root. The devoured spirit root immediately began to reject Wang Lin and the other  $\frac{1}{3}$  disappeared. Wang Lin was only able to devour  $\frac{1}{3}$  of Teng Li's spirit root.

Just as at that moment, Wang Lin's forehead started to shine and a purple diamond appeared on it.

Wang Lin immediately noticed it. He raised his hand to touch his forehead and his expression suddenly changed.

Situ Nan quickly exclaimed, "This person really is high handed. Wang Lin, you have been cursed by a Nascent Soul cultivator. With this curse, once you enter a certain range of him, he will be able to instantly teleport next to you. I didn't expect him to give up his own life span to use this complicated formation curse on you."

Wang Lin suddenly stood up. His face was dark as he asked, "Is there any way to break it?"

Situ Nan pondered a little and proudly laughed, "Actually, you don't have to be too worried. This type of curse doesn't have any offensive capabilities. It only allows him to locate you to teleport to you. Although this person's curse is good, I have spent a lot of time studying curses like this, ones that use formations and the fluctuations of spiritual energy in the world to apply the curse. I can't cast any because I have lost my body, but I can still help you break them.

"With my help, cover your aura. As long as you aren't too close to him, he won't be able to find you, so relax. Hehe, Wang Lin, this is also another resource. I know of this ancient technique that can be used to make the curse to affect the caster. It requires you to be at the Core Formation



stage, then, with some help of pills, you will be able to steal half of his cultivation. Ah, your luck is pretty good, kid.”

# Chapter 86: Forest Ruins

Wang Lin pondered a little. He pointed at Teng Li's spirit and began to absorb it. Teng Li's spirit started to swell up and churn.

Then, the blood ball quickly shot up and melted into the spirit. Gradually, the spirit began to shrink and the ball of meat and bone also melted into the spirit fog.

The spirit had changed greatly. It was now a narrow ring that was floating in the air, emitting a gentle light.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He knew that he was already at the last step. He became even more focused as he placed the soul into the ring.

After a long time, the ring suddenly emitted a bright light. Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he quickly bit the tip of his tongue and spat out blood. The moment the blood touched the ring, there was a sizzling sound and all of the blood instantly disappeared.

After the ring fused with the blood, it started to tremble. The ring started to emit a powerful pressure and all of the living creatures within a kilometer of Wang Lin felt the change.

Several powerful auras appeared and quickly charged toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye. He waved his hand and the ring quickly fused into his chest. A powerful surge of spiritual power suddenly flowed through his body, causing his face to become red.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. His body moved and like an arrow as he quickly disappeared into the forest.

Not long after he left, a giant python suddenly reared its head. After smelling the area, it revealed a confused expression. After shaking its head, it turned around and left.

After that, a ten foot tall ape arrived as fast as lightning. It charged into the hole in the tree and searched for a while, then left feeling frustrated.

A few more powerful beasts came to check, but they all left in

confusion.

Wang Lin ran through the jungle with his body filled to the brim with spiritual energy. In addition, as he ran, a foul smelling black liquid came out of every pore in his body.

Wang Lin felt like his body was being torn apart, so he frowned and stopped. After walking in a circle, his eyes flashed and he activated the attraction technique with the large amount of spiritual energy in his body.

The dirt on the ground moved to the side as if there were two giant hands pushing it. Soon, a bottomless pit appeared in the ground.

Without a word, Wang Lin jumped into the hole. Then, the dirt was moved back into the hole and everything returned to normal, as if nothing had happened.

Sitting cross legged underground, Wang Lin focused his attention to organize the spiritual energy in his body. His body was constantly changing to Foundation Establishment. With the silence of being underground and no one bothering him, Wang Lin started his 3rd closed door training.

Time flew by and in the blink of an eye, two years had passed.

The ground above where Wang Lin was doing his closed door training was now covered in layers of decomposing leaves with poisonous insects crawling within them.

On this day, the ground suddenly shook and countless poisonous insects scrambled out of the leaves. The dead leaves were pushed apart, followed by a layer of dirt from the ground as a dark figure emerged from the hole.

The moment the figure appeared, all of the insects let out fearful screams as they quickly backed away.

“This foundation stealing technique sure is mysterious. I’ve finally reached Foundation Establishment.” This dark figure was Wang Lin.

Wang Lin’s gaze was like electricity and his whole body was filled with

powerful spiritual energy. He opened his mouth and spat out a green light that turned into the green flying sword.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He raised his hand and the sword sheath flew out as he muttered, "After two years of refining the sword sheath, it's almost completely mine. When used with the flying sword, its effect must be very powerful."

After putting away the sword and sheath, he pondered for a while. Then, he touched the bead on his chest and thought, "Situ Nan used up too much Nascent Soul Essence two years ago when he helped me escape from Teng Li. He also casted a spell that prevented Teng Huayuan from finding me. He has already been sleeping for more than a year and I'm not sure when he will wake up. Good thing I have already memorized the Underworld Ascension Method. Now I just have to find a place with a lot of Yin energy to practice it."

After making up his mind, Wang Lin took a deep breath and spread out his divine sense. He suddenly moved north until he arrived at a river and washed away all of the black dirt on his body. After finally washing all the dirt off, he felt very refreshed.

Sitting on a rock near the river, he recalled his previous near death experience and felt a lot of regret. He didn't know whether Zhang Hu was still alive or not. He prayed that Zhang Hu managed to survive.

Letting out a sigh, Wang Lin put away those thoughts as he began to ponder. After a long time, Wang Lin formed a seal with his right hand and shot out a ray white of light. The moment the white light appeared, its color started to change. It changed from white to grey and its color gradually darkened as it quickly flew towards the west.

Wang Lin was stunned. This technique was something Situ Nan had taught him. It was used to find a place with very strong Yin energy. The darker the color of the light, the closer he was to a place with extreme Yin energy. When the light was black, it meant he had found the place.

Without a word, Wang Lin quickly chased after the light that had already turned grey. The light turned darker and darker. When the it

turned black, it suddenly collapsed and disappeared.

Suddenly, Wang Lin stopped. He stared dumbfounded at the distance. He was so shocked that he was unable to say a word.

Before him was an endless ruin. There were collapsed buildings and trees as far as the eye could see.

The ruins were covered with overgrown vegetation with small animals running through them, occasionally letting out screeches.

There were cracks in the ground that looked like they were devouring the life on the surface.

The large amounts of metal wreckage mixed with the growing green vegetation gave off a sense of ruin. The depressing atmosphere would make anyone's heart shudder.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He was completely stunned as he stared at the ruins.

Just at that moment, from within one of the towers in the ruins, a pillar of white light shot out.

Wang Lin was startled. His expression changed as he turned his head toward the nearby jungle. He saw a small beast covered in blood crawling towards where the pillar of white light landed. There was a wound deep enough to see the bone on its right leg. As it walked, it left behind a trail of blood.

After a long time it finally arrived under the pillar of white light and let out scream of joy. In only a few seconds, the wound on his leg was mended and the small beast was fully healed.

It happily shook its body before leaving the pillar and disappearing into the distance.

Currently, the light pillar was still going. Wang Lin stared at it with a dumbfounded expression.

Just at that moment, the pillar dissolved into countless silver specks. Wang Lin stared at that location and kept observing. Half an hour later,

the light pillar appeared again This cycle continued several times. After watching it for a whole day, Wang Lin was finally able to gain some insight.

According to Wang Lin's judgement, this light pillar had something to do with sunlight. It seemed that although this place was in ruins, there were still some functioning treasures. After absorbing enough light, it will active its ability.

And it seemed that a lot of wild beasts knew of the healing effect of the light pillar. Within that day, Wang Lin saw no less than 20 wounded wild beasts making their way to the pillar.

Seeing that it was getting dark, Wang Lin calculated that the last pillar was about to appear. Without any hesitation, he charged forward and stuck his hand into the light pillar. He felt a very warm air flowing through the light. This was not the feeling of spiritual power, but something Wang Lin had never felt before.

While slowly feeling the air current, Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He cut his arm and put it inside the light pillar. In the blink of an eye, the wound was healed.

Wang Lin pondered for a while. Without a word, he moved within the ruin and arrived before a large tower.

This was the ruin of a giant cylindrical tower. Looking from the outside, it was clear that part of the tower had fallen over. However, even with just the ruin, it was clear how glorious it once was. Two giant statues holding swords stood and on top of them was a tower about 30 meters high.

Wang Lin stared at the ruin. His mind couldn't help but imagine the moment that this once glorious tower snapped in half and part of it fell down on the two statues.

The light pillar came from a stone bead that was about 2 meters in diameter at the top of the tower.

While standing next to the stone bead, Wang Lin began to hesitate. The stone bead was too large and couldn't easily be moved. He also wasn't

sure how the stone bead healed. He was afraid that if he removed it, it would stop it from working.

After thinking about it again, he didn't carelessly act, but started to observe the area instead. Gradually, Wang Lin's expression became strange. After checking the area, he found that something was off.

In some of the well preserved ruins, there were porcelain wares that were still in tact. Some of them even had a black substance in them.

The sky was getting even darker now. Wang Lin quickly left the ruin. When the sky was completely dark, Wang Lin arrived back at the jungle. He stared back at the ruins with shining eyes.

# Chapter 87: The Abyssal Cold Core

Wang Lin suddenly had a wild guess. One day, while a family was having dinner, disaster struck. Without the people having any time to respond, the entire city was laid to waste.

At this point, slivers of cold energy came from the ruins. This energy became denser and denser, until it felt like it had taken a solid form.

“Looking at the size of these ruins, I’m afraid the population of this city was at least 10 million. The graveyard of 10 million people should be one of the best places to cultivate the Underworld Ascension Method.”

Situ Nan explained in great detail about the places with extreme Yin during Wang Lin’s closed door training. There were four types of extreme Yin places. They were heavenly Yin, earth Yin, mystery Yin, and underworld Yin.

Underworld Yin was the simplest to find. The more death there was in a place, the more death Yin there was.

Mystery Yin was a bit hard. It only appeared in extremely cold places.

Earth Yin was even harder and completely relied on luck to find. After all, earth Yin was the Yin emitted from the abyss within the earth.

As for heaven Yin, it was basically impossible to find. In order to find heaven Yin, a place needs to have underworld Yin, mystery Yin, and earth Yin at the same time. If those three come together, they will change into heaven Yin.

The higher quality the Yin, the more benefits it brings to the cultivator.

Wang Lin immediately formed a seal with his right hand and he began to chant. Suddenly, specks of red light gathered before him until they formed a red ball of light.

This was a technique especially made to test the quality of the Yin. Based on the color of the light, one could determine what type of Yin there was. The ball could become purple, black, silver, or red, matching with heaven, earth, mystery, and underworld Yin respectively.



Situ Nan had also explained that even among the same type of extreme Yin, there were four different qualities which were ordinary, good, dense, and extreme Yin.

Each level was divided into 10 ranks as well.

In general, achieving ordinary rank 3 was enough to cultivate the Underworld Ascension Method. Having ordinary rank 8 was enough to speed up the cultivation.

After the red ball of light appeared, it became brighter and brighter. Finally, it shone 5 times.

Wang Lin touched his chin. Shining 5 times meant that this place had ordinary rank 5 underworld Yin.

After pondering for while, he walked toward the center of the ruins without a word. The surrounding Yin energy became even denser as he walked closer to the center. The Yin energy was so dense, it made him feel like he was walking under water. Just a few hundred steps and he already felt like he couldn't breath.

The ball of light became brighter and bright as it followed Wang Lin. This area was ordinary rank 8.

Wang Lin didn't stop and continued for a few hundred more meters, until he arrived before the ruin of the giant stone bead. He could no longer continue forward. Slivers of Yin energy entered his body. His blood vessels began to feel painful and he was starting to lose control of his spiritual energy.

At this point, the red ball split into two with a bang. Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He knew that this meant that this place had reached good quality rank 1.

According to the information Wang Lin had gathered while scouting the ruins during the day, he knew that he was probably not even one 10,000th of the way in.

And the deeper he went, the stronger the Yin energy became.

“This is absolutely the best place to cultivate!” Wang Lin slowly backed up until he was at the ordinary rank 5 location.

This was the location Wang Lin had decided was the most suitable place for his current body. The density of the Yin energy for the Underworld Ascension Method must be increased gradually. This was a point Situ Nan kept stressing before he went to sleep.

Wang Lin pondered a little. He sat down cross legged, closed his eyes, and began to cultivate. In his mind, Situ Nan’s instructions for the Underworld Ascension Method echoed.

This Underworld Ascension Method can be divided into 9 layers. Every three layers, one can form a cold core. Once all 9 levels are complete and the three cores fuse, there is a certain chance to instantly break into the Core Formation stage.

This was the biggest reason Wang Lin became determined to practice the Underworld Ascension Method. Situ Nan also picked this because it was most suitable for Wang Lin and would increase his cultivation level quickest.

Of course there are faster methods, like core stealing, but with Wang Lin’s current cultivation level, to try and capture a Core Formation cultivator was no different than committing suicide.

The cold core from the Underworld Ascension Method relies on meridian awakening. Meridian awakening is a process that anyone who practices the Underworld Ascension Method has to go through. There are three key meridian awakenings in the Underworld Ascension Method. They are the dantian, Qi Sea, and ancestral meridian.

The moment one of those three meridians awaken, a cold core is formed. The moment a cold core is formed, the spiritual energy in one’s body will become cold.

As for the success rate of the meridian awakening, it is heavily related to the quality of the Yin.

Time quickly passed. When he opened his eyes again, light was

appearing and the Yin energy was quickly dispersing. The moment the sun appeared, all of the Yin energy disappeared.

Wang Lin stood up. Since he decided to cultivate here, he should find a place to stay. He looked around and locked his sights on a collapsed house nearby.

With the wave of his right hand, all of the debris and rubble flew to the side, clearing out a small area.

After finishing everything, Wang Lin sat down in the middle of the cleared area. He took out a book and started to carefully read it.

This was the book about formations he got at Teng Family City for a mid quality spirit stone two years ago.

Before, he only flipped through the book and found that there was very detailed information about setting up and controlling formations inside.

After memorizing all of the information in the book, Wang Lin began to ponder. His hand constantly moved as he unconsciously drew something in the air.

The day quickly passed and it was now dusk. Wang Lin sighed and opened his eyes. He muttered, "Formations are really deep and complex. Even though the formations in this book are only some simple ones, it still took me an entire day to get some understanding. The illusion formations in the book are especially complex. It relies a lot on predication, and the farther you predict, the harder it gets."

Feeling helpless, he gave up on trying to figure out how they worked and just tried them out. He activated the attraction technique and moved rocks to a place outside the room.

Following the instructions carefully, Wang Lin managed to make a simple formation called the Minor Confusion Formation.

This formation was too rough and simple. It didn't even have the minimum amount of formation flags. Wang Lin bitterly smiled as he looked at the rocks, then at the book. He made some adjustments and the formation finally looked like the one in the book.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. His hand formed the instructed seals. Then, a mist suddenly appeared and covered the surrounding area.

Wang Lin stared at the mist and let out a bitter smile. This formation might trick some mortals, but it won't do anything against cultivators, so it won't protect him while he cultivates.

After pondering for a while, Wang Lin muttered, "If one isn't enough, then I'll lay down two. If anything, I can just lay down all of the formations in the book. It should more or less have some effect."

With that, Wang Lin used his attraction technique and moved the rocks in the area. After playing with a few more formations, night came again.

Wang Lin sat cross legged on the ground. The moment the Yin energy appeared, he took a deep breath, put his hands on his knees, and began cultivating. His breathing method was one long, five short. One long means he takes a very long breath in and five short means that when he breaths out, the time is only  $\frac{1}{5}$  of the time he used to breath in. This is the fastest way to absorb Yin energy.

Strictly speaking, this was the first time he had absorbed outside energy to cultivate. In the last two years, he had always been using spiritual liquid inside the heaven defying bead, so it had all been internal absorption.

This Yin energy was basically the same as spiritual energy. Wang Lin had cultivated for many years, so he was very used to this, but he immediately noticed a difference. When he absorbed spiritual energy, there was always a layer blocking that spiritual energy from entering his body. Even when it did enter, a large amount would disappear before he could absorb it.

However, this was not the same. That thin layer was no longer there and the Yin energy entered his body at an overwhelming rate. Also, his body felt different from before. Large portions of the Yin energy that entered his body was absorbed, unlike before.

Wang Lin pondered about this for a while and he came up with three possible answers. One was that the Yin energy was different from

spiritual energy and was more suited for him to cultivate. Two: Foundation Establishment cultivators absorbed spiritual energy faster than Qi Condensation cultivators. Three: after absorbing part of Teng Li's spirit root, his own talent had increased a lot.

As for which answer was correct, Wang Lin didn't pursue it any longer and instead focused his mind on cultivation.

At the start, Wang Lin felt very uncomfortable due to the cold nature of the Yin energy. When he absorbed the Yin energy, it would immediately enter his body and go into his organs. The cold being emitted from inside his body made him shiver. This was the complete opposite of what it felt like to absorb spiritual energy. One gave you a very warm and comfortable feeling while the other made you feel like you were being frozen.

As Wang Lin absorbed more and more Yin energy, his hands and feet became cold. Then, his blood started to become thicker and even his heartbeat slowed down.

Frost started to appear on his eyebrows, hair, and all of the pores in his body. A surge of cold came from inside his body and perfectly fused with the surroundings.

Time flew by. When the sun rose and the Yin energy dispersed, Wang Lin's eyelids trembled as he opened his eyes. He exhaled a breath of white gas. After a night of cultivation, a small mass of Yin energy appeared in his dantian. This small mass slowly rotated, releasing Yin energy.

The spiritual energy in his body didn't reject this mass of Yin energy. They ignored each other and didn't interact.

# Chapter 88: The Strange Blue Skinned Person

Touching his stomach, Wang Lin muttered, "I finally understand why this is called the Underworld Ascension Method."

The Underworld Ascension Method makes one enter a near death state when cultivating. One uses this state of being close to entering the underworld to make it easier for the body to absorb Yin energy. However, if a mistake is made, one might really enter the underworld.

In truth, even in a rank 6 country, not many people have the courage to cultivate the Underworld Ascension method. Situ Nan was one of the few that had successfully cultivated this method. Even among all the demon cultivators in the rank 6 countries, this was still considered an strange method.

The reason it's considered a strange technique is because the change is too great. For some, the change is great for the cultivator, while for others, the change means death.

Wang Lin started living in the ruins. Every night, he would cultivate and absorb the Yin energy. A month had passed.

During this month, besides cultivating the Underworld Ascension Method, Wang Lin also noticed that the heaven defying bead could produce spirit liquid here. However, the power contained in the spirit liquid wasn't spiritual power, but Yin power.

As a result, Wang Lin gained a bit more understanding of the bead.

Wang Lin started to collect Yin spirit liquid. Midnight was when the most Yin spirit liquid appeared.

After taking the Yin spirit liquid, he noticed that although it contained a lot of Yin energy, compared to the spiritual energy in normal spirit liquid, it was not on the same level.

If comparing the effectiveness of the Yin spirit liquid to normal spirit

liquid, then it was only on the level of soaking the bead in snow water. It was far from the pure spirit liquid.

Wang Lin knew that plainly speaking, the Underworld Ascension Method was all about how much Yin energy one could absorb. The more one absorbed, the more powerful they'd become. As a result, Wang Lin entered the heaven defying bead's space to cultivate with the Yin spirit liquid during the day.

With the passage of time, Wang Lin began to absorb more and more Yin energy. Every time he cultivated, he would slowly blend into the surrounding Yin energy. Each time, his heartbeat would slow down until it became so faint, it looked as if his heart stopped.

There were even a couple of times when his heart beat almost stopped, but he manage to hold out.

One morning, Wang Lin woke from his trance. He took a deep breath and said, "I have absorbed a lot of Yin energy. I should be able to make the first breakthrough now."

Suddenly, he stared at the surrounding fog formation and revealed a confused look. He waved his sleeves and a path opened within the fog.

Wang Lin walked out of the formation and saw several deep marks that went deep into the ruins. He remembered that there were some injured wild beasts that couldn't hold out while waiting for the light pillar.

But now, the wild beasts' corpses were gone. They seemed to have been dragged into the depths of the ruins.

"Could there still be people inside the ruins?" A cold thought entered Wang Lin's mind. When this person came to drag the corpses away, how come he didn't notice them?

Wang Lin's eyes became more serious. He quickly checked around his room and found that there were no signs of attack on his formations.

He stroked his chin. Then, his body shot out like lightning into the jungle and returned with two beast carcasses. After tossing them to the side, he returned to his formation and shot out a white light. The fog of

the formation became even thicker and a rumbling sound could be heard in the fog.

Having done all of this, Wang Lin still felt uneasily, as if there was a giant shadow looming over him. After a long time, he calmed down and spread out his divine sense. He drank some Yin spirit liquid and started to cultivate while vigilantly watching his surroundings.

Night came. On this night, Wang Lin didn't absorb didn't absorb any Yin energy, but focused his attention on his surroundings. He spread his divine sense to its maximum range. He could feel even a blade of grass moving hundreds of meters away.

He paid extra attention to the two carcasses. He wanted to see what kind of creature lived in the ruins and would come here at night.

Time slowly passed. Midnight was approaching and the Yin energy was becoming extremely dense. Wang Lin didn't cultivate, but carefully watched his surroundings.

In the area of his divine sense, it was completely silent. The two carcasses started to accumulate frost thanks to the Yin energy that entered them. Even the jungle outside the ruins was silent to a frightening degree.

This was not the first time Wang Lin spread out his divine sense at night. Before, even this late at night, there would be a few cries from beasts. This was the first time it was this silent.

Suddenly, Wang Lin's expression changed as the Yin energy in the ruin started to stir.

His eyes focused on the Yin energy as he sneered and watched with cold eyes.

He saw that following the disturbance of Yin energy in the ruin, a figure quickly appeared. The figure's speed was too quick. Wang Lin's divine sense only saw a shadow before the two carcasses disappeared.

Wang Lin was startled. When the figure first appeared, he saw what it looked like. It was a humanoid creature with blue skin.



The person's skin was covered in strange symbols. In addition, there were nine half-inch yellow papers placed on various parts of the person's body. This strange person made Wang Lin very surprised.

The strange person appeared again. He stood outside Wang Lin's formation with a thinking expression.

The strange person took a few steps back. He stared at the fog with doubt in his eyes. After hesitating for a bit, he circled the fog once.

Wang Lin focused his attention on observing the strange person and didn't attack. He wanted to see what this strange person could do.

After the strange person circled the fog formation once, he revealed a curious look. Then, it charged into the formation.

The moment he entered the formation, killing intent filled Wang Lin's eyes. His right hand formed a seal and a white light shot into the formation. The fog quickly moved as if it was boiling.

Shortly after, sounds of rocks breaking could be heard as the formations were broken one by one. The density of the fog also decreased.

Wang Lin opened his mouth and spat out a green light. The moment the green light appeared, it shot out like lightning. With a boom, the green light hit the strange person, causing him to let out an angry roar. A powerful force spread out, blowing all of the stones into the air and turning them to dust.

As the fog quickly dissipated, the strange person spotted Wang Lin. His eyes were bloodshot as he walked toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's expression remained the same. He moved his right hand in the air and the green sword appeared behind the strange person. The sword pierced through the strange person's heart and blue blood burst out of his chest.

The moment the blood appeared, it turned into ice crystals and fell to the ground.

The strange person let out a painful groan as it quickly took a few steps

back, revealing a horrified expression.

Wang Lin's heart sank. The strange person received an attack from the flying sword and was still able to move afterwards. A cold light flashed across his eyes as he slapped his bag of holding and an ancient sword scabbard appeared in his hand.

The green flying sword quickly entered the sword scabbard about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the way. The green sword quickly turned from green to blue, then blue to black. The sword left the scabbard and quickly slashed toward the strange person.

The strange person saw the black sword and revealed a horrified expression. Just as he was about to back away, the black sword rushed forward and stabbed his chest. A series of explosions occurred inside the strange person's body, causing him to fly backwards like a kite with a broken string.

After the flying sword was stained with the strange person's blood, it became stuck inside his body. No matter how hard Wang Lin willed it to move, it wouldn't budge. It even lost its ability to teleport.

Shocked, Wang Lin's killing intent became even stronger. He saw earlier that just as the flying sword pierced into the strange person, the strange symbols on his body gleamed. He clearly used some sort of technique to block that blow.

Without a word, he slapped his bag of holding and took out the yellow talisman he got from Zhang Hu. Suddenly, Wang Lin's pupils shrank. He saw that strange person's body turn in an unimaginable angle in mid air and landed on the ground. There was a large wound on his chest that splurged out large amounts of blue blood.

The symbols on his body flickered in a chaotic manner. As the symbols gleamed, his wound was rapidly recovering.

Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye. He spat out a mouthful of spiritual power into the yellow talisman. The yellow talisman bursted into hot, black flames and hit the wounded area of the strange person.

The strange person let out a painful scream as his body was pierced through again.

“Still not dead!” Wang Lin’s heart sank. Even after receiving this much damage, he was still alive. What gave Wang Lin a bit of peace of mind was after the talisman’s attack landed, the sword was able to break free and return to his side.

The strange person’s eyes revealed a struggling expression. Suddenly, he ripped off one of the nine yellow papers. The moment that yellow paper was ripped, green gas spewed from all over his body and surrounded him completely.

Wang Lin’s face became gloomy. Without hesitation, he put the sword into the scabbard and pushed down  $\frac{3}{5}$  of the way. The sword quickly turned from black to red.

$\frac{3}{5}$  of the way was the limit of how far Wang Lin could push the sword into the scabbard. With his early stage Foundation Establishment cultivation and the sword after it had been  $\frac{3}{5}$  of the way into the sword scabbard, he could put up a fight against mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivators.

Just at that moment, the green gas surrounding the strange person was quickly absorbed by his body. When he appeared again before Wang Lin, his body was perfectly fine, without a hint of the wound.

He stared at Wang Lin with hate in his eyes. However, he obviously felt a lot of dread toward Wang Lin, mostly because of that flying sword.

“Who are you?” Wang Lin didn’t immediately attack. The other person had nine talismans. Using one of them allowed the person to recover completely from a near-death state. This battle would take a very long time for Wang Lin to win.

# Chapter 89: Bluffing Magic Treasure

Wang Lin's eyes flashed cold as he said, "I'm here to cultivate, so unless it's really needed, I don't want to act. If you back off and never disturb me again, I will let you go and forget about this matter."

The strange man let out a puzzled expression and said some strange words. It was clear that he didn't understand Wang Lin and Wang Lin couldn't understand him.

Wang Lin slightly narrowed his eyes and slowly moved to a broken wall. The strange man quickly became alert when he saw Wang Lin move.

Wang Lin waved his right hand quickly as he drew on the broken wall. The strange man was dumbfounded. As he stared at Wang Lin's finger, he revealed a look of understanding.

Wang Lin's finger quickly drew a picture of the ruin and then, with a slash of his finger, he drew a line that split the ruin in half.

Then, Wang Lin pointed at the strange man and pointed to the right half of the picture, then pointed at himself followed by the left side of the picture. After doing all that, Wang Lin's finger slowly moved left and right leaving a mark on the wall as he stared at the strange man. His eyes were filled with killing intent, his intention obvious.

"If you come to my side again, I'll waste my spiritual power to kill you!"

The strange man was surprised. He hesitated for a while as he rubbed his chest with a look of fear in his eyes. He looked at the flying sword with dread in his eyes and let out a shout of strange words.

Wang Lin frowned. After the strange person saw that Wang Lin didn't understand him, he quickly became frantic and started waving his hand. He then suddenly hit his head and moved next to a wall and punched it. The moment he punched the wall, a symbol on his body lit up and the wall crumbled

The strange person picked up some pieces of the broken wall. He stared at them with reminiscence in his eyes. He placed the rocks on the ground,

then stared at Wang Lin and shouted a few words.

Wang Lin's face relaxed a bit. He grabbed in the air and suddenly, all of the stones next to the strange person moved to the side in a specific order. Then, his right hand formed a seal and shot out a light. Soon, the fog formed around the range of the stone.

Wang Lin stared at the strange person and calmly asked, "Is this restriction that you're talking about?"

The strange person quickly revealed an excited expression as he waved his hand and beat his chest. Suddenly, a symbol on his body lit up and he opened his arms. The ground suddenly shook and the piece of land the rock formation was on floated into the air, leaving behind a huge hole in the ground.

The small confusion formation floated in the air like a small mountain above the strange person's head. He nodded toward Wang Lin, then quickly left. After moving a bit away, he paused and turned to face Wang Lin. He shouted some words at Wang Lin and made a gesture before disappearing into the distance.

Wang Lin stared at the strange person's figure. It was not that he didn't think about killing the strange man, but the yellow talisman on him was too powerful. Unless it was absolutely necessary, he didn't want to get into a life and death fight with the strange man.

As he was thinking this, his expression suddenly changed. The flying sword flew to his side as his eyes became filled with killing intent. The strange person came back!

Wang Lin stared at the figure before him and said, with a cold voice, "You're courting death"

The strange man quickly stopped. He was holding a round object in his hand. He waved his hand and tried to explain. After seeing that Wang Lin's eyes were still cold, he threw the round object toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin slowly took a few steps. The strange man didn't use a lot of strength, so the round object rolled a bit and stopped before Wang Lin.

After he threw the object, the strange man let out a smile toward Wang Lin and left.

At this point, the day was still bright, so Wang Lin cautiously looked at the direction of the figure. After a long time, he withdrew his gaze. He walked up to the round object and looked down.

This was a bead that was only 1/10th the size of a fist. It was covered in dust and even had some cracks on it. After looking at the bead for a while, he let out a surprised expression. He took a stone from the ground and lightly hit the bead. The bead rolled backward for a bit.

Slivers of weak spiritual power leaked from the bead.

“This is a treasure?” He was stunned. He grabbed the air with his right hand and the bead floated into the air. After observing it for a while, he grabbed it with his right hand without any hesitation. He scanned it with his divine sense and fed it some spiritual power.

Suddenly, white smoke came out of the bead. The smoke floated above and formed the shape of an old man. The old man had the hair of a crane, the skin of a chicken, the beak of an eagle, and the head of a harrier. The old man emitted a dangerous aura. He casually looked at Wang Lin and revealed a sarcastic smile. He said, “Do you dare to fight with this old man?”

Wang Lin was stunned and took a few steps back. After carefully looking, he noticed that the person was only at the 15th layer of Qi Condensation. He rubbed his nose. His eyes lit up and he quickly sent more spiritual power into the stone bead.

With the input of spiritual energy, the old man’s spiritual power quickly rose until it reached mid stage Foundation Establishment. The old man’s hair moved without wind and his body released a huge fighting aura. The old man floated into the air and said, “Do you dare to fight with this old man?”

Wang Lin was completely astonished. He had no idea what use this bead had and decided to pour more spiritual power into it.

The old man's eyes shined brightly and his aura quickly increased. His hand moved, causing thunderous roars as his cultivation raised to the point where Wang Lin couldn't even tell what cultivation level the old man was at. The old man's cultivation had already reached a degree that would cause fear with just a glance. The old man let out a breath and released the aura of a peerless expert. He held his hand behind his back and said, "Those below the Core Formation stage don't have the right to fight me. Scram!"

Wang Lin withdrew his spiritual power and the old man quickly disappeared and turned back into the white smoke. The smoke returned to the bead and with a crackling sound, another crack appeared on the bead.

Wang Lin stared at the stone bead and was unable to utter a word. He was completely convinced of the effect of the stone bead. The stone bead was an illusionary magical treasure and the illusion it created was almost no different from reality. The old man, regardless of the way he spoke, the aura of a master that he emitted was perfect, just like that last line, "Those below Core Formation stage don't have the right to fight me. Scram!"

The aura and expression had reached its peak. Wang Lin believed that even if it was himself, he wouldn't be able to tell that it was a fake. After all from, the view of most people, the old man had the aura of an old master.

And with the increase in his own cultivation, he could put more spiritual power into the bead and the power of the old man would increase. This was really the best method to scare people.

Wang Lin put away the treasure and muttered to himself, "This strange blue person is really interesting. He must have felt bad after breaking the little confusion formation, so he gave me this treasure."

From this little exchange, he immediately realized that the strange person couldn't use magic treasures and that within the ruin, there must be more magic treasures.

Now this ruined city became a treasure trove in Wang Lin's eyes.

"This place has a mysterious light that heals wounds, an illusionary magic treasure, and a strange blue person. What other secrets does this place have?" Wang Lin rubbed his chin. Currently, the day was still bright, so he put down the formations again. He sat down in the middle and drank some Yin spirit liquid, then started to cultivate.

Two month flew by.

On this day, Wang Lin sat cross legged in the room. In the two months of cultivating the extreme Yin energy, he had gathered enough energy to attempt the first breakthrough.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He had already finished studying the Underworld Ascension method and knew very well how the three big breakthroughs will be.

The three key points of breaking through were the dantain in his stomach, the Qi sea in his chest, and the progenitor meridian.

These three locations needed to be broken through three times each to form the cold cores. In simpler terms, for the first level, the dantain must be opened and when it's time to reach level 2, the opening at the dantain must be crushed and opened again.

The principle of the Underworld Method was to break first, then recover to gain more strength.

Wang Lin pondered for a moment, then moved the Yin energy in his dantain in order to start his first breakthrough.

Under his control, the Yin energy spun faster and faster, causing a sharp pain in his stomach. Wang Lin was very familiar with the technique, so he knew that the stronger the pain, the closer the moment of the breakthrough.

This type of pain was not something a normal person could withstand. The feeling was as if someone pierced his stomach with a sword and churned it around. In just a few breaths, Wang Lin was covered in cold sweat.



The Yin energy quickly turned into a swirl under the spin as it grew wider. Looking from the outside, Wang Lin's stomach turned green and frost started to gather all over his body.

Wang Lin gritted his teeth as the pain got even worse. Suddenly, the cold energy swept through his body.

At this point, with the spin of the Yin energy, a black hole appeared. The moment it appeared, all of the Yin energy sank into it like rocks in water.

Shortly after, all of the Spiritual energy also started being devoured as it left his body and entered the black hole.

A strange change happened inside the black hole. The spiritual power that always ignored the Yin energy while in Wang Lin's body started to fight with the Yin energy. The two energies fiercely clashed against each other for control.

Gradually, the Yin energy and spiritual power started to devour and mix with each other and formed a new type of spiritual power that slowly spun inside the black hole.

# Chapter 90: The First Indication

The first layer of the Underworld Ascension Method was complete.

The meridian in his dantian was ready to be opened.

Wang Lin calmed himself and transferred  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the Yin energy outside of his dantian toward his dantian.

The Yin energy didn't enter his dantian, but surrounded it and started to charge into the black hole.

Although with every charge there was some lost, the Yin energy became more and more fierce as it kept charging in his dantian as if it was waging war.

After a long time, the black hole started to crack, and at that moment, Wang Lin quickly transferred another  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the Yin energy from his body. In one move, he opened the meridian in his dantian.

For an instant, Wang Lin felt extreme pain. The moment the black hole broke, the mysterious power started to fill his body. Wang Lin didn't even blink. He started to charge the next meridian.

This time, it took a lot longer than before, and after seeing that there might not be enough Yin energy, Wang Lin added the remaining  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the Yin energy into the Yin energy stream. The Yin energy steam formed a swirl that was several times larger than the previous one.

The swirl spun faster and faster, meaning the time for the breakthrough was close. Night slowly came.

Wang Lin was still in the late stage of the breakthrough. The swirl was still spinning, and because it was spinning so fast, it looked like a nebula. Although it looked very slow from the outside, in reality, it was spinning too fast for the eye to see.

All the way until midnight, when the Yin energy was most dense, Wang Lin's body was still like a black hole. There was a swirl of Yin energy 20 feet wide spinning around him, quickly being absorbed.

Within 10 feet of Wang Lin, it was like a meat grinder for Yin energy. All of the Yin energy was being devoured at an insane speed.

The massive amount of Yin energy was absorbed by Wang Lin and instantly added to the swirl in his body. The swirl became larger and larger, until it was almost out of Wang Lin's control and still growing unrestrained. He was immediately stunned and wanted to stop, but found that he could no longer control the swirl as he watched it grow larger and larger. Wang Lin started to become nervous as there was no record of this in the records of the Underworld Ascension Method.

Wang Lin didn't know that the reason the Underworld Ascension Method was called a demonic technique was because the variations were too great. Some were very beneficial while others would kill the user.

And Situ Nan was still asleep, so Wang Lin had to resolve this himself.

As the swirl grew, the suction force grew as well, and the 10 foot radius quickly increased. This was a very vicious cycle. The wider the range, the more Yin energy it will absorb. The more Yin energy meant the faster the swirl will grow, meaning more Yin energy will be absorbed.

20 feet, 30 feet, 50 feet, 70 feet, 100 feet...

All of the Yin energy within a 100 foot radius started to move violently as it rushed toward Wang Lin. This large movement of Yin energy affected all of the Yin energy within 1000 feet, causing it to move as if there was a giant hand guiding it.

Wang Lin had already completely lost control of the swirl and after an unknown amount of time, his dantian broke through with a bang.

This was the second time his dantian broke through, and just like the first time, it formed a black hole in his dantian. The change in his body immediately caused the Yin energy absorbed to move as well.

If Wang Lin was endlessly absorbing Yin energy from the surroundings before, that suction was now devouring it.

In a moment, all of the Yin energy within 100 feet was instantly devoured by the black hole, causing an even more widespread disturbance

of Yin energy. Soon, the swirl increased from 100 feet to 150 feet, 200 feet, 300 feet, 500 feet, 700 feet, and eventually more than 1000 feet.

If one looked from the sky, they would witness a very shocking scene. All of the Yin energy was violently surging around one center point.

In the depths of the ruins, the strange blue person was holding the body of a beast in his hand. He bit off a chunk of meat and started to chew it when he suddenly turned to Wang Lin's direction and revealed a shocked expression. He quickly threw away his food and ran toward Wang Lin like a frightened rabbit.

After walking a few steps, he paused and noticed that all of the Yin energy was rushing toward the same direction. He hesitated a bit, but continued, however, he stopped 3000 feet away from Wang Lin's location and his expression became even more shocked.

As for Wang Lin, the moment he made his breakthrough, all of the changed spiritual energy quickly gathered in the black hole in his dantian and fused together.

The moment all of the spiritual energy fused back together, he gained some control of the swirl in his body. However, the amount of control was very small and not nearly enough to stop the swirl of Yin energy inside him.

Wang Lin clenched his teeth. He decided to quit trying to stop the absorption of Yin energy and to break through a 3rd time.

Under Wang Lin's control, the large amount of Yin energy smashed into his dantian. His dantian shattered into many blue specks and within the blue specks was a dark-blue crystal. Large amounts of Yin energy surrounded and entered the dark-blue crystal. The crystal's color got darker and darker until it became green.

The three breakthroughs were easily completed and a cold core appeared in Wang Lin's dantian. Many small hands extended from the cold core and reached every part of Wang Lin's body.

The spiritual energy in his body quickly underwent change after the

appearance of the cold core.

Wang Lin was still surrounded by Yin energy and he had a feeling that if he kept absorbing the Yin energy, he would explode. This feeling was confirmed when he started to feel a sense of swelling.

Wang Lin clenched his teeth again and decided that it was all or nothing. He moved the Yin energy and decided to attempt the 4th breakthrough.

Situ Nan had pointed out that the 1st, 4th, and 7th layers were extremely hard because those were the first times one attempted to make a breakthrough in the dantian, Qi Sea, and ancestral meridian.

One was supposed to stop after making the 3rd breakthrough in order to nurture the cold core before attempting the 4th breakthrough.

But the spiritual energy in Wang Lin's body had already mixed with the vast Yin energy, and because he needed to expend it, he could only attempt the 4th breakthrough.

The Qi Sea in his chest opened.

The Yin swirl slowly raised upward until it reached the Qi Sea and started to spin faster again.

The swirl endlessly devoured Yin energy. Wang Lin tried to break through time and time again, but he failed each time. The sky was slowly starting to light up.

The Yin energy within 1000 feet slowly dissipated, until all of it disappeared.

The Qi Sea in his chest still remained unopened. Wang Lin finally understood why the Underworld Ascension Method was so difficult. He had already tried to open his Qi Sea over 100 times, but he failed every time, and every time it failed, he lost some Yin energy.

The large amount of Yin energy was gradually used up by all of the attempts to break through. Along with the fact that day arrived and all of the Yin energy dissipated, the remaining Yin energy was slowly absorbed

by Wang Lin's cold core.

Wang Lin absorbed too much Yin energy this night. All of the spiritual energy in his body underwent a change and changed to Yin spiritual energy.

In terms of quantity, Wang Lin could clearly feel that his Yin spiritual energy amounted to twice as much as his spiritual energy from before, meaning that he was now at the peak of early stage Foundation Establishment.

He opened his eyes and recalled what had happened last night. Although he was alarmed, he was mostly weighing the pros and cons of this type of cultivation.

The unexpected occurrence during his nighttime cultivation opened up a new way of thinking for him.

The advantage of this type of cultivation was self explanatory and the con was that it was too dangerous. One wrong move and he would have exploded, but thanks to this experience, he will have full control next time and that will lower the danger.

Wang Lin muttered, "It seems I have to find a new shelter. Although the amount of Yin energy is great, the quality is too low to satisfy my needs to make a breakthrough." Right now, Wang Lin's chance of a breaking through was too low, but according to the records, the higher the quality of the Yin energy, the better the chance for a breakthrough.

Wang Lin remembered the test he did a few months ago and remembered that the pillar around the stone bead was high quality rank one, so he made his decision.

At the same time, the sky outside the forest suddenly darkened as an old man releasing a huge pressure silently appeared. He looked at the forest below him with powerful killing intent in his eyes.

"Li Er, grandpa Tai is here to get revenge for you!"

The person who came was the Teng family ancestor, Teng Huayuan. He cursed during the entire trip here, but no matter how hard he tried, he

couldn't find the exact location of his grandson's killer. It was as if there was some fog blocking him. He was unable to determine the exact location, but knew that the killer was in the jungle below him.

As for this jungle, it was a place he didn't want to venture into unless he had no choice. With just a scan, he could tell how dangerous it was and that it contained a being that even he didn't dare to mess with.

But because of Teng Li's death, he couldn't be bothered by much. He believed that as long as he was very quiet and only searched for his enemy, the powerful being wouldn't mind.

After pondering for a while, he clenched his teeth and charged into the forest.

Within the depths of the jungle ruins, the lid of a coffin opened without a sound. A withered hand glowing black and purple light slowly appeared from within the coffin. The hand gripped hard and suddenly, a purple ball of lightning appeared in the hand, releasing a dangerous aura.

"The 100 year time is up! My master, you gave up your body to run away before, but this time, you won't be able to get away!"

# Chapter 91: Extreme Yin Spiritual Energy

Teng Huayuan carefully walked through the jungle with his divine sense spread out. His face suddenly lit up with joy as he found Wang Lin. Just as he was about to teleport, a gust of eerie wind blew, followed by a somber voice.

“Get the hell out of here!”

Teng Huayuan’s expression suddenly changed. He quickly backed up a few steps without a thought and looked around.

He only saw a dark fog flying in from the distance. The dark fog was surrounded by eerie winds. A withered hand extended from the dark fog and reached toward Teng Huayuan.

Teng Huayuan scanned the fog with his divine sense and became frightened. This person’s cultivation level was mid stage Nascent Soul, causing him to back up again.

The withered hand lightly waved. A giant hand appeared and tried to grab Teng Huayuan.

Teng Huayuan wilyly smiled. He turned around and ran without any hesitation, because a mid stage Nascent Soul cultivator was not something he could mess with. He knew that there was a powerful cultivator here, but he didn’t expect it to be a mid stage Nascent Soul one.

Teng Huayuan disappeared in the blink of an eye. The hand let out a cold snort and disappeared as well.

Teng Huayuan appeared in the sky outside the forest. His expression suddenly changed as a giant hand silently appeared behind him and mercilessly grabbed toward him.

Teng Huayuan secretly complained. He quickly took out a beast skin. He pointed with his hand and the beast skin wrapped around him and moved him away, barely escaping the giant hand.

Despite all of this, he was still hit by the fingers of the giant hand. He coughed out blood and his face became pale, but he quickly escaped



without even looking back.

A black fog appeared in the air. The fog slowly shrunk until it revealed a person. The person was completely dried up and looked like a bag of bones. He looked at the direction Teng Huayuan escaped toward. However, he didn't chase, but returned to the forest.

He calmly flew around back and forth in the jungle as if he was looking for something. Shortly after, he stopped above an open area. He stared at the ground without any emotion. He slammed the ground with his hand and with a bang, a large crack appeared in the ground.

The moment the crack appeared, a scream came from the ground as a dark figure flew out, trying to escape. The withered man let out a cold snort and a cage surrounded the area. The dark figure hit the cage and bounced back. It no longer tried to run away, but knelt down and started kowtowing.

The withered man slowly said, "After not seeing it for 100 years, I didn't expect master's body to turn into a zombie and even form its own soul. You are still considered someone of my generation, so I can let you live, but you must use your connection to the master to help me find him."

The zombie quickly nodded as he stared with fear in his eyes at the withered man.

The withered man waved his hand and the cage disappeared. He stared at the zombie and darkly said, "Come, take me to master. If you can help me find master's Nascent Soul, then once I devour it and free myself, I'll help you evolve into a demon."

The zombie was startled and revealed a joyous expression. It quickly nodded and ran off into the jungle.

The man emotionlessly followed.

At that moment, somewhere in the ruins where the sunshine didn't reach, the blue skinned man looked toward Wang Lin's direction with a lingering expression.

As for Wang Lin, although he had absorbed a large amount of Yin

energy, it was all only rank 6 or 7 good quality. With this quality, no matter much was absorbed, the change to his spiritual energy wasn't much and it was no longer good enough for him to make more breakthroughs. He turned his gaze to deeper in the ruin. His target was over there!

He decided to explore a bit and find where the highest quality Yin energy was.

After all, the higher the quality, the higher the success rate of a breakthrough.

At midnight of this day, Wang Lin's hand formed the seal for the Yin energy detection technique as he walked through the ruins.

After walking for a distance, the red light flashed rapidly and, with a pop, it split into two.

The moment the red light turned into two, Wang Lin revealed a happy expression. He knew that this meant that the Yin energy had surpassed ordinary quality and had reached good quality.

As he kept walking forward, the two red lights kept glowing as the rank increased.

Good quality rank 2, rank 3 ... until rank 5. Wang Lin stopped. Before him was a wide road with a ruined building on each side. It was clear that a long time ago, this was a very populated area.

Wang Lin calculated the distance for a bit and realized that he hadn't even traveled 1/1000th of the radius of the city, so he started to move faster.

The red light released by the technique was very eye catching in the night. Wang Lin's divine sense was spread out, constantly checking his surroundings.

The quality of the Yin energy kept increasing. Good quality rank 6, 7, 8...

The sun rose and fell. On the fourth day, Wang Lin had already entered the depths of the ruins. He guessed that his current position was the

center of the city. If it was not the center, it wasn't far from it.

On the way here, he saw dozens of deep pits, meters wide, filled with rain water. There were also mysterious snakes that would jump out at Wang Lin with their poisonous fangs.

In addition to this, the destruction in the ruins became even worse. On the path to his current location, there were no structures taller than 10 meters.

Besides the overgrown grass area, there was a swamp. There were also some mysterious creatures living in the swamp. Once, Wang Lin was almost eaten by one of those creatures, making him even more alert of his surroundings.

Despite going so deep into the ruins, the quality of the Yin energy still never reached Dense quality.

On the night of the 5th day, he walked out of the swamp and before him was a large group of buildings. Although all of the buildings had collapsed, you could still see how populated this place must have been.

The most eye catching spot was the thousand meter wide and hundred meter deep hole in the ground.

This giant hole was very strange. Normally speaking, this hole should be filled with rain water, but there was no liquid inside it at all.

Wang Lin took a closer look. Although it was night and there was dense Yin energy in the way, Wang Lin could still clearly see the beehive-like caves at the bottom of the giant hole.

The moment Wang Lin reached the edge of the hole to inspect them, the red light in his hand suddenly reacted. The red light fused into one, then split into three, indicating that the Yin energy here had reached "Good" quality.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He didn't rush in, but carefully walked around the hole. When he was on the opposite side, the three lights fused back into one and became two again.

He understood that the reason the Yin energy reached Good quality was this giant hole.

Wang Lin rubbed his chin. After pondering for a while, he didn't immediately jump in, but sat down and decided to wait for morning.

Before long, it turned into day. The moment the Yin energy dissipated, Wang Lin jumped into the giant hole. The moment he landed, the small green flying sword came out, releasing a cold aura.

Wang Lin raised his head and looked into the sky. With how deep this hole was, it should've been filled with rainwater after all these years.

Wang Lin's eyes squinted and he focused his gaze on the countless beehive-like holes at the bottom of the giant hole.

Although he didn't know how deep the holes were, all of the water must have drained through them. He touched the holes and found that they were damp, reaffirming his previous thoughts.

After carefully checking the surroundings and finding no danger, he sat down cross legged and waited for night to come.

The sun set and night came. As the Yin energy flooded in, all of the beasts ran away, not willing to spend the night here.

The light before Wang Lin became brighter and brighter as it turned from one to two, then from two to three.

Normal quality rank four, six, eight, ten. Good quality rank three, six, ten and broke through to Dense quality.

It was still not midnight yet and the quality of the Yin energy had already reached rank 1 Dense quality.

Wang Lin exposed a happy expression. He spread out his divine sense and found that the reason the Yin energy quality was higher here had something to do with the holes in the ground.

He could see slivers of Yin energy coming out of the holes and mix with the surrounding Yin energy.

As time passed, the red light shone even brighter and reached rank 2

Dense quality. When midnight arrived, the Yin energy had reached rank 5 Dense quality.

Wang Lin no longer hesitated and quickly started to cultivate.

With more and more Yin energy gathered at his chest, he found one difference. The purity of the Yin energy was more than ten times higher than before.

A change in quality could cause a change in quantity. This meant that one minute of gathering Yin energy now was like more than 10 minutes of gathering Yin energy before.

Soon, the Yin energy at his chest started to form a swirl and spin. As the swirl spun faster and faster, the unexpected change that occurred last time happened again.

The Yin energy within 100 feet of Wang Lin fluctuated and rushed toward him.

As the swirl in his chest absorbed more Yin energy, it became larger. Soon, it reached last time's size of 1000 feet in radius.

The range kept increasing. 1200 feet, 1400 feet, 1500 feet...

Within a 10 kilometer radius, the Yin energy moved as if it were being manipulated as it rushed toward Wang Lin and was devoured.

As the Yin energy that swirled in his chest grew larger and larger, he started to feel like he was losing control. Knowing his limits, he controlled the Yin energy to start attempting the first breakthrough of his Qi Sea.

The Yin energy swirl was like a spinning blade repeatedly stabbing at the Qi Sea to open it. Slowly, the Qi Sea showed signs of opening.

The sign grew stronger and stronger. If you compared this breakthrough to trying to destroy a stone wall, then this wall was now filled with cracks and was ready to collapse.

After one hour, the Qi Sea was no longer able to withstand it and collapsed with a bang.

Large amounts of human potential exploded from the Qi Sea like a volcano. It quickly mixed with the Yin energy, forming a very powerful Yin force.

Currently, the spiritual energy in his dantian became restless. It quickly moved toward the newly formed Yin force and started to devour it.

Whenever a sliver of Yin force was formed, Wang Lin's spiritual energy would devour it to strengthen itself. Gradually, as Wang Lin's spiritual energy devoured all of the Yin force, his spiritual energy became even stronger.

A nebula-like scene appeared in Wang Lin's Qi Sea. Waves of blue spiritual energy spread out from the nebula.

Wang Lin felt the very strange spiritual energy in his body. His eyes lit up as he lightly touched a stone next to him.

In an instant, there was a flash of blue light and the stone was completely frozen, releasing Yin energy.

Wang Lin took a deep breath and quickly kicked the frozen stone. With a series of crackling sounds, the stone broke into many pieces.

Wang Lin carefully checked and quickly sucked in a breath of cold air. Upon closer inspection, he found that the internal structure of the stone was constantly changing. This was no longer rock, but more of an ice crystal structure.

In other words, with one touch of his spiritual power, he didn't just freeze the stone, but completely changed its structure to ice.

Wang Lin didn't know that after a session of devouring the Yin energy, his spiritual energy had undergone a great change. Even if Situ Nan was awake right now, he wouldn't be able to figure this out.

In ancient cultivation times, besides the different ranks in cultivation level, there were also three ranks for spiritual energy, which were Ji, Dao, and Shi.

The three realms weren't ranked in any order, but advance in parallel.

Once a realm had been entered, one couldn't switch to another realm.

The difficulty to enter the three realms wasn't high, but it wasn't easy either. It all depended on luck in the end.

In ancient cultivation times, any knowledgeable cultivators would know not to choose the Ji Realm. While the offensive power of the Ji Realm was high, there were too many drawbacks. One of the most deadly drawbacks was that once one walked the path of Ji, one could only use Ji spiritual energy, which presented a huge issue in breaking through to the Spirit Severing stage from the Nascent Soul stage.

Spirit Severing required one to integrate with the world and not walk an extreme path.

However, even with those downsides, the Ji Realm also had a lot of benefits. It could be said that people of the same cultivation level couldn't defend against Ji Realm at all.

Although one had no chance of reaching the Spirit Severing stage, after reaching the peak of the Nascent Soul stage, one could become the number one of everyone below the Spirit Severing stage.

More importantly, with the increase in cultivation, Ji Realm cultivators didn't even need magic treasures because their Ji Realm spiritual power was already the most powerful type of spiritual energy.

As for the Dao Realm, it was the dream of all cultivators. Once your spiritual energy entered the Dao Realm, then entering the Spirit Severing stage was very easy.

Because of this, the Dao Realm was the most sought after Realm in the ancient cultivation world.

As for the Shi Realm, if Ji Realm was death, then Shi Realm was life. It was not a realm people below Spirit Severing could comprehend, and even for Spirit Severing cultivators, it was something they could only wish to have.

The three spiritual energy Realms were very difficult to grasp and with the destruction of the ancient cultivation world, the information about

the three realms gradually disappeared.

The cultivators nowadays don't care about the type or quality of their spiritual energy. The only thing they pay any heed to is their cultivation level.

Wang Lin didn't know that because of all the Yin energy he devoured, his spiritual energy changed to the Ji Realm.

The reason for all this was because of the Underworld Ascension Method. It was one of the few methods that could create Ji Realm spiritual energy.

However, the Underworld Ascension Method Situ Nan gave Wang Lin wasn't like the one from the ancient cultivation world. With the passage of time, parts of the methods were lost and it was their successors that reorganized the remaining information.

As for Wang Lin's spiritual energy entering the door to Ji Realm, the most important factor was the heaven defying bead.

Wang Lin stared at his fingertips and his eyes lit up. Just at that moment, he raised his head and jumped out of the hole. He looked and saw the blue skinned man quickly closing in.



# Chapter 92: Corpse Yin Sect (1)

Wang Lin chuckled. He no longer felt much hostility toward this strange blue person. He felt like stretching his body, so he quickly dashed forward like a rabbit.

The distance between the two quickly shortened. When the strange blue person saw Wang Lin charging toward him, his eyes locked onto Wang Lin, ready for battle. However, he let out a laugh when he noticed that Wang Lin wasn't using the green sword. He stopped, completely forgetting the reason he came here in the first place, and prepared for battle. Without any hesitation, he ripped off a talisman that released a blue gas. He sucked the blue gas into his body and his aura suddenly became a lot stronger.

His eyes revealed a serious expression as he spat out a few words in his strange language, as if he was trying to tell Wang Lin something.

Wang Lin knew that the talismans on the blue man were very strange. Even after receiving a heavy injury from Wang Lin, with just one talisman, the blue man was able to completely recover. After that, Wang Lin became very curious about the talismans.

Now, the strange man ripped off another yellow talisman and his strength suddenly doubled.

Without a word, Wang Lin waved his hand. His spiritual energy cycled through his body and his aura suddenly changed as well.

Slivers of blue energy hovered around him. A cold aura surrounded his body and an extremely cold expression appeared on his face.

The strange man's eyes lit up. He opened his mouth and spat out a word that Wang Lin could understand: "Strength!" With that, he formed a fist. His arm glowed and grew larger as he threw a punch at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's eyes flashed. The Yin spiritual energy inside his body came out and formed a fist that collided with the strange man's fist in the air. In the moment of impact, the strange man entered a strange posture. He

had one foot was on the ground while leaning toward the left and he started breathing in a strange pattern. Suddenly, a gust of wind swirled around with him as the center, blowing away all of the nearby rocks, creating a clean, open area around them.

Wang Lin's face turned red and he involuntarily backed up three steps as he stared at the strange man.

The strange man's heart was in even more of a shock than Wang Lin. He could clearly feel the strange Yin spiritual energy entering his body from Wang Lin's fist. The cold energy spread out throughout his body with waves of extreme coldness.

If it wasn't for all of the strange symbols on his body, which helped him contain this cold energy, his whole body would have already been frozen solid.

Looking at his right hand, which was completely frozen, he was horrified to find that all of the muscles and bones in his right arm had become ice. He looked at Wang Lin with his face pale and said another word Wang Lin could understand: "Ji?"

Wang Lin didn't say anything. Because he didn't know what Ji meant, he shook his head.

The strange man was stunned. He ripped off another talisman, causing white and green colored gas to appear. After the gas disappeared, his right arm returned to normal, but Wang Lin could see that his arm was trembling.

He looked at Wang Lin and let out a snort. He blabbed for a while before finally leaving. Wang Lin looked at the strange man until he was gone, then sat down to recall the battle.

The energy in the strange man's punch was very strange. It didn't seem to be spiritual energy, but some other type of energy.

"Strength?" He remembered the word the strange man shouted before throwing out that punch.

Ignoring the strange punch the strange man threw, Wang Lin was very

happy with the power of his Yin spiritual energy. He named this type of spiritual energy that could change the structure of things “Ji Yan spiritual energy.”

“Ji?” This was what the strange man said after seeing his power.

Wang Lin muttered to himself, “It is about time to leave. Once I reach the 5th layer of the Underworld Ascension Method, it will be time to leave.”

“I must find more extreme Earth Yin locations, I must!” Wang Lin knew that he must find extreme Yin because in order to break through to higher layers of the Underworld Ascension Method, he would need higher quality Yin energy.

Although the ruins had dense Yan energy, Wang Lin knew that the Yin energy here was only around rank 10 dense quality. It may be able to reach rank 1 extreme quality at most.

It has to be said that among heaven, earth, mystery, and underworld Yin energies, the difference between mystery and underworld wasn't big, but the difference between them and earth and heaven was enormous. Rank 1 good quality earth Yin energy was the same as rank 1 extreme quality mystery or underworld Yin energy.

As for the heaven Yin energy that one could only wish for just rank 1 of, ordinary rank was as good as rank 1 extreme quality mystery and underworld energy.

While he was pondering, he lifted his head and saw that the strange man was returning. After the strange man came back, he gestured to Wang Lin for a while. The strange man pointed at the surroundings, sucked in a deep breath, then vigorously shook his head.

Then, he pointed at Wang Lin, then at himself, and made a bunch of gestures. Wang Lin gradually began to understand what this strange person wanted. It seemed the strange man wanted Wang Lin to follow him. Curious, Wang Lin nodded.

The strange man moved very fast. He was very familiar with the

surroundings and avoided all of the dangerous pits in the swamp.

The strange man even entered a fissure in the ground and went into the tunnels underground. After a while, Wan Lin was shocked that they had traveled past the vast swamp area so quickly.

Two days later, the two of them arrived at a deserted corner of the ruins. During these two days, the two of them had only stopped to rest once.

After they arrived, Wang Lin noticed an intact tower nearby. At the top of that tower was a stone bead almost 2 meters wide.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. This stone bead was almost exactly the same as the one in the ruins.

The strange man didn't stop and climbed to the top of the tower. He formed a few seals and touched the stone bead. A ray of light shot out from the stone bead toward the center of the ruin.

From a distance, the pillar of light seemed endless.

After doing all of that, the strange man jumped down. He waved his hand toward Wang Lin and the two of them left the place.

Time passed. Wang Lin followed the strange man going from one bead to the next. In most places, the towers had already collapsed, but the stone beads were all in perfect condition.

One by one, the stone beads were started and the lights all shot toward the center of the city.

When the last stone bead, which was the first one Wang Lin saw, started, the entire city seemed to have changed.

Along the way, Wang Lin secretly calculated that there were eight of these stone beads.

The strange man looked into the sky and revealed an anxious look. The two of them rushed toward the center of the city without any rest. At dusk on the 4th day, the two arrived outside the center of the city.

The eight pillars of light were gathered here. The strange man stopped and bowed. His eyes were filled with devotion as he let out song-like

words.

As his voice became more and more acute, the earth shook as a one hundred meter tall statue rose from the ground. The statue rose half way up before stopping.

The statue was that of a man with long hair. The man looked quaint, his eye intellegent, and his hand held a hundred meter long spear as he looked into the distance. Around his body was a coiled dragon with its mouth open, as if it was going to attack. The scales on the dragon were so detailed that they almost looked real.

The eight rays of light gathered at the statue and the eyes of the statue became brighter and brighter. Wang Lin felt like the illusion of this man with long hair was alive.

After the statue appeared, the devotion in the strange man's eyes became even deeper. He waved at Wang Lin and urgently pointed at the mouth of the dragon.

Wang Lin pondered a little. Without a word, he jumped up several times and arrived near the dragon's head. The moment he got up there, he felt a powerful Yin energy coming from below his feet.

Wang Lin immediately sat down and formed a seal, making a red light appear. The red light immediately split into 4 and flashed rapidly until all 4 exploded. Wang Lin was in shock. He knew that this meant that the energy in this place had reached the limit of underworld Yin energy. It reached Extreme quality.

Surprised, he quickly started to cultivate and absorb the Yin energy. However, this time, the suction range wasn't large and was focused entirely in the few meters around him. From a distance, it looked like a red sphere had appeared and surrounded the dragon's head.

Wang Lin sat there for 5 days.

In these 5 days, the strange man waited and became more and more anxious each day. He looked into the sky as if something was going to be attracted by the statue. The nine talismans on his body moved without

any wind. Clearly, he was ready to take them off at any time.

The Qi Sea was finally opened on the 3rd day and reformed in the early morning of the 5th day. The 5th layer of the Underworld Ascension Method was complete!

One more step, then he could form his second cold core. When that was complete, he wouldn't fear late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators anymore. Even now, he no longer feared mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivators.

Next, he tried to raise the quality of his Yin spiritual energy by mixing in the extreme quality Yin energy.

While he was controlling the fusion, he was also observing his own spiritual energy. He noticed that his spiritual energy turned darker and darker and went from blue to dark blue.

He didn't know that his spiritual power was even closer to the Ji Realm.

At that moment, the world suddenly changed. The sky darkened and the clouds moved as if someone was pushing them with a large hand. Dark fog gathered until it formed the shape of a coffin.

An illusionary figure slowly appeared on top of the coffin, its body quickly becoming more solid.

A hoarse voice came from the sky.

"You mean to say that master's Nascent Soul is hiding inside the statue?"

The strange man's expression changed greatly.

## Chapter 93: Corpse Yin Sect (2)

The strange man's face suddenly changed. He removed the nine talismans from his body, then jumped up to where Wang Lin was. He ripped apart the red sphere without any hesitation and grabbed Wang Lin.

Wang Lin woke up the moment those two arrived. He noticed the panic in the strange man's face and allowed himself to be dragged down from the statue.

The moment the two landed, the strange man made a seal and put his hand on the statue. A black portal appeared and the strange man dragged Wang Lin into it.

At the same time, the eight pillars of light disappeared and the statue started to slowly sink back into the ground.

At that moment, the young man's body solidified. His body looked like a mummy's and his expression was cold. The zombie emitting an awful stench was standing next to him.

The young man stared at the slowly sinking statue. He spread out his divine sense over the whole area, then his gaze returned to the statue.

As for Wang Lin, the moment he was dragged into the statue by the strange person, he spread out his divine sense and revealed a surprised expression.

The space inside the statue wasn't very large. There were white crystals floating around and there was a black, stone person sitting in the center.

The stone person's appearance was exactly the same as the statue's outside. There were slivers of purple lines connection the stone person to the statue.

Soon, a light curtain appeared in the space. The light fluctuated a bit and displayed the scene from outside.

Through the light curtain, Wang Lin could see what was going on outside. He then looked at the strange person and immediately

noticed the great amount of hatred in his eyes.

The young man stood outside the statue. He stared at the statue and slowly said, "Master, 100 years passed by so quickly. This time, you won't be able to run away!"

Wang Lin sucked in a breath. He turned around and stared at the strange man. He asked, "You are his master?"

The strange man blankly stared at Wang Lin. Just at that moment, Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he spat out a green light. The green light flashed across the space and mercilessly lunged toward the stone person sitting in the air.

A ray of purple light appeared to block the sword, but the sword teleported past the purple light and stabbed the stone person.

A violent roar echoed throughout the space as a ball of light escaped from the stone person. Wang Lin waved his hand and the sword turned around and shot toward the ball of light.

The strange man finally reacted and his eyes were filled with anxiousness. He stared at Wang Lin with anger hidden in his eyes as he pointed at the sword and shouted a few times.

Wang Lin was stunned. Just at that moment, a very hoarse voice came out from the ball of light.

"Little friend, please don't be impulsive. I don't mean any harm. I am the master of the person outside..." At the same time, countless rays of light gathered from all directions at the ball of light. Slowly, the ball of light turned into a small person 1 foot tall.

This little person looked very weak. His face was pale and he looked like a kid. The little person kept dodging the green sword while looking at Wang Lin with an ashen face.

The strange person let out an angry roar and was about to block the flying sword.

Wang Lin backed up a few steps the moment the little person spoke. He



waved his hand and the flying sword returned to his side. The flying sword circled around Wang Lin with the tip pointing at the little person.

The strange person walked up to the little man. He shouted angrily at Wang Lin a few times, his eyes filled with disappointment.

The little person bitterly laughed. His body floated up and landed on the shoulder of the strange person. He said, "Adai, don't be rude to our guest."

The strange person's expression suddenly eased, but he still cautiously looked at Wang Lin.

The little person sighed. He looked at Wang Lin and warmly said, "Little friend, please don't be rash, I..."

Before he could finish speaking, the man outside said a strange word. The moment the strange word came out, the whole statue shook and stopped descending.

The little person's expression slightly changed. His hand formed a seal as he spat out purple gas. The moment the purple gas appeared, it entered the statue.

The statue's eyes shined a purple light and continued to descend.

The young man let out a cold snort. He grabbed at the air and the statue shook again. It started to sink slower. At the same time, he sent out many seals, causing the statue to tremble, but the statue still stood.

The small person inside the statue let out a relieved look, but he looked even more tired. He said to Wang Lin, "This statue can last half an hour under the attack of Amu, more than enough time for me to tell you the story behind all of this."

Wang Lin didn't say a word as he stared at the little person.

The little person sighed and said, "My name is Wu Yu. Has little friend ever heard of the Corpse Sect?"

Wang Lin's expression remained normal with the small sword next to him as he shook his head.

Wu Yu bitterly smiled and said, "Little friend doesn't need to be alert. I

am only a Nascent Soul without a body. Coupled with countless uses of Nascent Energy throughout the years, I am no threat to you. It is your sword that almost killed me.”

Wang Lin’s eyes lit up. After pondering a little, he asked, “Who is that person outside? Are you his master?”

Wu Yu’s eyes revealed a helpless expression. He answered, “He is my corpse puppet. Alas, I was one of ancestors of the corpse sect. The corpse sect had a rule stating that every disciple that joins must find a corpse to make their own corpse puppet.”

“As our own cultivation level increased, the corpse puppet would grow as well.”

Wang Lin’s eyes narrowed as he asked, “Your corpse puppet rebelled?”

Wu Yu wryly smiled. He nodded and said, “That is right. Originally, with the technique used, the corpse puppet could never rebel. Unfortunately, I came to this place 300 years ago, hoping to use the Yin energy here to break past early stage Nascent Soul. Not only did I fail, but my corpse puppet took the opportunity to seriously injure me. During the shock of the injury, he was able to escape from my control.”

At that moment, the statue started to tremble even harder. The little person revealed an anxious look and quickly continued, “I had to retreat to heal my injuries, so I didn’t chase after it. 100 years later, when my injuries got better, I found my corpse puppet. However, he had managed to gain his own consciousness and even had a lucky encounter, causing him to enter mid stage Nascent Soul before me.”

“I didn’t stand a chance, so I gave up my body and escaped with my Nascent Soul. My Nascent Soul took heavy injuries and has been hiding inside this statue ever since. I’m too afraid to go out. That zombie was my body from back then. It seems to have gained its own consciousness in these 100 years in this place.”

Wang Lin coldly smiled and said, “What a bunch of nonsense. If that corpse puppet is really as you say, why didn’t it leave instead of continuing to look for you?”

Wu Yu wryly smiled. He hesitated for a bit and said, "Forget it. Little friend, you don't know, but this is related to the corpse sect's secrets. Although this corpse puppet is out of my control, I have still refined it for hundreds of years. It is connected to my soul, so if it goes more than 100 kilometers away from me, it will die.

"The only way to fix this problem is to swallow my Nascent Soul and seal it within him. Only by doing that would he truly escape my control."

Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he said, "He never found you in these few hundred years?"

Wu Yu touched the inner side of the statue and said, "When I was running away, I accidentally entered this statue. This statue can hide my presence. Only with the help of the statue did I survive."

"Also, after the corpse puppet reached mid stage Nascent Soul, every time it came out, it would need to rest after a while. Every rest takes about 100 years. That is another reason why I haven't been eaten yet."

Wang Lin's expression was calm as he slowly asked, "Oh? Then why haven't you escaped during the 100 years he was sleeping?"

"I have tried to escape countless times, but this jungle is surrounded by a vast fog. This fog is very harmful to the Nascent Soul. I can't withstand touching it even a little. The corpse puppet can't find me, but I didn't expect my body to gain its own consciousness. With the connection between me and my body, it was able to find me."

"Also, Adai did things on his own and made the statue appear for you, which attracted them. Alas, this is my own fault. I can't blame anyone else." Wu Yu wryly smiled and continued: "Little friend, Adai has already told me about what happened between you and him. If it was 300 years ago, I would have tried to possess your body, but I have already wasted my chance on trying to possess Adai. Now, I won't have another chance until I reach mid stage Nascent Soul."

Wang Lin didn't believe a word of what this little person said, but his expression remained normal. He looked at the strange person and asked, "His name is Adai?"

Wu Yu nodded and said, "Little friend, I found Adai in this statue. When I entered here, I found Adai sleeping and tried to take possession of this body. However, his body contains a very strange power. After using the majority of my Nascent Energy on his body, I was finally able to escape. Although I failed in possessing him, this allowed Adai to wake up and caused him to have the feeling that our lives are connected."

"From then on, I knew that there would probably be no chance for me to escape until Adai told me about you."

With that, a flash of excitement entered Wu Yu's eyes.

Wang Lin didn't speak, but quietly stared at the little person, waiting for the rest.

Wu Yu revealed a pleading expression and said, "I beg little friend here to please help me..."

## Chapter 94: Corpse Yin Sect (3)

Wu Yu revealed a pleading expression and quickly said, "I can't leave this place, but I would like to ask you to go to the corpse sect and ask my senior apprentice brother, Ye Zi, to come and save me."

Wang Lin's expression didn't change. "Do you have a way for me to leave without being noticed by the corpse puppet?" he asked.

Wu Yu quickly nodded and sincerely said, "I can use the last of my Nascent Energy to open up a transfer array that will take you directly to the corpse sect."

Wang Lin stared at Wu Yu. He faintly smiled and said, "If you can open up the transfer array, why don't you go back through it?"

Wu Yu sighed and said, "The corpse puppet can't go more than 100 kilometers away from me, and I can't go 100 kilometers away from him. If the corpse puppet leaves the 100 kilometer range, it would immediately die. If I still had my body, my soul would take a heavy injury, but now I am just a Nascent Soul. I really don't want to die with the corpse puppet."

The frequency at which the statue was trembling was increasing. Wu Yu saw that Wang Lin's expression still hadn't changed. He clenched his jaw and said, "I, Wu Yu, swear on my Nascent Soul that I mean you no harm, so please help me, little friend. I can even gift Adai to you. The nine talismans were already on his body when I found him and they contain unimaginable power."

"In addition, I can feel that your spiritual energy contains Yin properties. I also use the Yin method of cultivation. I assume you came here to use the Yin energy for cultivation. The Yin energy here is the Underworld type of Yin energy. If you go to the corpse sect, there is a cultivation spot that has Earth Type Yin energy."

Wang Lin narrowed his eyes and said, "If the corpse sect has a location with Earth type Yin energy, why did you come here to make your breakthrough?"

Wu Yu gave Wang Lin a deep glance. This youth was very careful. No matter how much he tried to convince him, Wang Lin's expression didn't change at all.

After hearing Wang Lin's question, he wryly smiled and said, "Little friend, I have already sworn upon my Nascent Soul. This corpse puppet is not the same as a living being. Every time it is about to make a breakthrough, it must absorb Underworld type Yin energy, so I brought it here."

Just at that moment, the statue shook violently and cracks appeared all over its body. A series of crackling sounds could be heard as the cracks became larger and the statue seemed to be about to collapse. Wu Yu's expression suddenly became very anxious and said, "Little friend, if you want to cultivate your Yin technique at the corpse sect, you can pretend to be my disciple. I'll teleport you directly to the corpse sect and they won't suspect a thing. Little friend, consider it yourself."

The moment he finished speaking, the statue suddenly shook violently. The cracks now covered the entire statue and some parts even started to fall off.

Wang Lin's mind spun. He knew that if he didn't leave, his life would be in danger when that corpse puppet broke in. He instantly knew that the corpse puppet was a cold hearted killer.

Thinking about that, he nodded toward Wu Yu without a word.

Wu Yu took a deep breath. Both of his hands constantly formed seals as a pentagonal ring slowly appeared before him.

This ring of light emitted a rainbow color and a small suction force could be felt.

At that moment, the statue broke with a bang and a cold voice came in. "Master, I want to see where you will run to now."

Wu Yu reveal a horrified expression. Without waiting for the transfer array to completely open, he shouted, "Little friend, go quickly! Whether I survive or not is all in your hands!" With that, he flew into the stone

person floating in the air.

At the same time, Wang Lin charged toward the transfer array. The transfer array was unstable and seemed like it might collapse.

The strange person hesitated for a bit and followed Wang Lin into the transfer array.

Just at that moment, the statue completely collapsed. The young man came in with a mocking smile. However, the moment he saw the transfer array, his expression drastically changed.

As for Wang Lin, after he entered the transfer array, he found himself inside a tunnel. He could feel his body being stretched and there were countless specks of lights flashing by like the stars in the sky.

Wang Lin looked back saw. He saw Adai behind him, looking left and right. After Adai noticed that Wang Lin was looking at him, he shouted a few strange words toward Wang Lin. His eyes were no longer cautious of Wang Lin, but were filled with confusion.

After an unknown amount of time, a light appeared at the end of the tunnel. The light became larger and larger until it covered most of the tunnel. Wang Lin and Adai felt a suction force from the light and were sucked in.

The Corpse Sect was a demonic sect in Zhao. Although they were weaker than the number one Sky Demon Sect, the Corpse Sect was much more mysterious. It could be said that the Corpse Sect was the number 1 most mysterious sect in Zhao.

How many disciples the sect had, where the sect was located, how many Nascent Soul cultivators the sect had, and such information were all unknown to the outside world.

There were even rumors that the Corpse Sect had already been completely wiped out.

In short, this was a very low profile sect, but this kind of low profile was something the world could never forget about.

The only thing people knew about the Corpse Sect was their cultivation method.

The disciples of the Corpse sect only had one chance to refine a corpse. Once they refine one, they will never refine another.

This was a very miraculous technique.

For the Corpse Sect's disciples, besides their own cultivation, the cultivation of their corpse puppet was also important. The reason this technique was so miraculous was that 500 years ago, a Foundation Establishment disciple had a Nascent Soul corpse puppet.

Although this disciple ended up mysteriously disappearing, his appearance caused a stir in Zhao, especially among the lower level cultivators who now dreamed of joining the Corpse Sect.

But no matter how many people tried to find it, the Corpse Sect was like a floating cloud that no one could find.

In a location in the far west side of Zhao was an area surrounded by Yin energy all year round. Even cultivators didn't come here often.

Because aside from the fact that this area was shrouded with Yin energy, there was also the Nine Earth energy that not even Nascent Soul cultivators were willing to touch. Anyone below the Nascent Soul stage would be injured from touching it.

Supposedly, areas with this many restrictions should be hiding some sort of big treasure. This was the idea in many cultivators' heads. Finally, a few of the demonic sects got together with their experts and broke the restrictions to search the area.

But what surprised everyone was that there was nothing there at all. Some of the people expanded their search to the underground and still found nothing.

This treasure hunt turned into a joke. They were mocked by the orthodox sects.

Gradually, due to the fact that this place had many restrictions and no



treasure, it was forgotten by everyone.

At the center of the plain was an area covered by fog.

Inside the fog was a marsh that took up most of the area, and under the marsh was a giant cave. There were numerous tunnels connecting the giant cave to smaller caves and tunnels from those caves to others. The entire underground area was covered with big and small caves connected to each other.

This was where the most mysterious demonic sect of Zhao, the Corpse Sect, was located.

The largest cave in the center was the size of several of the Heng Yue Sect's main hall. Inside were eight pillars of purple wood, forming a formation. There were endless waves of purple energy emitting from the wood pillars.

There were countless strange symbols and patterns carved into the eight wood pillars. There were also strings of light connecting them. If one looked at them from above, they could see that those lights formed a total of 49 rings of light.

Sitting on the eight wood pillars were eight young men. A coffin floated behind each one of them.

Five of the rings lit up and a youth wearing blue and a coffin appeared in the cave.

One of the eight youths on the pillars opened his eyes and looked at the person who had just arrived. He spoke with no emotion in his voice at all, "Where did you come from?"

The blue robed youth quickly bowed and said, "Rank 2 cultivation country Lu Corpse Sect branch. I, Lin Yi, am here to participate in the promotion exam."

The youth coldly glanced at the person and said, "The 18th cave to the right, go."

The blue robed youth respectfully clasped his hands and exited the

formation. Afterward, he calculated for a bit and entered a cave.

The youth on the pillar slightly nodded. He no longer minded the blue robed youth and closed his eyes.

Within the next several hours, more people came out of the transfer array. The strongest person to come caused 13 rings to light up. The moment the 13 rings lit up, two of the eight youths opened their eyes.

Time slowly passed. The rings in the formation lit up again. This time, it was six rings.

A youth on a wood pillar opened his eyes. Just at that moment, there was a sudden flash of light and seven more rings lit up.

“What is this?” At that moment, another youth opened his eyes. The two looked at each other, then carefully looked at the formation.

Shortly after, the formation flashed again and the amount of rings to light up increased from 13 to 28.

“It seems there is a senior coming here.” Two more youths opened their eyes. There was a hint of respect in the four youths’ cold gazes as they stared at the formation.

The moment that was said, there was a rumbling sound coming from the formation as the number of rings of light that were lit up increased from 28 one by one.

The remaining four youths opened their eyes with shocked expressions. When 40 rings lit up, the eight of them stood up, knelt down on one knee, and formed a strange sign as they said, “Welcome senior...”

# Chapter 95: Enter the Sect

The moment the word “Senior” came out, three more rings lit up, making it a total of 43 rings. After 43 rings were lit, no more lit up, but they started to shine in sync.

The attitude of each of the eight youths changed again. Their faces were filled with shock, then that changed to a near crazed level of respect. They went from one knee on the ground to two knees as they carefully stared at the transfer array. It has to be said that if 40 rings light up, that means the status of the person in the Corpse Sect is very high and if it's above 40, then it is a Nascent Soul ancestor.

With that knowledge, it made sense for the eight of them to have this reaction.

Slowly, the two figures that appeared in the formation became more and more solid. One of them was about 20 years old. He looked very handsome, had an air of coolness, and was wearing black clothes that made him look even more upright.

Behind him followed a strange, blue skinned person with countless strange symbols all over his body. The most eye catching part was the nine yellow talismans stuck to various parts of his body.

The moment the two appeared, slivers of cold air spread out.

Suddenly, one of the eight youths let out a surprised sound. Soon, all of them were shocked.

This person was Wang Lin. The moment he appeared, he opened his mouth and spat out a green light. The flying sword circled around him, releasing a cold aura with the sword tip pointing at the eight people on the wood pillars.

With a scan of his divine sense, Wang Lin relaxed a bit. All eight of the youths around him were only at the 15th layer of Qi Condensation. If he wanted to, he could kill them all in an instant.

The strange person, Adai, also for some reason stopped looking around

like he was when they were inside the tunnel. He stood behind Wang Lin and stared at the strange symbols on the wood pillars, seemingly lost in thought.

The eight people on the wood pillars stood up. One of them had a strange expression on his face as he asked, "Senior, you are?"

Wang Lin already planned out what he was going to say during the trip here. Currently, he was very calm as he coldly said, "I am Wang Lin. Please inform uncle-master Ye Zizai that I have something important to tell him."

The youth was startled. He looked at the other youth, then said, "Senior, I can't help you with that. Let me take you to see the elder."

Wang Lin nodded. He walked out of the formation and Adai followed behind.

The youth jumped off the wood pillar and the coffin followed behind him.

"Senior, this way." With that, the youth flew toward one of the tunnels.

Without a word, Wang Lin followed the youth.

Along the way, the youth secretly inspected Wang Lin. The more he saw, the more respectful he became. After all, strength was everything in the cultivation world; and with Wang Lin's Foundation Establishment cultivation level, the youth naturally respected Wang Lin.

Adai, who was behind Wang Lin, attracted most of the youth's attention.

Similarly, Wang Lin was also inspecting the youth, especially the coffin behind him. Waves of cold energy were emitted from the coffin and there was a layer blocking out his divine sense. However, as Wang Lin was a mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator, he saw through it with a little effort.

There was a corpse inside the coffin. The body was like dry wood and sleeping. The moment Wang Lin saw the corpse, the corpse woke up.

Although its eyes were cloudy, it was filled with killing intent.

The youth seemed to notice and smacked the coffin. The corpse closed its eyes and the youth smiled. "Senior, this corpse puppet was given to me by my master. Master got it from the outer world battleground. It is very sensitive to divine sense and is filled with killing intent. It took me a very long time to finally refine it."

Wang Lin nodded and said, "Your corpse puppet has early stage Foundation Establishment cultivation. Not bad."

The moment the youth heard those words, he was secretly shocked and his respect for Wang Lin deepened. It has to be said that the coffin has the ability to block out divine sense, yet Wang Lin was able to see through it instantly. Clearly, Wang Lin was no ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivator. Maybe even a late stage Foundation Establishment cultivator.

Thinking of that, his attitude became even more respectful as he asked, "Senior, is this your corpse puppet?"

Wang Lin's expression was calm as he nodded.

The youth's face was filled with curiosity as he looked at Adai before exclaiming, "Senior, how did you get your corpse puppet to be so intelligent? The only other corpse puppet as intelligent is ancestor Ze's Flying Luo Sha.

Wang Lin looked at the youth and didn't answer.

The youth kept looking at Adai, making him very nervous, until Adai couldn't stand it anymore and started to yell at the youth.

The youth was startled when he heard Adai speaking and asked, "Senior, your corpse puppet has already evolved to the point of speaking?"

Wang Lin slightly frowned. "This person really talks too much," he thought.

The youth didn't seem to be aware of how annoying he was and kept talking even though Wang Lin didn't answer.

After less than a quarter of an hour of walking, the youth went from

talking about Wang Lin's corpse puppet to his fellow disciples, then his own master, the ancestor, and so on. Although Wang Lin was annoyed, he was able to learn a lot about the Corpse Sect.

"The Zhao branch of the Corpse Sect is really amazing. People from the upper rank 4 and 5 countries to the lower rank 1 and 2 countries, they all pass through here as a transit point. For example, the Corpse Sect branches in rank 1 and 2 countries' qualification test is held here.

The tunnel became wider and wider as the youth kept talking.

Wang Lin really couldn't stand the youth's chatter, so when he saw the exit of the tunnel, he immediately sped up and flew toward it.

Inside the cave were five large stone pillars and on top of each pillar was a large ball of blue flame.

On the top of the pillar in the middle sat an old man. He had a very ruddy complexion. His face was red and his hair moved without any wind. While he was cultivating, slivers of gas from the balls of fire entered his body, exited his body, then entered the pillar.

The cycle continued. It was very strange.

The moment Wang Lin flew into the cave, the old man opened his eyes. His eyes glowed as he carefully examined Wang Lin with a cold gaze.

Wang Lin checked with his divine sense and found that the old man was at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment.

At that moment, the youth also quickly entered the cave and said to the old man, "Elder, this senior just arrived through the formation. 43 rings lit up when he arrived and he wants to see ancestor Ye."

After hearing this, the old man's expression suddenly changed. He looked at Wang Lin with a strange expression and asked, "Fellow cultivator, who in the corpse sect opened the tunnel for you?"

Wang Lin calmly answered, "Wu Yu."

Hearing that name, the old man's expression changed. He stood up and said, "Ancestor Wu Yu, who disappeared for a few hundred years. What...

what is your relationship with him?”

Wang Lin looked at the old man and said, “Disciple.”

The old man sucked in a breath of cold air. Wu Yu’s status was extremely high within the corpse sect. If what Wang Lin said was true, then he couldn’t afford to offend this person. With that, he quickly smiled and said, “So it’s uncle-master returning. Junior’s name is Mu Rong. What is senior’s name?”

Wang Lin faintly smiled and said, “I’m Wang Lin. As for being called uncle-master, I don’t deserve it.”

Mu Rong let out a laugh. He turned his head and looked at the youth. His expression went cold as he said, “You can go now. I’ll lead uncle-master Wang to ancestor Ye.”

The youth quickly agreed. He turned around and muttered to himself before quickly leaving.

After the youth left, Mu Rong invited Wang Lin onto the stone pillar and asked, “Brother Wang, why didn’t ancestor come back with you?”

Wang Lin looked at the person and responded, “My master’s corpse puppet had some problems, so he is taking care of it.

Mu Rong nodded and said, “Ancestor Wu Yu’s corpse puppet is almost as powerful as ancestor Ye’s. The more powerful a corpse puppet is, the harder they are to deal with; however, with his strength, it shouldn’t be too much of a problem.” He looked at Wang Lin, trying to figure out some secrets.

Unfortunately, Wang Lin’s expression never changed the entire time. Mu Rong pondered a little and said, “Please wait here, brother Wang. I’ll contact ancestor Ye right away.” With that, he slapped his bag of holding and took out a piece of jade. He held the jade in his hand with a serious expression for a moment, then tossed it.

The jade flashed a few times, then quickly flew into one of the tunnels.

After doing that, Mu Rong looked at Adai behind Wang Lin. Just as he

was about to speak, Wang Lin spoke as he looked at the blue flame on the pillars with a surprised expression. “Brother Mu, these Yin flames contain Yan energy as well. They don’t seem ordinary.”

Mu Rong let out a laugh and said, “Brother Wang, this Blue Firelord flame was created by melting the cores of several Core Formation cultivators from the orthodox sects hundreds of years ago. After they were further refined by ancestor Ye, they became treasures of the corpse sect. They benefit our cultivation a lot and are especially beneficial to our corpse puppets.”

Wang Lin stared at the blue flame. He waved his hand. A sliver of the blue flame floated to him. He observed the flame, then sent some of his Yin energy into the flame. Sizzling sounds came from the flame and it turned into a small blue ball floating in his hand.

Mu Rong’s expression slightly changed to a smile. “Brother Wang, turning this gas into solid form isn’t easy without a lot of Yin energy. It seems ancestor Wu Yu really loves you.”

The last sliver of doubt that Mu Rong had toward Wang Lin disappeared after Wang Lin displayed that move. He didn’t know that although Wang Lin’s Yin energy was similar to the Yin method the corpse sect practiced, they were very different.

At that moment, the blue flame suddenly dimmed as more and more gas gathered from the blue flames. The gas formed into the figure of a person. The figure emitted a heavy pressure.

Wang Lin’s pupils contracted. Under the pressure of the figure, he felt a sense of terror. Then, he looked at Mu Rong, who was already kneeling on the ground.

A grim voice came from the figure. “You are junior apprentice brother Wu Yu’s disciple?”



# Chapter 96: Furnace

The moment that loud voice spoke out, the sound transformed into violent wind that caused the balls of fire in the surroundings to dim. Loud sounds echoed in the cave, giving off the feeling of divine punishment.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He clasped his hands and respectfully said, "Greeting, senior Ye."

The figure slowly became solid and turned into a 40 or so year old man. This person was very handsome. His eyes sparkled like the stars and his skin was as smooth as jade. He looked at Wang Lin with no emotion on his face and said, "Mu Rong, you can leave."

Mu Rong, who was kneeling on the ground, quickly stood up, charged toward one of the caves, and disappeared without a trace.

Ye Zi waved his left hand and a curtain of light suddenly appeared and surrounded them. He sighed and said, with a sense of melancholy, "Wang Lin, you are not a disciple of the Corpse Sect. There is no need to lie. My junior apprentice brother Wu Yu must have met with some trouble. Wang Lin, there is no 3rd person here, so tell me."

Wang Lin straightened his back. He had already thought about it on the way here. There was no way he would be able to lie to a Nascent Soul cultivator like Ye Zi, so he decided to tell the truth.

After pondering a little, Wang Lin recounted everything that happened in the ruins.

Ye Zi silently listened and didn't say a word. He sighed after Wang Lin finished speaking, then closed eyes his and thought, "What this Wang Lin said should be true. When brother Wu Yu left, he did say that his corpse puppet was about to advance and what Wang Lin said matches his personality. A corpse puppet rebelling. Alas, junior apprentice brother, how could the rebelling of a mid stage Nascent Soul corpse puppet be as easy to deal with as you stated? Even if I go, I can't help you at all."

"Since you made Wang Lin deliver the message, you must have other

ideas...” With that, Ye Zi spread out his divine sense and was shocked. The method this Wang Lin cultivated was very close to the corpse sect’s. He was filled with Yin energy. After pondering for a while, Ye Zi understood Wu Yu’s intention.

This was Wu Yu’s way of sending a distress call while sending the corpse sect a disciple. After scanning Wang Lin, he looked at Adai. After he pondered for a bit, he completely understood Wu Yu’s intentions. Adai’s body was built for cultivating the corpse sect’s cultivation method.

After Ye Zi withdrew his gaze, he slowly asked Wang Lin, “He is Adai, who accompanied my junior apprentice brother for all these years?”

Wang Lin nodded.

Ye Zi took a deep breath and decisively said, “Wang Lin, I checked out your spiritual energy and it contains a lot of Yin property. If you were to cultivate here, you would have a much easier time. Wang Lin, are you willing to become a disciple of the corpse sect?”

Wang Lin already guessed everything that could happen on the way here. Ye Zi’s recruitment was within his expectations, so he respectfully said, “Disciple is willing.”

Ye Zi nodded again and said, “Fine. Since you had the luck of meeting my junior brother Wu Yu, then you might as well become his real disciple. From now on, you are the corpse sect’s second generation disciple.”

With that, he pointed at Adai and said, “I’ll be taking Adai with me.” He saw Wang Lin’s uncertainty and said, “Don’t worry. He has such a deep relationship with my junior brother, I won’t dare to hurt him. I’m going to take him as my personal disciple.”

With that, he waved his right hand and threw out a dark blue jade. Then, he grabbed Adai with his hand. Adai let out a scream as they disappeared into the caves.

Wang Lin caught the jade. He scanned it with his divine sense and his expression became strange.

There were only some simple techniques and not a trace of the corpse sect's cultivation method. This must be because Ye Zi was worried, so Wang Lin didn't mind.

As he was checking out the jade, Mu Rong peaked out from one of the caves and walked out. After he found that Ye Zi had left, he flew to Wang Lin and was about to speak when he noticed the jade in his hand. He was shocked and quickly took a few steps back as he said, "Disciple Mu Rong greets ancestor."

Wang Lin was shocked and stared at the jade as he said, "Brother Mu, there is no need to be like this. Does the color of the jade mean anything?"

Mu Rong looked at the jade in Wang Lin's hand with envy as he bitterly smiled and took out a light blue jade and said, "Ancestor, you didn't have a jade before, so we could talk to each other as if we were peers, but now that you have your jade, the corpse sect has strict rules regarding ranks, so how would I dare to call you brother Wang again..."

"Look at the color of my jade. The jade is the only form of identification in the corpse sect. The first ancestor's jade is green, ancestors' jades are dark blue, elders' jades are light blue, and all disciples' jades are white."

Wang Lin put away his jade and was just about to speak when the balls of fire on the pillar suddenly flashed a few times, releasing green smoke.

Mu Rong's expression changed a bit. His hand formed a seal and he said, "Gather!"

The green smoke quickly came toward Mu Rong and entered his forehead.

Mu Rong closed his eyes. Shortly after, he reopened them and said, "Ancestor, first ancestor Ye Zi has arranged a room for you. I'll take you there shortly."

Wang Lin was very surprised about the techniques of the corpse sect. Just like the technique that just now used smoke to transmit a message. He rubbed his chin and nodded.

Mu Rong flew toward one of the caves. Wang Lin jumped and followed behind.

The two moved quickly through the caves as Mu Rong talked to Wang Lin about the corpse sect. Along with the youth's explanation, Wang Lin now had a certain understanding of the corpse sect.

The corpse sect was one of the four demonic sects of Zhao. They had over one thousand disciples and they all lived underground. Each had their own cultivation room. Everyone other than the few disciples that would go out to purchase things while everyone else was cultivating in their rooms.

Although, calling them a demonic sect wasn't really fitting compared to the Tian Dao Sect's demonic flame, He Huan Sect's evil Yin, and Wu Feng Valley's murderous aura. Though the corpse sect had corpse puppets, everyone there were really just cultivation maniacs.

Every disciple cultivated like a madman and the reason for this was because of the cruel requirements the corpse sect had. If one doesn't reach reach the 10th layer of Qi Condensation in 10 years, doesn't reach Foundation Establishment in 30 years, or doesn't reach Core Formation in 100 years, they will be refined into a corpse puppet.

This cruel system was like a whip that caused all of the corpse sect disciples to cultivate like crazy.

Every year there were several people that were refined into corpse puppets, and every time, all of the disciples watched the process.

Similarly, every year, there were disciples that were sent out to find fitting mortals to replenish those lost disciples.

It's not that the disciples didn't want to rebel, but all of the disciples that were accepted would have part of their soul removed and sealed into a jade. The jades were split into 4 ranks. The first ancestor's green jade could control any disciple in the sect. The ancestor's dark blue jade also had a similar effect, and then the elder's light blue jade.

Under layers of control, no one dared to rebel. Mu Rong also told Wang

Lin that this corpse sect was only a branch of the real corpse sect. He once saw a messenger from a rank 5 country. Even that messenger's slave was at least at the Nascent Soul cultivation level.

The more Wang Lin heard, the more shocked he was. He wondered why when Ye Zi gave him the jade, Ye Zi didn't seal part of his soul in it.

The same question came from Ye Zi's body after he returned to his own cave.

"Why didn't you seal part of his soul into the jade?" Asked a hoarse voice that sounded like two iron plates rubbing together.

Ye Zi slapped his palm on Adai's forehead and sealed his senses. Then, he turned around and sat cross legged on the black bed. He pointed at his forehead and his body shook as an illusionary figure appeared next to him.

This figure was very blurry. One couldn't clearly see what he looked like. He floated around Adai, observing him, then he reached out his hand toward Adai's head.

Ye Zi frowned. He waved his right hand and coughed out a mouthful of blue Yin fire. After the Yin fire appeared, it formed a wall that blocked the figure's hand.

Ye Zi coldly said, "Luo Sha, this person is my junior apprentice brother's personal disciple. You can't hurt him."

The figure let out a laugh. He floated in the air with his arms hugging his own shoulders and said, with a high pitched voice, "Ye Zizai, you and your junior apprentice brother are only furnaces for us. Your brother left early, before Lord Zi could awaken, and now he is calling you for help. He is really throwing himself into the net. Ye Zizai, since you already know his location, why aren't you going to help Lord Zi devour Wu Yu?"

Ye Zizai's face was gloomy. He stared at the figure and sneered. "Before you completely devour me, don't think I will listen to any order from you. As for Lord Zi, I won't go to help him or my junior apprentice brother. Whether he could devour my junior apprentice brother, it's all up to

himself.”

The figure let out a creepy laugh. He didn't seem to mind and said, “If you don't want to go, I won't force you, but the next wave of bodies has been prepared by a rank 5 country. This time, there are 10 people. You must pick your furnace carefully. Remember, you are only an outer disciple of the corpse sect. Also, what are you going to do with this brat Adai?”

Ye Zizai pondered for a while and secretly let out a sigh. 400 years ago, he entered the corpse sect and, thanks to his talent, he was able to reach the Nascent Soul stage in 400 years, but just at that moment, his corpse puppet gained a sense of self and started to devour his consciousness. This process was very slow and this allowed him to learn of some of the corpse sect's secrets.

# Chapter 97: Great Change

The Corpse Sect is a very large sect. Based on Ye Zizai's knowledge, the main Corpse Sect is based in a rank 5 country, and the rest of the branches are scattered across the planet.

All of these branches have very rigid systems to force the disciples to train like crazy. After Ye Zi found out the truth, he felt like they were being raised like animals.

After the "animals" reach the Core Formation stage, there is a ceremony. That is when souls from rank 5 countries that have lost their bodies will be placed into corpse puppets.

To say it plainly, the Corpse Sect is the largest provider of bodies for sects from rank 5 countries. It has to be said that rank 4 or higher countries wage a number of wars every year. In the battle in the foreign battleground, injuries and death are inevitable. All cultivators above the Nascent Stage have a chance of escaping with their Nascent Souls if they are careful.

That's when the Corpse Sect come's in. Whether it's someone who lost their body or is getting ready to possess a body, all transactions dealing with bodies are done at the Corpse Sect.

The bodies the Corpse Sect provides all have excellent talent and have been training in the cultivation method provided by the Corpse Sect since they were young. Every branch of the Corpse Sect provides different cultivation methods to their disciples.

The Corpse Sect deals with a lot of sects from rank 4 or 5 countries, and some of them sign exclusive deals with the Corpse Sect in order to get bodies faster. One part of the deal is that the sect provides their basic cultivation method, effectively making a branch their sect's personal body farm.

Zhao's Corpse Sect comes from a demonic sect in a rank 5 country. The cultivation method is called the Underworld Method.

Ye Zi let out a sigh. It was not that he didn't think about rebelling, but the more he knew, the more he understood how small he really was in comparison. He wasn't qualified to rebel, and once the possession starts, it can't be stopped unless his cultivation level greatly surpasses the cultivation level of the soul in the corpse puppet.

There is another rule in the Corpse Sect: if a disciple reaches the Nascent Soul stage, even if their body is possessed by another, they are given the chance to possess someone else.

Ye Zizai, for example, once he is completely devoured, his soul will be placed in the corpse puppet of someone he chooses. He will then possess that person through their corpse puppet, just like he is being possessed right now.

But he only has one chance. If he can't break through the Nascent Soul stage and get to the Spirit Severing stage, then the only road left for him is to be sent to the foreign battleground to be used as cannon fodder.

Once one reaches the Spirit Severing stage, they are promoted to elder in a branch in a rank 4 country. They then have 1000 years to reach the Soul Transformation stage. The consequences for failure are the same.

Ye Zizai coldly replied to Luo Sha's question. "Adai is not even at the Core Formation stage yet, so what does he have to do with you? He is also my junior apprentice brother's disciple, so as long as I'm still around, I'll guarantee his safety." As he was speaking, he felt pressure from the figure in the air. He then said, word for word, "I won't allow anyone to harm him! Anyone!"

Luo Sha let out a laugh. His eyes lit up as he said, "Ye Zizai, Adai's body is very good. He would be a good candidate for you to possess."

Ye Zizai let out a cold snort. He indeed did have this idea in mind. When he first saw Adai, he decided that he was going to prepare Adai's body for himself.

The figure faintly smiled and said, "That brat Wang Lin has a weird cultivation method. He has a hint of the true Underworld cultivation method about him. No matter how he cultivated, he would make an



excellent furnace. Ye Zizai, you still haven't answered my question; why you didn't seal part of his soul earlier?"

Ye Zizai closed his eyes and said, "Adai is not my only choice. Including Wang Lin, I have several possible candidates. Also, I haven't decided on who will be the host and who will be the corpse puppet yet. I won't seal part of their soul before they reach the Core Formation stage because once I seal a part of their soul, they will be recorded within the Corpse Sect. If they get taken by someone else, then I would have done all this work for nothing." Ye Zizai didn't care if Luo Sha knew. He was doing all of this to create a path for himself. In a way, it was him admitting defeat to Luo Sha and allowing Luo Sha to possess his body.

With that, he opened his eyes and added, "The clean up of the foreign battleground is about to start. I believe the tokens will be passed out in a few days."

The figure licked his lips and laughed with a hoarse voice. "This time, after the messenger from the cultivation union opens up the portal to the foreign battleground, I only need to absorb three breaths of spiritual energy to finish the possession. Ye Zizai, according to my agreement with the Corpse Sect, once I possess you, I'll keep your consciousness intact. Once you have decided on a candidate, I'll help you once in exchange for your body and raise that person's cultivation to the Core Formation stage to make it easier for you to possess them."

After Ye Zizai found out the secret of the Corpse Sect, he knew that this day would come. The clean up of the foreign battleground every 100 years is the time where a majority of people complete their possession. Ye Zizai secretly sighed. He closed his eyes and no longer spoke.

As for Wang Lin, he quickly moved with Mu Rong through the caves. Wang Lin could clearly feel that they were going deeper underground. The farther they went, the more clearly he could feel the Yin energy coming from underground.

After a long time, Mu Rong stopped before a cave. He looked enviously at Wang Lin and said, "Ancestor, this is the cave prepared for you by the

first Ancestor. This is one of the best cultivation spots in the Corpse Sect.”

After a few exchanges with Wang Lin, he entered the room. The cave was only 1/5th the size of the cave Mu Rong was in. There was a thick layer of ice on the ground that was emitting a blue light, making the room look very strange.

There were countless tiny holes on the walls. Slivers of Yin energy came out of them.

Aside from that, the cave was empty. Wang Lin squatted down and touched the ground. Suddenly, Yin energy entered his body, but the instant it entered, it turned into white gas and disappeared within his body.

Wang Lin's expression changed. The Yin energy in his body had far surpassed the Yin energy from the ground.

Wang Lin sat on the ground. His hands formed seals according to the technique recorded inside the jade. He sent out the technique while spreading out his divine sense. The walls in the cave started to move strangely until all of the holes were closed.

The entire cave was now a sealed area.

Wang Lin looked around and began to ponder. He was forced to join the Corpse Sect because back in the ruin, if he hadn't entered the transfer array, he would have gotten mixed in with the battle between the corpse puppet and Wu Yu.

From the looks of things now, it seemed that Wu Yu wasn't lying. This place was very fitting for cultivating the Underworld Ascension Method. But just from being here, Wang Lin felt a sense of danger, especially from Ye Zi. Although his expression was kind, Wang Lin felt like he was being watched by a poisonous snake.

This feeling immediately moved from Wang Lin to Adai the moment Ye Zi saw Adai.

Nevertheless, not only did Wang Lin's caution not decrease, but he

became even more cautious. "This Ye Zizai must have some bad intentions in mind," he thought.

Wang Lin slightly frowned and muttered to himself, "Unfortunately, Situ is still asleep. With his experience, he would be able to see through Ye Zizai instantly. I must find a chance to escape. But since I'm already here, I must take this opportunity to cultivate."

Thinking about that, his eyes lit up. His hand formed seals and shot out multiple techniques. Immediately, rumbling sounds came from the small holes in the wall and white gas filled the room.

Wang Lin opened his mouth and sucked all of the white gas into his body, but soon, even more white gas appeared from the holes on the wall.

The moment the white gas entered his body, it was absorbed by his spiritual energy.

Wang Lin revealed an odd expression. Both of his hands formed a seal as he shot out a pillar of light. The pillar quickly condensed into a ball of light.

Wang Lin didn't even bat an eye as he watched the ball of light glow light blue and flash once. His eyes lit up as he muttered to himself, "Earth Yin, ordinary quality rank 1."

Before he could finish, his expression suddenly changed as he felt a powerful pressure coming in from all sides. He felt like he was losing control of the spiritual energy in his body.

Wang Lin's expression became very serious as he quickly closed his eyes and began to cultivate. Large droplets of sweat fell from his forehead and his body was soon soaked in sweat.

At that moment, an enormous rainbow colored cloud appeared in the sky above Zhao. It can be said that it covered the entire sky.

The moment the cloud appeared, it was as if divine retribution had descended. The expression of every cultivator below the Nascent Soul stage, no matter where they were, what sect they were from, or what they were doing, changed.

Under the huge pressure, all of the Qi Condensation disciples were terrified as they lost control of the spiritual energy in their bodies.

All of the Foundation Establishment and Core Formation cultivators quickly sat down to cultivate in order to regulate the spiritual energy in their bodies. Only Nascent Soul cultivators were able to resist, but their expressions changed greatly.

In a secret area in the back mountain of the Xian Dao Sect, Punnan Zi suddenly opened his eyes. His expression changed multiple times before revealing a look of ecstasy. Without a word, he disappeared from the secret area and reappeared 100 kilometers away.

Inside the area of Zhao, several streaks of light appeared in the sky, all charging toward Heaven's Tower in the center of Zhao.

With how the cultivators reacted, the mortals reacted even more strongly. All of them were kneeling on the ground toward Heaven's tower. Legend has it that the rainbow colored divine retribution will arrive once every 100 years. It has finally appeared again.

# Chapter 98: Introduction to the Foreign Battleground

All of the powerful Nascent Soul cultivators flew toward Heaven's Tower.

Deep in the caves of the Corpse Sect, Ye Zizai's eyes lit up as he disappeared from the room and quickly teleported away. Before he left, he used his green jade to send out a command to every Corpse Sect disciple.

"I'm going out for a few days. Open up the defense formation and kill anyone that dares to leave!"

The Teng family ancestor, Teng Huayuan, was cultivating inside the Teng family ancestral home when the rainbow colored cloud appeared. His eyes lit up and hesitation appeared in his eyes. After a while, he left a voice transmission jade and left.

The same scene happened across various major sects throughout Zhao.

From the area of Zhao, all of the trails of light gathered at Heaven's Tower.

Heaven's Tower was the symbol of a country that was part of the Cultivation Union. When a country joins, the Union sends someone to build the tower. A messenger lives inside Heaven's Tower. This messenger doesn't interfere with the affairs of the country they're in and only comes out to settle big problems.

Punnan Zi was the first Nascent Soul cultivator to reach Heaven's Tower. After all, he was the last remaining Nascent Soul cultivator from 500 years ago. His cultivation level was already mid stage Nascent Soul and he was only one step away from late stage Nascent Soul.

Along with the experience he got from the foreign battleground, he had a solid hold on the position of most powerful cultivator in Zhao.

He was wearing a gray robe as he appeared at the base of Heaven's Tower. Looking at Heaven's Tower, the octagon shaped tower reached all

the way up to the sky. There were bursts of light coming from the tower, making it look very mysterious.

Punnan Zi looked up at Heaven's Tower with fear still lingering in his eyes. This was the second time he had been here. The first time was 500 years ago, when all 23 Nascent Soul cultivators of Zhao were forced by a rank 4 country to enter the foreign battleground.

500 years later, he was the only person who returned.

Punnan Zi didn't even know how he survived these 500 years. There were several large battles every day and life and death was decided in an instant.

Over these 500, years he saw many powerful cultivators. These powerful cultivators would only need to move their fingers to kill him.

One of the Nascent Soul cultivators from Zhao, the ancestor of the Heng Yue Sect, Punnan Zi personally saw him being swallowed whole by a very ordinary looking cultivator.

The more Punnan Zi saw, the more scared he became, and the more scared he became, the more he wanted to break past the Nascent Soul stage. In those 500 years in the foreign battleground, he learned that beyond the Spirit Severing stage, there was the Soul Transformation stage.

With mixed feelings, he bowed toward Heaven's Tower and said, "Messenger, Xuan Dao Sect's Punnan Zi is here."

"Punnan Zi, you and I can be considered old acquaintances. You don't need to be so formal." A hearty voice came from the tower, followed by an old man. This old man was slightly round, kind of ugly, and was wearing a green robe that highlighted his round belly, making him look kind of funny.

But Punnan Zi didn't dare to show any disrespect. He waved his hand and took out a bag of holding. He handed it to the old man and said, "Lord messenger, these are some materials I have gathered since I returned. Some of these are materials you asked for."

The fat old man narrowed his eyes and let out a laugh. He accepted the

bag without even looking at it and put it away as he said, "Punnan Zi, you are the first Nascent Soul cultivator from Zhao that managed to return from the foreign battleground since I became the messenger of Zhao. I have already sent all of your information to my sect. They have sent word that if you manage to break into the late stage of Nascent Soul within 100 years, then they will break the rules and accept you as an honorary disciple

Punnan Zi revealed a look of ecstasy and nodded.

As the two were talking, two streaks of light arrived, landing in an open area. A man and woman were in them. The man looked about 30 years old. He was very handsome in an evil kind of way. When he saw the fat old man, he quickly and respectfully said, "He Huan Sect's Chen Huan greets lord messenger."

The female was very beautiful. She looked at the fat old man and respectfully said, "He Huan Sect's Chen Yan greets lord messenger."

The fat messenger nodded and no longer paid them any attention as he began to chat with Punnan Zi. From his view, only Punnan Zi barely had the right to talk with him.

Shortly after, more than 10 people arrived, including Teng Huayuan. The last one to arrive was Ye Zizai. The moment he entered the tower, the fat messenger exhaled softly. He looked at Ye Zizai and let out a faint smile.

When all of the Nascent Soul cultivators arrived, the rainbow colored cloud became even denser in the sky. The fat messenger's expression became serious as he formed a few seals and shot them into the sky.

Shortly after, the cloud began to stir and a ray of red light landed from the sky onto Heaven's Tower. Soon, the other six colors of the rainbow landed on Heaven's Tower as well.

After Heaven's Tower absorbed the seven rays of light, it shook and a ring of light dozens of meters in diameter appeared from the top of the tower. The ring of light shot into the sky, forming a black hole. Rings of white lightning surrounded the black hole.

Looking up, one could see waves of energy spreading out with the pillars of light as the center. The clouds melted like hot water being poured on snow.

Gusts of wind appeared from the pillars of light. The gust hit everyone's clothes, making popping sounds. Most of the people present were early stage Nascent Soul cultivators. All of them backed up a few steps under the wind. Only four people withstood the wind and didn't back up.

These four people were Punnan Zi, Ye Zizai, a white haired cultivator from the Piao Miao Sect, and a skinny old man from the Tian Dao Sect.

The fat messenger's expression became very serious. He flew into the air and respectfully shouted, "Rank 3 country moderator Shi Linyi welcomes the arrival of the cultivation union messenger."

A huge head appeared from the black hole and coldly looked at everyone.

Including the four that didn't back up, all of the Nascent Soul cultivators here felt as if their Nascent Souls were about to collapse under that gaze. They didn't doubt at all that if the person in the black hole stared at them any longer, their Nascent Souls wouldn't be able to withstand the pressure and explode.

Punnan Zi was the first to recover. His face was pale. He recognized this figure very clearly. It was an expert of the Giant Demon Family from the foreign battleground. This family of cultivators cultivated by devouring other cultivators. The ancestor of the Heng Yue Sect was swallowed by a member of the Giant Demon Family before they even revealed their true form.

The giant's gaze landed on Linyi and his expression became a bit softer, but he impatiently said, "This desolate area barely has any spiritual energy at all. If it wasn't for the damn treaty, I could suck all of the spiritual energy from here in one breath. All of you, listen well. The foreign battleground will open up in five months. You guys of Zhao are responsible for the 100,000 square kilometer area 58 degrees north of the entrance. There are seven tokens there. Same rules as normal; four of



them must be broken. Only at most three sects are allowed to enter. If more than three tokens remain after five months, the country of Zhao will lose its right to participate.

With that, the giant opened his mouth and seven rays of light flew out of it, landing on the ground and revealing seven tokens. With that done, the giant's head went back into the black hole, but his head suddenly poked back out and he shouted, "If you find a bead like this in the foreign battleground, you must immediately turn it in. Anyone who turns it in will be rewarded a Soul Transformation level magic treasure, their sect will be rewarded 10 Spirit Severing stage zombies, and their country will be raised by one rank!"

"But if anyone dares to keep it to themselves, their entire country will be wiped out. Linyi, this is a message sent out by the higher ups from Suzaku. You will get the message in a few days." With that, his eyes lit up and the clouds in the sky moved to form an image. The image was that of a bead with a few clouds carved onto it.

If Wang Lin was here, he would immediately recognize that it was the bead that he had been storing near his chest.

With that, the giant muttered a few times and then a giant hand came out from the black hole and grabbed the light pillar at the top of Heaven's Tower. He shook it a few times and said, "Linyi, I'm taking this seven color magical treasure. I can't just come here for nothing."

After a large rumble, the pillar of light was pulled into the black hole and disappeared along with it. The rainbow colored cloud in the sky scattered and the huge pressure covering Zhao disappeared.

The fat messenger's face became ugly. He let out a cold snort as he waved his sleeves and entered the tower. From the tower came his gloomy voice.

"The same old rule; Core Formation and Nascent Soul cultivators aren't allowed to join. Bring your Foundation Establishment cultivators. They are your main fighting force. Everyone, go back. The battle will start in 3 days."

The seven orthodox and demonic sects picked up their tokens. They looked at each other and left without a word. The only interesting part was that the Nascent Soul cultivators of the three orthodox sects all went in the same direction.

Tian Dao Sect's skinny old man viciously looked at the three people that left and said, "Fellow cultivators, how about you all come over to my place for a bit?"

# Chapter 99: The Stone Bead Changes

As for Wang Lin, after the pressure disappeared, his expression darkened. Ye Zizai had left the moment the pressure appeared. "There must be something going on here," he thought.

Although Ye Zizai had left, the Corpse Sect was even more on alert right now. After thinking about it, Wang Lin thought that this might not be a good opportunity, so he spread out his divine sense. But just as his divine sense touched the walls, it was blocked. Only the holes in the wall didn't block him.

But the holes were filled with Yin energy and were very deep. Even after Wang Lin went more than 100 meters into the hole, he still hadn't found anything strange. However, the Yin energy became even more powerful, to the point where his divine sense couldn't withstand it anymore and was showing signs of collapsing. He pondered for a while. He didn't act rashly and firstly withdrew his divine sense. He calmed his heart, then formed a few seals as all of the spiritual energy in his body began to work. Then, a layer of deep blue light appeared on his body. After the light appeared, it form a whirlpool that sucked in all of the white gas.

All of the disciples that were cultivating inside the Corpse Sect had just recovered their senses from the pressure. They were all in shock as they could clearly feel the Yin energy decreasing while Wang Lin cultivated. Because the Yin energy came from a mysterious place deep underground, they were all very surprised.

When Wang Lin saw the endless stream of Yin energy coming, he quickly stopped absorbing it and started to digest the Yin energy in his body.

While he was cultivating, he suddenly felt the area where he held the bead turn cold. He quickly took out the bead and found that countless drops of liquid had gathered on it.

Wang Lin was immediately surprised. It has to be said that the one weakness of the Heaven Defying bead was that there was no spiritual

energy inside it, so he had to drink spirit liquid to keep cultivating inside. But the effect of the spirit water decreased with usage. Only spirit water from dew maintained its effectiveness

But collecting dew was too slow. That's why he hadn't been training inside the bead much after he started cultivating the Underworld Ascension Method. However, he had still been collecting dew to use every now and then.

Now, for some odd reason, the Heaven Defying bead suddenly produced this much liquid. He could clearly feel that the spirit liquid contained Yin energy and the amount of spiritual power wasn't any less than that of spirit liquid made with dew.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. Without a word, he started to gather the liquid.

After he finished collecting all of the liquid, his eyes lit up as he began to cultivate Yin energy again. Immediately, white gas appeared. This time, he kept his divine sense on the stone bead and noticed that some of the white gas entered the stone bead, causing several drops of liquid to appear on it.

Wang Lin revealed a joyous expression. Just like that, he collected a gourd of spirit liquid.

The gourd had completely changed color. It was now a dark blue that emitted a ghostly light. Even when Wang Lin touched it, he felt a bit cold.

If someone else were to touch it, just an instant of contact would allow the Yin energy to invade their body and freeze their blood, muscles, and bones.

He carefully put away the gourd inside his bag of holding. As he took out another gourd, his gaze suddenly locked onto the stone bead.

There was originally only one leaf on the stone bead, but now there was a second leaf that was symmetrical to the first leaf.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. According to Situ Nan, the bead needed to absorb the five elements of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. Only after

that would the bead be truly unlocked and acknowledge an owner.

The water element was already full, which was why the clouds on the bead had disappeared. The leaf indicated that it needed wood element.

But wood element materials were hard to find. When Wang Lin checked the market in Teng Family City, he found a few, but their prices were all extremely high. And he didn't know how to make the bead absorb them or even if those materials were enough to complete the bead, so he gave up on them.

But looking at it now, there was an extra leaf on the bead. This caused Wang Lin to go into deep thought. After carefully looking at the bead for a long time, Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He was no longer in a rush to leave, at least not until the bead finished evolving or until he figures out the secrets of the bead.

But there were still things that needed to be done. Wang Lin put away the stone bead and his hand formed a seal that shot out a beam of blue light toward the wall. When the blue light hit the wall, the wall seemed to melt. A hole opened up in the cave. Wang Lin went through the hole and went the originally planned route.

The tunnel wasn't long, so it didn't take much time for him to reach the other cave. Just as he came out of the tunnel, he suddenly stopped as he saw Mu Rong sitting there, cross legged. Mu Rong stared at Wang Lin and said:

"Ancestor, please go back. The first ancestor left an order stating that no one may leave their personal cave. Ancestor, please don't make it hard on me."

Wang Lin's gaze swept the room as he nodded and took a few steps back. He turned around and headed back toward his own cave as he thought to himself that the situation had changed.

Wang Lin understood that the corpse sect had strict rules, but no matter how strict they were, there was no need to place a mid stage Foundation Establishment expert outside his room.

Before, when he arrived, he clearly remembered that the person in that room was a 13th layer Qi Condensation disciple.

Thinking about this, Wang Lin went toward another exit inside his own cave. After a while, he came out of the tunnel into a smaller cave.

But just as he took a few steps out, he immediately stopped. On the floor of the cave sat a youth dressed in black. He coldly looked at Wang Lin without a word and behind him was a green coffin.

“Another mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator...” Wang Lin’s pupils shrank as he backed up and left. It wasn’t until he went really far that the youth’s divine sense finally stopped locking onto him.

And so, Wang Lin checked all 11 tunnels connected to his cave. Aside from the 5 that were sealed, the other six all had Foundation Establishment cultivators guarding the cave, and one of them even had a late stage Foundation Establishment cultivator.

Wang Lin returned to his cave with a heavy heart,. He sat down and began to ponder. All of this was definitely not a coincidence. It was not hard to guess that this was arranged by Ye Zizai to prevent Wang Lin from leaving.

Wang Lin frowned. Of the six people, besides the one late stage Foundation Establishment cultivator, Wang Lin was confident that he could defeat them even if they had a corpse puppet. But this was only the first layer of caves. On the way here here, there were over 30 caves.

As a result, he is unable to leave in a short period of time, so before he would even be able to make it to the last cave, he would be stopped by the late stage Foundation Establishment cultivator, or even a Core Formation cultivator from the Corpse Sect.

Wang Lin couldn’t help but let out a smile. He wished that Situ Nan was awake right now. If Situ Nan was awake, it would be much easier to leave by utilizing Situ Nan’s experience.

Wang Lin called Situ Nan a few times inside the bead, but gave up after not getting any response.

But Wang Lin knew that if he wanted to leave this place, it was not something he could do in a short period of time. His actions earlier were only to check out the situation.

Both of his hands formed a seal and closed the cave. He began to cultivate Yin energy once more. Not only did he have the bead, but his divine sense also entered the holes in the wall.

Wang Lin didn't split up his Divine Sense, but moved all of it as one into one of the small holes. As a result, the range of his divine sense increased greatly.

Originally, with his divine sense, his range was 1 kilometer, but the interference from the cave wall was extremely strong, so it was trapped inside the cave.

As Wang Lin cultivated, the white gas quickly gathered toward him. His divine sense was like a thin thread traveling through the tunnels in the walls. Although the tunnels were very long, their complexity was even more amazing.

Soon, he arrived at the farthest he had ever probed, which was about 100 meters away from Wang Lin's cave. After his divine sense reached there, it became difficult for it to go any farther as waves of Yin energy rushed forward. If it wasn't for the fact that Wang Lin was cultivating the Underworld Ascension Method, which made him very resistant to Yin energy, his divine sense would have collapsed under one wave of this Yin energy.

Nevertheless, the speed at which he was probing had slowed down by a lot. After an unknown amount of time, his divine sense had reached 300 meters into the tunnel. The white gas that was rushing toward him came in waves until it almost formed a wall that blocked his path.

Wang Lin clenched his teeth and smashed through this wall with his divine sense.

The scene before him caused the Wang Lin who had been sitting there cultivating with closed eyes to open up his eyes.

# Chapter 100: Refining the Sword Sheath

This was a very large cave with countless small holes on its walls. Wang Lin's divine sense came out of one of those small holes.

In the center of the room was a huge coffin. This coffin looked very normal. In fact, there weren't even any decorations on it at all, but waves of powerful Yin energy were being released from the coffin. The Yin energy turned into white gas that was sucked into the countless holes.

Wang Lin hesitated and observed the coffin for a while. Then, he attempted to check it out with his divine sense and, to his surprise, he entered without any resistance.

The coffin was completely empty except for a large hole. The Yin energy was coming out of this hole.

The Yin energy was very dense. The waves of Yin energy prevented Wang Lin's divine sense from seeing through it.

In his own cave, Wang Lin's eyes revealed a determined light. In order to find out where this Yin energy was coming from and why the bead could absorb this Yin energy, he took out the gourd from his bag of holding and took a gulp without any hesitation.

Even with Wang Lin's current physical condition, he couldn't help but shiver. He was quickly losing consciousness and his body became numb. Wang Lin didn't waste any time and quickly circulated the spiritual energy in his body to absorb the Yin energy. As he absorbed the Yin energy, his divine sense became more powerful. With the constant flow of energy, his divine sense charged into the hole in the coffin.

His divine sense struggled inside the hole and many times the Yin energy almost scattered his divine sense. When he went down 400 meters or so, the Yin energy formed a wall.

Wang Lin clenched his teeth and took a large gulp of Yin spirit liquid. He charged through the wall and was shocked by what he saw.

An extremely large body was floating in the air. If Wang Lin were to



compare his body to this giant's, he would only be the size of the giant's finger. On the body were these strange, greenish-purple plants. The plants would move in a strange manner and the body would visibly shrink, but quickly grow back to normal. As the cycle continued, the purple plants rapidly released Yin energy.

Wang Lin was stunned. He spread out his divine sense, observed it for a while, and was stunned. This body was purposely left here by someone. Its purpose was to be nutrients for the greenish-purple plants.

It was clear that the reason the Corpse Sect had this Yin energy was due to these plants.

Even the reason why the Heaven Defying bead evolved must be these planets. Wang Lin felt that this place was very weird because the moment he entered, he had this feeling of danger.

Just as he was about to leave, a difficult to understand voice could be heard.

Wang Lin didn't say a word and attempted to withdraw his divine sense, but he was shocked to find out that the Yin energy in the room was blocking him from leaving. Soon, the voice grew closer and closer, until he was almost able to hear what it was saying.

"Save me..."

Wang Lin decisively took the gourd and drank all of the remaining Yin spirit liquid. His divine sense shook as he charged into the surrounding Yin energy. Large amounts of Yin energy entered his divine sense and mixed with the unabsorbed Yin energy in his body, causing Wang Lin to cough out a mouthful of blood. By the time the blood was coughed out, it was already frozen solid.

Even so, his divine sense broke through the obstacle and quickly returned to his body. He coughed out more frozen blood as he revealed a terrified expression.

He didn't dare to check again and quickly began to cultivate to regulate his body. After a while, he opened his eyes and began to ponder as he

stared at the holes in the wall.

Time slowly passed and in the blink of an eye, Wang Lin had already been at the Corpse Sect for four days. In these four days, aside from three days ago, when he explored underground with his divine sense, he didn't go out at all. He spent all this time collecting Yin spirit liquid from the bead. During this time, the bead went from two leaves to three leaves.

According to Wang Lin's calculations, the total number of leaves should be the same as the clouds from before, a total of ten. Wang Lin also knew from previous experience that each leaf would take longer than the last. If he just continued like this, then it would take years before he could complete the wood element.

But the Corpse Sect was not a place he could stay in for long. He decided to check that place out once again to find a way for his body to enter. If he could get some of that plant, he was sure he could make the bead evolve much faster.

But the danger of doing this was simply too great. Even Wang Lin was unsure.

After pondering for a long time, he gave up on going down there in person. He understood that with his current cultivation level, no matter how careful he was, the chances of him being able to get some of that greenish purple plant were low and that he was more likely to lose his life. After thinking about the situation, he knew he that it was not safe.

After he made up his mind, he slapped his bag of holding and an ancient looking sword sheath floated before him.

After Wang Lin obtained this sword sheath, he had only refined it once after he stole Teng Li's foundation. Although he didn't successfully refine it, he gained some control over it, but the effect wasn't great. He had only been able to make the flying sword sink 3/5th of the way in.

Wang Lin had studied this sword sheath many times. Even Situ Nan said that this sword Sheath was very strange and was more valuable than the small flying sword that went through blood refining.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he muttered, "Sun Hao said before that he found this sword and sword sheath inside an ancient cave and that besides his master, only people who had reached the Core Formation stage could refine it. There are truths and lies in this. It is not that you can't refine it if you are below the Core Formation stage, it is just the amount of time and spiritual energy it takes is too great. Once you have reached the Core Formation stage, the fire in one's core shortens the process greatly. Unfortunately, the blood refining technique can only be used on one item. If it could be used on both at the same time, then things would be much easier."

Wang Lin didn't even blink as he stared at the sword sheath. In order to increase the power of his flying sword, he must try to refine this sword sheath again. Although he didn't have a core, he did have a cold core from cultivating the Underworld Ascension Method.

All of the spiritual energy in his body was managed by the cold core in his body. Wang Lin had studied it for a while, but Situ Nan once told him that a cold core was far from a real core and that unless it was a last resort, his cold core shouldn't leave his body. After the cold core leaves the body for a period of time, it dissipates, meaning that he would have to form another one.

The first time he refined the sword sheath was when he first entered the Foundation Establishment stage. Now that he has cultivated the Underworld Ascension Method, not to mention the change in quality of his spiritual energy, his spiritual energy itself had also increased greatly. He was now at the peak of early stage Foundation Establishment and was only one step away from mid stage Foundation Establishment, so it would be much easier this time.

Thinking about that, Wang Lin opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of Yin spiritual energy. The moment the Yin spiritual energy touched the sword sheath, a layer of frost covered the sword sheath.

Wang Lin pointed with his finger and the sword sheath slowly turned in the air while radiating a blue light. It looked very beautiful.

Wang Lin's hand didn't stop as he shot out multiple beams of blue light. Every time the blue light touched the sword sheath, the sword sheath would tremble. Gradually, Wang Lin's hand moved faster and faster, until it looked like there was a stream of light connecting Wang Lin's hand with the sword sheath and the frequency of the sword sheath's trembling escalated.

Large drops of sweat appeared on Wang Lin's forehead, but they were instantly frozen and fell to the ground. Wang Lin didn't have time to bother with that at all as he quickly shot out a few more rays of blue light. Then, he quickly slapped his bag of holding and drank some Yin spirit liquid before he continued to refine the sword sheath.

Time slowly passed. After the sword sheath had trembled for such a long time, the blue light surrounding it went on and off. Slowly, a pentagon shape appeared on the sword sheath.

After he saw the pattern, Wang Lin relaxed a bit. He no longer shot out blue rays of light and instead regulated the spiritual energy in his body as he thought, "My cultivation is about five times stronger than before. Situ Nan told me of a method that can force the formation on the sword sheath to appear by using my spiritual energy. Last time, I shot out 5000 rays of spiritual energy before the formation appeared, but I was too tired to continue. This time, it appeared after only 1000 rays. Although my cultivation level has increased a lot, it is still too far away from the Core Formation stage. Situ Nan said before that at the Core Formation stage, only a few rays of spiritual energy would force the formation to appear."

He took a deep breath. His right hand formed a seal and pointed at his abdomen. His stomach shrank back in as he reveal a painful expression. His right hand slowly rose from his abdomen and he opened his mouth as a blue orb the size of a baby's fist floated out of his mouth.

Wang Lin's face was pale. After breathing slowly for a bit, he quickly pointed at the cold core. Suddenly, the cold core melted into a puddle of blue liquid. Wang Lin's face became even more pale. There wasn't even a trace of blood, but Wang Lin's expression became even more serious as he carefully guided the melted cold core toward the sword sheath.

# Chapter 101: Soul Jade

After finishing that, Wang Lin's expression became even more serious as he stared at the symbol on the sword sheath. He formed a seal with both of his hands and he spat out a mouthful of blue spiritual energy. The moment the blue spiritual energy touched the sword sheath, a blue flame surrounded the it

It doesn't seem right to call it fire. Although it had the shape of a flame, it didn't have fire's temperature. In fact, the moment this flame appeared, the temperature of the entire room dropped.

Wang Lin didn't even blink as he controlled the cold flame to refine the sword sheath.

This cold flame was something he came up with while trying to copy a Core Formation cultivator's core flame. Because he had no one to consult with, he was very careful about it. After theorizing for a long time, he believe that his cold flame was enough to refine the sword sheath.

Time slowly passed. Three days later, Ye Zizai returned to the plain above the Corpse Sect like a meteor. The moment his feet touched the ground, he disappeared without a trace.

When he reappeared, he was already inside his own chamber. He was very unsettled as he thought about his deal with the other three demonic sects.

The qualification exam to enter the foreign battleground was won by the demonic sects before, but now there was Punnan Zi and his Xuan Dao Sect, so the outcome was uncertain.

His brows were locked as he muttered, "Are you confident in killing Punnan Zi?"

A hoarse voice came out of Ye Zizai's body. "Although that junior is only at the mid stage of Nascent Soul, he is at the peak of the mid stage. If he is lucky, he can break into the late stage within 100 years and become the master of a rank 3 cultivation country. If my possession is

complete, he won't be a big deal, but right now, I don't want to make matters more complicated."

Ye Zizai pondered for a long time in silence. After a long time, he took out a piece of jade. The jade was green with points of blood flashing non-stop.

"All Foundation Establishment disciples from caves 77 to 99 quickly gather in cave 36." After he finished speaking, he pondered for a while and looked at the corner he sealed Adai in. Then, he came to a decision. He placed a jade on his forehead, then threw it out.

Mu Rong was cultivating when his eyes suddenly opened as a jade in his bag of holding flew out by itself. His expression slightly changed and he picked it up with an unsettled expression. After a long time, he sighed and muttered, "Good thing I broke through the early stage to the mid stage of Foundation Establishment three years ago and jumped from cave 82 to 72, or my life would be in danger this time."

Suddenly, green smoke appeared before him, forming the shape of a piece of jade.

Mu Rong was stunned. After he scanned the jade, he sneered and turned toward Wang Lin's cave.

After a short period of time, he arrived at Wang Lin's cave. Seeing that the cave was sealed, he pressed his hand on the entrance and used his spiritual energy to shake the cave. After that, he shouted, "Ancestor, the First Ancestor is gathering Foundation Establishment cultivators in cave 36. I'm here to guide you there."

After receiving no reply, he frowned. From the First Ancestor's message earlier, Wang Lin didn't seem to be favored. Also, before the First Ancestor left, he ordered him and several other Foundation Establishment cultivators to guard Wang Lin. In conclusion, Wang Lin was like a prisoner.

But Mu Rong was very smart. He wouldn't say any of this out loud.

Just at that moment, the sealed cave opened with a cracking sound. A

tired Wang Lin walked out.

Mu Rong looked at Wang Lin and smiled, "Ancestor, what happened to you?"

Wang Lin didn't answer, but took out his dark blue jade and said, "Brother Mu, please guide me to cave 36."

Mu Rong didn't mind. He nodded and walked in front of Wang Lin.

A cold light flashed across Wang Lin's eyes as he coldly smiled in his heart. Although he wasn't able to completely refine the sword sheath in these three days, he was now able to go 4/5th of the way into the sword sheath, increasing the power of his flying sword greatly.

They walked past one cave after another until they entered a giant cave with 16 stone pillars. On top of each stone pillar was a ball of blue flame.

The ghostly light from the blue flame made the place look very creepy.

Inside the cave neatly stood 20ish people. Each of them had a coffin behind them. The coffins came in various shapes, but all released powerful auras.

After having lead Wang Lin here, Mu Rong looked at the people present with a complicated look. He then turned around and left without a word.

Wang Lin frowned. He felt like there was something wrong here. After carefully checking out the people, he became even more cautious. Almost everyone here had just entered the Foundation Establishment stage and all of them seemed very dumb, as in without much intelligence.

There weren't any mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivators present, but there were some late stage ones. These three were clearly very different, like the difference between a dead and a living person.

Wang Lin's pupils shrank when gas came out of the 16 blue flames. The gas gathered and formed the shape of Ye Zizai. Wang Lin noticed that after he appeared, the eyes of everyone in the cave were filled with admiration.

Ye Zizai's gaze swept past everyone. His gaze stopped on Wang Lin for a

few seconds. He plainly said, "The foreign battleground that opens up once every 100 years is about to open again. In order to gain the right to enter, we might fight against the orthodox sects. The rule is that Core Formation and Nascent Soul cultivators aren't allowed to enter. Soon, you all will be teleported to Jue Ming Valley. Du Chen will be in charge of the everyone there. Du Chen, come here."

A black clothed middle aged man walked up. Wang Lin looked at him and saw that he was one of the three late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators who had already entered the realm of pseudo Core Formation.

"This is the token to enter the foreign battleground. Hang on to it well. Remember, the goal of this competition is to steal the other tokens. Also, be careful of the other three demonic sects. Anyone who kills five enemies will have their soul freed" With that, he handed over the token, then took out three pieces of jade as his cold gaze suddenly landed on Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's expression was normal as he silently looked at Ye Zizai.

Ye Zizai's tone was normal as he calmly said, "These jades contain a sliver of everyone's soul besides yours."

Without a word, Wang Lin bit the tip of his tongue and spat out some blood. He touched his forehead with his right hand and a golden light shone, causing the blood to become a drop of golden blood.

The technique to extract a sliver of his soul was recorded in the jade Ye Zizai gave him.

Wang Lin pointed at the drop of golden blood. It shot forward and landed on one of the jades in Ye Zizai's hand. Ye Zizai was stunned as he looked at Wang Lin. He didn't expect Wang Lin to be so willing. Originally, he was prepared to directly kill Wang Lin if he resisted. He had already made the decision to not use Wang Lin as a corpse puppet or possession target anymore. After all, aside from the strange cultivation method, Wang Lin's talent wasn't nearly as good as that of the ones he had already prepared. Any one of the people he had prepared for his body or corpse puppet had much more talent than Wang Lin, so he chose Adai



in the end.

Upon seeing that Wang Lin obeyed orders, Ye Zizai looked at Wang Lin and waved his hand. A giant cave opened up. It was very dark inside and there was a suction force coming from inside.

Ye Zizai threw the three jades containing slivers of everyone's soul toward Du Chen and two other people. Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he noticed that the other two were the remaining two late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators.

The doubt in Wang Lin's heart became even more intense, but his expression remained normal. He carefully remembered the cultivator that held the jade containing part of his soul.

Ye Zizai blandly said, "Go, I'll wait for the good news."

Du Chen respectfully nodded. He was the first one to step into the giant cave and disappear.

Wang Lin's expression was normal. He didn't hesitate at all as he disappeared from the Corpse Sect.

After everyone left, a hoarse voice echoed in the cave.

"Ye Zizai, with 20 plus puppets and that brat as a sacrifice, once the puppets consume them, their cultivation level will jump to pseudo Core Formation. This time, the Corpse Sect's qualification is assured."

Ye Zizai calmly said, "The Yin energy in Wang Lin is very pure, so he must have some secrets on him. If it was a few years earlier, I would have taken the time to investigate it a bit, but now I only have three months left to live. The day the foreign battleground opens is the day I die, so there isn't any point to it anymore. Since I'm not going to use his body, might as well use it as feed for the corpse puppets to boost their strength."

"Luo Cha, I'll ask you to boost Adai to the Core Formation stage. Once the foreign battleground opens, go find me a good corpse puppet. In return, I'll make a trip to the jungle to help Lord Zi possess my junior apprentice brother Wu Yu."

The hoarse voice laughed madly and agreed.

Jue Ming Valley was at the southern edge of Zhao. The valley was very large. It contained several jungles and rivers. Being the place used for the competition for entering the foreign battleground, this area was shrouded by fog year round.

At this point, in the northern area of the valley, a large door appeared as cultivators with coffins behind them floated out one by one.

After the last person appeared, the giant door turned into points of golden light and slowly dissipated.

Just at that moment, the three late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators were about to crush the jades containing the slivers of soul with their hands.

# Chapter 102: Calamity Mourning (1)

Wang Lin had kept an eye on the person that was holding the jade containing a part of his soul. The moment he saw that the three were about to crush the jades, he opened his mouth. A green flying sword flew out and attacked the three.

The moment the green light appeared, the temperature in the area dropped. The flying sword that Wang Lin blood refined had also changed after Wang Lin started cultivating the Underworld Ascension Method. Yin energy had entered the flying sword.

The Yin energy on the sword was very tyrannical. All of the plants in the area suddenly froze. Even all of the early stage Foundation Establishment cultivators felt their bodies go numb as frost started to form on their clothes.

The cultivator holding the jade containing Wang Lin's sliver of soul was shocked. He didn't have time to crush the jade. All he could do was quickly back up. But not even in his dreams did he expect the flying sword to start humming then suddenly disappearing from his view. He quickly threw out magical treasures to defend himself, but it was too late.

The flying sword appeared one meter away from the cultivator and pierced through his throat. Blood sprayed out from the spot the sword pierced. He held his throat with both of his hands as he fell down with a look of disbelief on his face.

Wang Lin jumped. He grabbed the jade and threw it into his bag of holding.

All of this happened too quickly. Calling it a strike of lightning would be very appropriate. At the same time, the other two cultivators had crushed their jades. Pink smoke appeared and spread like waves into the surrounding area.

The moment the coffins that the Corpse Sect's disciples were carrying came into contact with the pink smoke, scratching sounds could be heard from inside the coffins. It was as if people were lying in the coffins and

scratching the inside with their nails.

Looking at the Foundation Establishment cultivators, they all looked like they were under the effect of a binding technique. They couldn't move at all.

After crushing the jades, the two late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators didn't even look at Wang Lin as they charged back toward the gate that was about to collapse.

The two disappeared into the gate in a flash and then the gate dissipated into specks of golden light and disappeared without a trace.

Wang Lin didn't say a word. He quickly backed up as he looked at the disciples of the corpse sect and began to ponder.

The scratching sounds became even louder, until one of the coffins broke and a hand reached out, followed by the sound of heavy breathing.

Slowly, a mummy with long, black hair sat up in the coffin. Its eyes emitted a green light as it scanned its surroundings until its gaze finally landed on its master.

Its bloodshot eyes turned cold as it let out a scream and grabbed its master. It breathed viciously with its nose. The early stage Foundation Establishment cultivator trembled as his body turned into a white gas. The white gas was inhaled by the corpse puppet.

At the same time, the withered body of the mummy started to recover.

Not long after, the cultivator was a bag of bones while the corpse puppet had returned to human form.

The corpse puppet sucked again and the cultivator let out a scream and died. A yellow gas escaped from the cultivators body. The corpse puppet grabbed the yellow gas and put it into its mouth.

Soon, the corpse puppet changed until it looked exactly like the cultivator that had just died.

At the same time, one by one, the coffins broke and one by one the hands of corpse puppets reached out. All of these corpse puppets

attacked their masters once they escaped.

Not all of the corpse puppets did this. About ⅓ of the corpse puppets came out and just stood there, confused.

Wang Lin was stunned as he looked at scene before him. All of the corpse puppets that had turned into something resembling their masters had late stage Foundation Establishment cultivation. Wang Lin stared at these freaks. His scalp numbed as he slowly backed up.

Screams could soon be heard from that direction. All of the corpse puppets that had taken the forms of their masters jumped on the remaining Corpse Sect disciples.

Blood and body parts flew through the air. Wang Lin turned around and escaped without a word.

After escaping far away, Wang Lin stopped right outside of a jungle. He felt like he had finally experienced how vicious the Corpse Sect was. If he didn't stop that cultivator from crushing the jade, he would have become those creatures' food.

Wang Lin coldly laughed in his heart. He knew that this Jue Ming Valley was very dangerous as both the orthodox sects and demonic sects were gathered here for the competition for the right to enter the foreign battleground. Wang Lin didn't want to get mixed into this, he just wanted to find places of extreme Yin and go into closed door cultivation to become stronger.

The more he came in contact with the cultivation world, the more danger he experienced. He felt like one wrong step would lead him to his death. But since he had already entered the cultivation world, the only way to secure his own safety was to get stronger.

At the same time, the wood element the heaven defying bead needed was also an important matter in Wang Lin's heart.

While thinking about this, Wang Lin suddenly stepped back. A black light zipped by where Wang Lin was just standing. It was followed by a laugh.

“Brat, you dodged pretty quickly.” A youth wearing luxurious clothes slowly walked out. After checking out Wang Lin, he asked, “What sect?”

Wang Lin coldly replied, “Corpse Sect.”

The luxuriously dressed youth was startled. He asked, “Corpse Sect? The rumor is that all of the Corpse Sect disciples carry around a coffin. Where is yours?”

Wang Lin stared at the youth and frowned.

The youth coldly snorted. He pointed his finger at Wang Lin and a black light appeared in his hand as he said, “It doesn’t matter if you’re from the Corpse Sect or not. Leave behind your bag of holding.”

A cold light flashed across Wang Lin’s eyes. He spread out his divine sense and found that there were three more people in the jungle. He didn’t say a word as he backed up a few steps.

When the youth saw Wang Lin back up, he revealed a look of contempt. He waved his hand and shot the black light toward Wang Lin’s chest, aiming for the heart.

Wang Lin raised his brow and waved his sleeves as the attraction force technique formed a giant hand before him. The black light penetrated a few inches into the attraction force technique before disappearing.

Wang Lin coldly looked at the youth. He noticed with this divine sense that the three hiding in the jungle were quickly heading over. He didn’t want to waste time with them, so he quickly backed away.

The youth became angry. Although both of their cultivation levels were early stage Foundation Establishment, he had three brothers coming, and one of them was already at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment. The four of them didn’t move with the other people of the Tian Dao Sect. They decided to use this as a chance to steal from others.

It has to be said that during this competition, all of the sects had given out a lot of magical treasures to raise the power of the Foundation Establishment disciples.

When the youth saw that Wang Lin was only one person, he had the urge to kill him, and now that he saw Wang Lin trying to run away, he slapped his bag of holding and an eight inch ruler flew out.

This ruler was completely green. When it appeared, it emitted a powerful fragrance. The youth took a deep breath and without a word, pointed the ruler forward. The ruler shook and a large black mushroom grew out of it. The mushroom detached from the ruler and floated in the air.

The youth's expression was serious as he quickly took out something from his bag of holding and threw it. Wang Lin saw a flash of red light as a red wasp flew toward the mushroom and devoured it with only a few bites.

The wasp suddenly became several times bigger. It was the size of a fist. It let out a scream and charged toward Wang Lin.

Although all of this sounds slow, it all happened in the blink of an eye. Wang Lin's eyes became cold as the small, green flying sword appeared before him and charged toward the wasp.

The wasp let out a hum and dodged to the side of the flying sword, but at the same time, the flying sword suddenly disappeared. The flying sword reappeared before the youth and pierced through his chest, leaving a bloody hole there.

The luxuriously dressed youth wasn't even able to react before he died.

The moment the youth died, the ruler dimmed and fell to the ground. Wang Lin used his attraction force technique to quickly grab it, as well as the youth's bag of holding, and left.

The wasp circled once in the air and quickly chased after Wang Lin.

At the same time, three figures charged out of the jungle. There were two males and one female. One of the males' face was gloomy as he looked at the body on the ground and shouted, "Chase!"

In this very moment, in a small town at the northern border of Zhao, appeared two uninvited guests. One of them was very skinny, wore a

black robe, and had eyes that contained a poisonous gaze.

To his side was a very fairy-like person. This person was very old and full of wrinkles, but had a special air about him. The aura he released made a clear contrast with the dark aura of the skinny man.

Currently, he was standing outside the town with an ancient mirror. His hand constantly formed seals as he was calculating something.

The black robed man was filled with killing intent as he said, "Fellow cultivator Qiming, did you manage to calculate it?"

The cultivator frowned and said, "Teng Huayuan, you don't know that person's name or appearance. How am I supposed to find him with just the power of a curse?"

The black robed old man was Teng Huayuan. He stared at the other man and said, word for word, "Fellow cultivator Qiming, I'm willing to take out Wu Feng Valley's token for your ability to predict the heavens. If you can find me that person's family, then I'll help you with anything you need, as long as I'm capable."

The cultivator pondered for a while. He sighed and said, "Fine, I'll try my best. But fellow cultivator Teng, all vengeance has a start and all debts have a collector. I hope you don't kill too much..."



# Chapter 103: Calamity Mourning (2)

Teng Huayuan let out an eerie smile as he released a massive killing aura. He secretly thought, “Li Er, grandpa is going to get revenge for you!” Thinking about Teng Li, Teng Huayuan couldn’t help but feel grief in his heart. The most outstanding 4th generation disciple of the Teng family suddenly got killed by someone.

After Teng Li died, Teng Huayuan dug into the matter and found out what really happened. Aside from Wang Lin, anyone else who was involved was noted by Teng Huayuan.

The other cultivator sighed and said, “Fellow cultivator Teng, according to my calculations, that that person is at Jue Ming Valley. Why do you want to find his family? Forget about this. All debts have a collector. If word gets out that you took your anger out on mortals, it won’t look good.”

Teng Huayuan’s face sank as he stared at the other cultivator without a word.

The cultivator bitterly smiled as he shook his head. He held a bronze mirror and formed a seal with his right hand. The bronze mirror immediately floated into the air and started to wander around, as if it was looking for something. However, after flying back and forth for a long time, it wasn’t able to find the direction.

The cultivator frowned. He knew that this was happening because there were too few clues. He pointed at the mirror and it flew back into his hand.

The cultivator bit his finger and quickly drew a symbol with his own blood on the mirror. He tossed the mirror out again. This time, it grew to several times its original size. The mirror was crystal clear and there were ripples on the surface.

The mirror slanted and faced Teng Huayuan.

The cultivator said, with a serious expression, “Don’t be surprised,

fellow cultivator Teng. My mirror needs to absorb the aura of the curse between you two.”

Traces of black gas came out of Teng Huayuan’s forehead and went into the mirror. The ripples on the mirror increased until the image of a large house was imprinted onto it.

Teng Huayuan’s eyes were filled with killing intent. After he finished looking, he turned to look at the other cultivator.

The cultivator hesitated and let out a sigh. He waved his right hand and the mirror flew to the ground. It immediately increased in size until it was as large as a person. The cultivator forced a smile and walked into the mirror.

Teng Huayuan let out a smile and followed behind.

After the two entered, the mirror shrank until it disappeared without a trace.

There was a small town 100 kilometers away from that spot. The Wang family could be considered a big family in these parts. It was said that the Wang family had younger generations who had joined cultivation sects. These kinds of news spread fast in these small areas.

The Wang family started out as a carpenter family with various shops in the towns. From the eyes of an outsider, the Wang family was the largest family in the area.

In the entire town, the most luxurious building had to be the Wang family’s main house. On this day, the sun in the sky was like a giant furnace baking the earth. A guard of the Wang family was leaning against a pillar, fanning himself to get rid of the heat.

His cotton robe was already soaked in the chest and back area.

“This damn weather is so hot. How are we supposed to live in this?” The guard opened up his robe and fanned harder.

At that moment, the door of a side building opened up and a servant girl came out with a bowl. She walked through the main household until she

arrived at the door. She let out a laugh and said, "Brother, drink this sour plum soup to relieve the heat."

The guard turned around and saw the girl. He suddenly smiled and received the bowl. He drank it all in one go. He soon felt a cool sensation in his body and sighed. "The masters really know how to enjoy themselves. This ice cold sour plum soup is really delicious. Little sister, when you came out, you didn't let young master Hao see you, right?"

The girl took the fan and helped fan the guard as she smiled and said, "Brother, you can be at ease. The young master didn't see me. I used the moment when he wasn't looking to come out. Besides, young master Hao is a very good person, so even if he saw me, there wouldn't be any problems."

The guard enjoyed his little sister fanning him. He nodded and said, "That is true. Young master Hao is an immortal, how could he be bothered with us? Little sister, you have to show off more. If you catch young master Hao's attention and become his concubine, then your brother here would have it easy. Just give me work as a house staff and I'd be happy."

The girl's cheeks became red as she rolled her eyes at her brother and said, "Brother, you've worked for the Wang family for longer than I have. I heard that there are a total of three young masters who were chosen by immortals, but I been here for three years now and aside from young master Hao, I only saw young master Zhuo once. Where is the third person?"

The guard proudly said, "This I know. That third young master is named Wang Lin. He can't compare to younger master Hao and them. I heard that he was a..." As he was speaking, he suddenly closed his mouth and stared at the sky.

He saw a rainbow colored light quickly flying toward them and landing on the ground in the blink of an eye, revealing a youth in black. This youth's skin was as smooth as jade and his face was very handsome. He had a sword on his back.

But if one looked closely, they would see that this was no longer a youth. There were lines near the corners of his eyes. The arrogance from his youth was no longer there. Instead, there was a sense of age.

“Young... young master Zhuo.” The guard stammered and quickly bowed.

The girl was startled by the way the young master landed. She quickly hid herself behind her brother.

This person was Wang Zhuo. He frowned as he looked at the guard and said, “Your name is Wang Tao, correct?”

The guard didn’t think that Wang Zhuo would remember his name. His spirits immediately rose. He replied, “Master, I am Wang Tao.”

Wang Zhuo hesitated for a bit and slowly said, “Wang Tao, who told you about Wang Lin? What did they say?”

Wang Tao’s heart trembled as he said, “It was... it was the housekeeper who said it. They said that he is too ashamed to return home and that he was a piece of trash that tried to fight with you for the right to become an immortal.”

Wang Zhuo pondered silently. After a long time, he let out a sigh. He muttered to himself as well as to Wang Tao. “Trash... compared to him, I’m afraid I’m the real trash.”

Wang Tao was startled. He heard Wang Zhuo’s words and became very confused. Just at that moment, a youth walked out from the house. This youth was very sturdy and handsome. He stood there, looking at Wang Zhuo, and plainly said, “Wang Zhuo, long time no see.”

Wang Zhuo bitterly smiled and said, “Wang Hao, we haven’t see each other in 3 years. You’ve changed a lot.”

Wang Hao’s face was filled with melancholy. They both became silent. The guard Wang Tao and his little sister stood on the side, not daring to breath. He knew that these two were the geniuses of the Wang family, high above them both.

Wang Hao whispered, "Any news about Wang Lin?"

Wang Zhuo revealed a complicated expression and said, "After he left the Heng Yue Sect, there has been no news."

Wang Hao sighed and asked, "What cultivation level are you at now? With your talent, you should have caught the eyes of many elders at the Xuan Dao Sect."

Wang Zhuo bitterly said, "It's been hard to improve. I'm at the 11th layer of Qi Condensation and that is only because I managed to win the competition last year by luck and was allowed to enter the back mountain. I wonder what cultivation level he is at now. He must at least be at the 15th layer already."

Wang Hao pondered for a while and laughed at himself. "I'm only at the 7th layer. It's only been a few years and the gap has already widened."

Wang Tao was shocked. Although he didn't know what Qi Condensation or Foundation Establishment were, from the talk of the two young masters, he understood that this Wang Lin was not the trash that the housekeeper made him out to be.

At that moment, the sky suddenly darkened and the heat in the air suddenly disappeared. A huge mirror quietly appeared in the sky. Ripples appeared on the mirror's surface as two people walked out. One of them had a very immortal-like aura and the other was covered in an evil aura.

A huge pressure descended from the sky.

Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao's expressions changed greatly. They didn't even dare to breath. Wang Zhuo quickly clasped his hands and said, "Junior is Xuan Dao Sect's Wang Zhuo. Greetings, both seniors."

The fairy-like immortal was startled and asked, "Xuan Dao Sect? Do you have proof?"

Wang Zhuo's heart skipped a beat. He had a feeling that something bad was about to happen as he quickly took out his identity jade. The cultivator took the jade and looked at it. Then he looked at Wang Hao and asked, "You are as well?"

Wang Hao was smart. He nodded without hesitation.

Teng Huayuan let out a snort as he waved his hand. With two bangs, the heads of the guard and his little sister exploded. Blood sprayed everywhere.

Two clouds of yellow gas floated up from the bodies. Teng Huayuan took out a flag and collected the two clouds of gas.

Shortly after, two faces filled with pain appeared on the flag. It was the guard and his sister.

Teng Huayuan grimly said, "Today, no one will be left alive!" He stepped past Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao into the main household.

As for Wang Lin, he was quickly moving through Jue Ming valley. Behind him were two male cultivators and one female cultivator. They were filled with killing intent as they chased him.

As he was running, his heart suddenly hurt, as if a stake was stuck through it. This pain wasn't from any injury, but a feeling in his heart.

An unknown sense of panic and frustration appeared in his heart.

# Chapter 104: Calamity Mourning (Final)

Wang Lin had never felt something like this before. This was a pain that made him want to tear his own heart out. It was as if all of the blood in his body was instantly sucked out. Waves of dizziness hit his head.

Wang Lin withstood this unexpected pain as he quickly ran. He turned away and saw that those three were still chasing him. His eyes turned cold as he changed his direction to the Corpse Sect gathering area.

Four beams of light quickly flew across Jue Ming Valley.

The only thoughts in Wang Hao and Wang Zhuo's minds were panic and helplessness. They didn't even dare to move as they watched Wang Tao and his sister die before them.

The fairy-like cultivator revealed a complex look on his face. He sighed and turned around so he no longer had to look at them.

Teng Huayuan smiled as he walked into the house. He closed his hand. When he reopened it, a ring of purple light appeared, preventing people from leaving.

Then he took a step and entered one of the side houses. This was where the servants lived. Waves of miserable screams came from the house and streams of yellow gas were collected by the flag.

Seven or eight painful looking faces of the Wang family servants appeared on the flag.

Teng Huayuan didn't stop as he walked into the next house and more screams followed. Wang Hao's body trembled. He wanted to resist, but was unable to say a word.

Soon, all of the Wang family servants had been turned into ghosts and Teng Huayuan's face was very serious. The rest of the Wang family was alerted by the screams and tried to escape, but to their horror, they found a purple light preventing them from leaving.

They could only hear the constant stream of miserable screams coming from outside. This kind of fear caused the entire Wang family to become

unsettled.

Teng Huayuan muttered to himself, “Li Er, that person killed you, so I’ll kill his entire family to get revenge for you.” With that, he stepped into another room.

Wang Hao’s body shook as if there was some power rushing out from inside him. He took a few steps forward and loudly shouted, “No...”

Teng Huayuan turned around and sneered. He waved his hand and that house turned to dust without a sound, revealing a man and woman whose faces were filled with fear.

This man and woman were Wang Lin’s 3rd uncle and aunt, which were also Wang Hao’s parents.

Teng Huayuan’s right hand reached out and Wang Hao’s father floated into the air with his hand around his neck. His face immediately became red and he opened his mouth, revealing a suffering expression.

Wang Hao’s eyes were bloodshot as tears flowed out. He let out a roar and was about to run out when Wang Zhuo held him down. Wang Zhuo whispered, “Wang Hao, don’t be rash. That person is a Nascent Soul cultivator.”

Teng Huayuan sneered. His right hand closed. With a bang, Wang Hao’s father’s head turned into pulp. His body fell to the ground, then his soul came out and was collected by the flag.

“No!!” Wang Hao’s voice turned hoarse. He felt a pain in his chest as he coughed out blood. He looked at his father’s body and muttered, “Why... why...”

Teng Huayuan once again seized Wang Hao’s mother, crushed her skull, and threw her before Wang Hao.

Wang Hao’s body shook as he coughed out more blood and finally collapsed. He held his mother’s body. Tears flowed down from his eyes as he shouted, “Why!?!?!?”

Teng Huayuan’s expression darkened. He waved his hand and under the



shining purple light, all of the houses turned to dust. There were around 40 people on the ground. All of them were Wang family members.

The women started to cry. They were all filled with fear. Aside from the people that were alive, there were only dead bodies without heads.

Teng Huayuan smiled as he grabbed a person. This person was Wang Lin's father's 3rd uncle. He was currently the most senior member of the Wang family.

Surrounded by screams, his soul was taken by Teng Huayuan and he died.

Wang Hao stared at the scene dumbfoundedly. He didn't even notice that the hand Wang Zhuo was using to pin him down had already carved out blood marks on his body. Wang Zhuo didn't dare to look at his parents among the crowd. He lowered his bloodshot eyes.

Wang Lin's 4th uncle had lived in the wilderness for a long time, so he was much more brave than most people. He let out a wry smile and seemed to have thought things through. His wife died one year ago and his son had already been sent out to a martial arts sect, so he was gone already. He asked, in a loud voice,

"Immortal, what has my Wang family done to offend you? I know we mortals are like ants in your eyes, but even ants have the right to know what the cause of all this is."

The fairy-like cultivator let out a surprised sound as he examined this man.

"Why?" Teng Huayuan pointed a few times and several more people died. Blood sprayed everywhere from their messy, dismembered bodies.

"Someone from your Wang Family dared to kill my great-great-grandson, so I decided to kill his entire family!" With that, he struck the air with his right hand and more than ten people died.

Wang Hao struggled free from Wang Zhuo and was about to charge forward when Wang Zhuo pinned him down again. Wang Zhuo's face was filled with tears as he whispered, "Wang Hao, no matter how it was

before, we have to live. Only by living can we get revenge!”

Wang Lin’s 4th uncle bitterly smiled and said, “Immortal, how could someone from my Wang family kill your great-great-grandson? In these past hundreds of years, my Wang family has only had three immortals...” He suddenly stopped as if he realized something.

Among the surviving people, Wang Zhuo’s father kneeled on the ground and said, “Immortal, is the person who killed your great-great-grandson named Wang Lin?”

A cold light flashed across Teng Huayuan’s eyes as he secretly thought, “Wang Lin...so he is called Wang Lin!” He looked at Wang Zhuo’s father, reached out, and held Wang Zhuo’s father before him. He looked Wang Zhuo’s father in the eyes and said, word for word, “Tell me everything about this Wang Lin!”

Wang Zhuo’s father quickly told Teng Huayuan everything about Wang Lin, including where his parents lived. He viciously thought in his mind, “Die, all of you, die! Even if this person wasn’t killed by you, the Wang family is dead, so your parents should die as well!”

After Teng Huayuan finished listening, he let out a laugh. He then closed his hand. When he opened it, a ball of lightning appeared. He casually pushed it forward and a circular wave spread out.

Wang Zhuo’s father was the closest one. When he touched the shock wave, his body shook and turned into dust along with his clothes. As the ripples spread out, everyone who touched it died and their souls were collected by the flag.

When the ripple was about to hit Wang Lin’s 4th uncle, he had already closed his eyes, but a gentle, white light covered his body and blocked the ripple of the ball of lightning.

Teng Huayuan turned around and stared at the fairy-like cultivator.

The cultivator sighed and said, “Fellow cultivator Teng, leave this person alive. He is useful to me.”

Teng Huayuan sneered as he pointed at Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao and

said, "You won't butt into the matter with those two then?"

The cultivator lightly smiled as he looked at Teng Huayuan and said, "Fellow cultivator Teng, why are you asking such an obvious question? Of course I won't stop you, but if senior Punnan Zi asks, I'll have to tell him the truth."

Teng Huayuan looked at the fairy-like cultivator. After a long time, he stomped his feet and the entire Wang family estate turned into rubble.

As for Wang Zhuo and them, he didn't even look at them as he flew toward Wang Lin's parents.

Wang Zhuo's body trembled as he looked at the ruins. After pondering for a while, he knelt on the ground and kowtowed. His forehead bled and his expression was extremely serious.

Wang Hao clenched his teeth. He let out a miserable laugh and fell down.

Wang Zhuo got up and picked up Wang Hao. He bowed toward the fairy-like cultivator and flew toward the Xuan Dao Sect. All of his memories of the Wang family were swept away.

The fairy-like cultivator sighed and thought, "This is really a sin. I don't know if what I did was right or wrong... but this middle aged man is really not normal. I'll save who I can." Thinking about that, he waved his sleeves and disappeared from the Wang family estate along with Wang Lin's 4th uncle.

Teng Huayuan almost immediately arrived at the small village Wang Lin's parent lived in. With him was a small flag with more than 100 faces of the Wang family. All of them wore very painful expressions.

Waves of miserable screams came from the flag, causing waves of cold wind.

After arriving at the village, he spread out his divine sense. He quickly found Wang Lin's house and rushed toward it.

15 minutes later, Teng Huayuan walked out of Wang Lin's house. His

right hand hit the flag and it grew to a giant size as Teng Huayuan spat out some Nascent Blood. Bursts of scream came from the flag as ripples appeared on it. Slowly, the ripples disappeared, revealing an image. This image showed Wang Lin quickly moving through a jungle.

Teng Huayuan smiled and his right hand pointed at the image.

As for Wang Lin, under the effect of this unexplainable feeling of horror, he lead his three pursers toward the Corpse Sect's gathering location.

The pain! Unimaginable pain! Indescribable pain!

This kind of pain drowned Wang Lin like a flood. Cultivators were very sensitive toward certain things. Wang Lin experienced a sense of panic he had never experienced before. His parents' faces appeared before him.

Shortly after, Wang Lin saw a scene that he will remember for the rest of his life.

"No!!!" Two streams of blood flowed down from his eyes. His expression was painful, his body trembled, and slivers of Yin spiritual energy moved violently in his body, completely out of his control. Every plant within a ten meter radius of him froze. This freezing aura kept growing stronger.

It was in this moment that the "Ji" inside Wang Lin endlessly climbed up, reaching the Ji Realm!

# Chapter 105: Ji Realm of a Past Era

In ancient times, Ji, Dao, and Shi were the three realms of spiritual energy that were hard to comprehend. In terms of mysteriousness, the Ji Realm can't match the Dao Realm. In terms of unpredictableness, the Ji Realm can't match the Shi Realm, but if there was ever a Ji Realm cultivator in ancient times, it was a catastrophe.

Although the Ji Realm isn't as mysterious as the Dao Realm or as unpredictable as the Shi Realm, in terms of how terrifying it is, the Ji Realm and the other two simply can't be compared. Cultivators with the Ji Realm will, without a doubt, be several times more powerful than other cultivators of the same level and their spiritual energy will be completely based on the Ji Realm.

As a result, the only word to describe the Ji Realm is "terrifying". Among cultivators of the same level of cultivation, a Ji Realm cultivator is invincible. However, the weakness of the Ji Realm is also very obvious. With the Ji Realm, a cultivator can never reach the Spirit Severing stage. The late stage of Nascent Soul is the limit.

However, a late stage Nascent Soul Ji Realm cultivator is someone not even a Spirit Severing cultivator would want to mess with.

If this was all there was to it, then the Ji Realm wouldn't be considered terrifying. What is really terrifying is that in ancient times, when a Soul Transformation cultivator was going through his trials, people found out that he had the Ji Realm.

This news was something that startled everyone in the ancient cultivation world and filled them with fear.

It has to be said that this cultivator rampaged the cultivation world for 3000 years. In those 3000 years, he was like a king of the cultivation world. If anyone displeased him, he would wipe out their family and sect.

In these 3000 years, just saying his name would cause people's skin to crawl.

The Ji Realm is a heaven defying existence. Not only does it make someone invincible in a fight against cultivators of the same cultivation level, spiritual energy infused with Ji Realm can take techniques to their extremes. All of this is already very overwhelming, but when the only weakness of not being able to reach the Spirit Severing stage is removed, then when a cultivator past the Nascent Soul stage with Ji Realm shows up, it can really be considered a catastrophe.

Because of this, whenever a Ji Realm cultivator appears, they are hunted down by all of the other cultivators. The Ji Realm was considered by the ancient cultivation world something that was truly heaven defying.

If the demonic cultivation path is considered a ferocious beast, when compared to the Ji Realm, it is only a tamed house pet.

The truth is that in ancient times, the study of Ji Realm never stopped, but in the end, there is only some introductory understanding of the Ji Realm.

Luckily, only that one person seemed to be able to break past the Spirit Severing limit of the Ji Realm. All of the Ji Realm successors in later generations were stuck at the late stage of Nascent Soul.

Most of the records about the Ji Realm have been lost throughout the ages. Nowadays, people don't know how the Ji Realm came to be or how to obtain it.

Only in the libraries of very large sects in high ranked cultivation countries are there some descriptions of the Ji Realm.

At some point during the ancient times, a genius cultivator was born in the country of Gu Nie. At the age of 10, he had already reached the Core Formation stage and his sect was wiped out by other sects. Five years later, a mysterious cultivator appeared and within one month's time, he killed over 10,000 cultivators. Blood covered the sky. With only early stage Nascent Soul cultivation, not only was he able to easily kill others in the same rank as him, but he was even able to kill Spirit Severing cultivators. In the end, both the orthodox and demonic sects sent out a Soul Transformation cultivator and finally killed him.

In ancient times, the country of Clear Water was destroyed and the king of the country entered a sect. 30 years later, he left and went on a killing spree of all cultivators. It didn't matter if they were male or female, old or young, he would kill them. In only seven days, there were no cultivators left in the country of Clear Water. Not even his own sect was able to escape.

Blood dyed the ground of Clear Water red. Just as the higher cultivation countries prepared experts to kill him, the blood in Clear Water boiled. Using the blood to kill his enemies, the king disappeared among the chaos. Some believe that he underwent divine retribution....

All of these things have one common point: all of these cultivators had the Ji Realm.

As for how these people obtained the Ji Realm, no one knew. Some people believe that they underwent a change and some believe that they all had the same magic treasure.

With the inheritance of that treasure, it would allow whoever owned the treasure to have Ji Realm.

Numerous speculations spread, but with the disappearance of the ancient cultivation world, all of these rumors died out too.

No one knew that at this moment, in the rank 3 cultivation country of Zhao, a country that no one really paid any attention to, in a small place called the Jue Ming Valley, a cultivator named Wang Lin was walking toward the true Ji Realm.

If Teng Huayuan knew all of this, then no matter what, he wouldn't be the person that would be the catalyst for the birth of a Ji Realm cultivator.

Wang Lin half knelt on the ground. Everything within half a dozen meters of him had been covered in ice.

On his chest, the heaven defying bead emitted a never seen before black light as it moved and floated above his head.

Teng Huayuan used the connection of Wang Lin and his family to leave

a message in his mind.

“I’ll wait for you outside the Jue Ming Valley... if you don’t come by the time the valley is open, then I’ll destroy the soul flag and your family’s souls will be gone forever.”

The two male and one female cultivators from the Tian Dao Sect caught up. They suddenly stopped a dozen meters away because the ground covered in ice caused their hearts to tighten.

The youth in the middle of the ice was especially terrifying. The destructive aura that he was giving off even made the mid stage Foundation Establishment disciple’s skin crawl.

After hesitating for a bit, the mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator made a decision. He waved his hand and said, “Retreat!” Just as he was about to leave, the female stared at the heaven defying bead above Wang Lin’s head and said, “Senior apprentice brother, that bead looks very familiar...”

The other male said, “This... this... this is the bead ancestor told us about! Wait, no, the carvings on this bead are different. The bead the ancestor showed us had clouds, but this one has leaves.”

The mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator was startled. He took a closer look and immediately became more serious. But soon, greed gripped his heart. Aside from the carvings, everything else about the bead matched the bead the ancestor showed them. The thought of the prize for the bead suddenly entered his mind.

“Whoever turns it in will be given a Soul Transformation level magic treasure, their sect will receive 10 puppets that are at the level of Spirit Transformation, and their country’s rank will be raised by one.”

The mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator decisively said, “It doesn’t matter if it is the right one or not, we should take it.”

The female took out a voice transmission jade and was about to send out a message when the mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator stopped her and whispered, “Although this person is strange, if us three



give it our all, we can kill him for sure. If you notify other people and this bead really is the one in the description, then the credit will definitely not be ours. Similarly, if we are wrong and make a fuss about it, we will be scolded. Are you dumb?”

The girl was startled. She hesitated for a bit, then put away the voice transmission jade. The three of them immediately took out their magic treasures and used them without a word.

At the same time, Wang Lin opened his eyes. His eyes were no longer bloodshot. They were as clear as water. A huge amount of killing intent escaped from his body. As the killing intent appeared, the spiritual energy in his body moved.

The first effect of the Ji Realm displayed its might. Against cultivators of the same rank, the Ji Realm is invincible!

Staring at the three, Wang Lin gloomily waved his hand. With a flash of blue light, the ice on the ground moved and instantly surrounded the three.

Their expressions and actions froze the moment they acted.

Wang Lin stood up. He reached out with his right and retrieved the heaven defying bead. After he put it back near his chest, he moved past the three.

Cracks appeared on the ice that covered the three. The ice broke and the three died.

Wang Lin silently moved through the Jue Ming Valley when a flying sword suddenly arrived before him. A young man appeared. Without a word, he pointed his finger at Wang Lin and the flying sword shot toward him.

Wang Lin didn't stop moving. The moment the flying was about to pierce his body, ice appeared in front of the sword and in the blink of the eye, the flying sword was frozen.

The youth was shocked and quickly backed up. He originally saw that Wang Lin was by himself and only at the early stage of Foundation

Establishment, so he wanted to come here, kill Wang Lin, and steal his treasures. However, he didn't expect that Wang Lin wouldn't even need to move to destroy his flying sword.

He panicked. The only thought in his mind was to run!

But before he could take more than a few steps back, a ray of green light flashed by. The small flying sword pierced through his chest. His body turned to ice and fell to the ground.

This whole time, Wang Lin didn't stop even for a second.

One day later, somewhere inside the valley, there were eight people from the demonic and orthodox sects fighting each other with several people of each side watching. At some point, Wang Lin's lonely figure walked out. He walked forward as if he couldn't see them at all.

Among the people watching, a middle aged man from the demonic sect frowned. Without a word, he threw out a thunder talisman toward Wang Lin. Suddenly, thunder appeared from the sky and struck Wang Lin, but when it was about to hit him, ice appeared. It was even able to freeze intangible things like lightning.

This scene caused everyone to stop fighting as they stared dumbfoundedly at Wang Lin, who was walking toward them without any expression on his face.

Soon, the chest of the middle aged man who threw out the talisman glowed green. His body then froze and he died.

Everyone was surprised. Before they could react, Wang Lin was already in front of them. Before him stood four people. Before they could speak, they saw a blue light and they froze, following the middle aged man's footsteps.

At that moment, everyone withdrew to the sides as a white robed disciple clasped his hands and said, "What sect is fellow cultivator from? I'm Yuan Tian Sect's disciple, Zhou Quan."

Wang Lin ignored him and kept walking forward. Gradually, everyone moved out of his way. As Wang Lin walked out 100 meters from the

crowd, a young disciple of a demonic sect stared at Wang Lin and sneered in his heart. "You killed my senior apprentice brother. I'll remember you!"

Wang Lin suddenly stopped. He felt a strong killing intent coming from behind him. He turned around and coldly looked at that demonic sect disciple.

Under Wang Lin's gaze, that disciple felt his entire body, inside and out, became as cold as ice. He quickly lowered his head, not daring to look at Wang Lin.

Every cultivator who saw those eyes sucked in a breath of cold air.

Those eyes were completely dead and were filled with killing intent. Anyone who saw those eyes felt their entire body turn cold.

After staring at the cultivator for a bit, Wang Lin turned around and kept walking forward. A flash of green light appeared on that disciple's chest. He coughed out blood and fell to the ground. His body immediately froze. Even the blood he coughed out turned to ice before it hit the ground.

No one dared to take a deep breath and after Wang Lin left. No one wanted to fight anymore, so they all scattered.

Just like this, Wang Lin traveled through Jue Ming Valley. If anyone offended him, he froze them with a wave of his hand. Not even late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators could resist. After killing a few people, they all ran away.

In three days' time, the number of cultivators that died by Wang Lin's hands were countless.

# Chapter 106: Rank

Aside from certain special circumstances, there is only one way for countries below rank 5 to increase in rank. An individual's rise in cultivation from Core Formation, Nascent Soul, Spirit Severing, and Soul Transformation will raise a country's rank. If someone in a rank 1 cultivation country reaches the Core Formation stage then that country will automatically be raised to a rank 2 cultivation country.

If they have a Nascent Soul cultivator then the country is raised to a rank 3 cultivation country. Following this, when someone reaches the Spirit Severing stage, the country is raised to a rank 4 cultivation country. With Soul Transformation, a rank 5 cultivation country.

Rising in rank requires a large amount of luck. The higher it goes, the harder it is to raise in rank. Ranks 2 and 3 may take thousands of years. As for ranks 3 to 4 and 5 to 6, tens of thousands of years is not enough at times.

Although the process is difficult, it is the only way. As time goes by, there will be people who are talented enough, lucky enough to have some kind of encounter, or receive help from others. Someone who meets the requirements needed for their country to rise in rank will eventually appear.

These people will without a doubt become the leaders of their cultivation countries.

After a cultivation country reaches rank 4, they have the right to participate in the foreign battleground. However, in terms of power, rank 4 cultivation countries can't compare with rank 5 cultivation countries at all.

The gap in cultivation level is not something that numbers can make up. For example, the most powerful cultivator of a rank 4 cultivation country is at the late stage of Spirit Severing. If you put them into a rank 5 country, they will instantly be second class and will look like a fragile child before the Soul Transformation experts.

It is not over exaggerating to say that without any special circumstances, a Soul Transformation cultivator can wipe out a rank 4 country. This kind of thing has happened more than once before.

So in reality, the role of the rank 4 cultivation countries in the foreign battleground is really just to fight for the rank 5 cultivation countries that back them up.

The real decisive battles have to be fought by the rank 5 cultivation countries.

Once a cultivation country has reached rank 5, the first big problem they encounter is the lack of resources and materials. A large country must maintain countless cultivators. If they can't solve this problem, the country will collapse.

Robbing lower rank cultivation countries does not solve the problem of material and resource shortages. The only real solution is to rise to a rank 6 cultivation country.

To rise from rank 5 to rank 6 is not as simple as a single person's cultivation level increasing. In order to rise up in rank as a high rank country, the only way pertains to the foreign battleground.

The foreign battleground is a place filled with cracks in space. It is an endless battleground filled with rifts in space and void winds that can easily kill a Spirit Severing cultivator.

Once someone is hit by the void wind, if they aren't at least Soul Transformation cultivators, they will turn to dust.

Aside from the void winds, the most dangerous things are the rifts in space that can randomly appear anywhere. Once caught, not even a Soul Transformation cultivator will have an easy time. Only the experts from rank 6 cultivation countries can move as they wish in the foreign battleground.

Every few hundred years, there is a huge war in the foreign battleground between the rank 4 cultivation countries. This battle is allowed and promoted by the cultivation union.

Anyone who can win 1,000 times in a row will have their cultivation country raised to rank 6 and receive a large amount of resources and cultivation methods. In addition, the winning country can send one person to the cultivation union to learn a special cultivation method. That person's cultivation level will be brought to a level beyond Soul Transformation. Of course, the most important reward that makes all of the rank 5 cultivation countries crazy is that they will be given their own planet by the cultivation union to use as their new home.

Cultivators care a lot about the spiritual energy of the land and the naturally formed treasures of the land. It can even be said that the basis of cultivation is spiritual energy and materials.

Having your own planet is the symbol of a rank 6 cultivation country, but the cultivation union is very strict about the requirements to become a rank 6 cultivation country. The first step is to win 1000 times in a row in the foreign battleground to acquire their own planet. The second step is that within a given period of time, there must be several rank 1 to 5 cultivation countries on the planet of the rank 6 cultivation country.

The battle at the foreign battleground is the only way for rank a 5 cultivation country to be promoted. This rule applies to almost every single cultivation planet. In general, the rank 6 cultivation country on the planet won't intervene between the battles of rank 5 cultivation countries, but everything has an exception. If a rank 6 cultivation country keeps the rank 5 cultivation countries down, then there is no way for a second rank 6 cultivation country to appear on the same planet. However, these situations are very rare. Various rank 5 cultivation countries speculate that rising from rank 6 to 7 has to do with how many rank 6 cultivation countries there are on a planet.

The high frequency of battles in the foreign battleground leaves a lot of bodies and materials that need to be cleaned up. The rank 6 cultivation countries have very strict rules when it comes to cleaning up the foreign battleground. Only rank 3 or below cultivation countries can come clean up. Some of the materials there can be considered heavenly treasures to lower rank cultivation countries.

The foreign battleground is split into areas based on the various rank 5 cultivation countries backing up the rank 4 cultivation countries.

Disputes exist everywhere, no matter what rank. In order for Zhao to gain the chance to clean up the foreign battleground, the Jue Ming Valley was created.

Outside of the Jue Ming Valley lies a very large formation. Several thousand years ago, a Spirit Severing cultivator came to lay down this formation under orders. No Core Formation or Nascent Soul cultivators are allowed to enter the valley thanks to this formation.

This is why after Teng Huayuan found out that Wang Lin was inside the Jue Ming Valley, he was unable to go inside to kill him.

Jue Ming Valley is not only the location to battle for the right to clean up the foreign battleground, it is also the only entrance to the foreign battleground in Zhao.

Aside from having to be a rank 3 or lower cultivation country, the only other requirement the rank 6 cultivation countries have is that the people entering can't be higher than the Core Formation stage.

In general, after the eligibility has been determined, the Foundation Establishment cultivators inside the valley are directly sent in and won't come out for 50 years.

It is precisely because Teng Huayuan knew of this that he killed Wang Lin's family and used their souls to force Wang Lin to come out.

Otherwise, if he wanted to kill Wang Lin, he would have to wait 50 years.

At the moment, almost the entire Jue Ming Valley knew that there was a demon-like killer whose cultivation level was beyond comprehension running around. Some people speculated that he was already at the Core Formation stage and used some unknown method to enter the valley.

Wang Lin kept walking north through the Jue Ming Valley as his spiritual energy surged through his body. The killing he had done in these past few days not only didn't lower his urge to kill, but increased his

killing intent greatly.

His mind was completely blank. He doesn't know how many people he had killed and he didn't know that the people who were still alive in the valley would turn pale and shiver whenever they saw him.

A few days later, a deeply confused Wang Lin arrived at the southern edge of the Jue Ming Valley. This place had a very steep cliff. Once he climbed out of there, he would have left the Jue Ming Valley. Of course, under the effect of the sealing formation, anyone who tries to leave will be teleported back the moment they touch the formation.

In these past few days, every time Wang Lin thought of his parents, his heart would ache. It hurt so much that he wanted to rip his chest open. It hurt so much that he would sometimes cough out several mouthfuls of blood.

As time passed, his body became weaker and weaker, but the spiritual energy in his body was getting closer and closer to the Ji Realm.

Standing at the bottom of the cliff, Wang Lin looked at the sky. He suddenly dropped to his knees and kowtowed a few times. Two streams of blood flowed down his cheeks as he thought in his heart, "Mother, father, Tie Zhu is unfilial..."

"Ah..." A sigh echoed in Wang Lin's mind.

Wang Lin stayed kneeling for a long time before getting up. His eyes were cold as he said, "When did you wake up?"

Situ Nan said, "Five days ago. Wang Lin, I heard Teng Huayuan's message. That soul flag is a Nascent Soul level flag that can seal souls. As long as the souls are intact, there is a way to revive them."

Wang Lin pondered for a while then nodded.

"That Teng Huayuan killed your family because he was afraid that you would run off, so he is forcing you to appear. Wang Lin, I don't have much essence left, only enough for you to teleport three more times. You must use them wisely. I'm going to continue to sleep, but I suggest you go to the foreign battleground. Once there, my recovery will be much faster."



Situ Nan's voice became softer and softer until it disappeared.

Wang Lin's head suddenly became clearer than ever before. He frowned and muttered to himself, "Three times..."

# Chapter 107: Shining Grain

In the past three months, the demonic and orthodox sects had battled each other many times. Whenever either side saw Wang Lin, they would stop fighting and would open up a path. After Wang Lin left, they would continue to battle.

After Wang Lin made an offering to his parents, he was no longer confused. He found a cliff, dug a cave, sat down inside, and began to think.

First was the spiritual energy in his body. Although his spiritual energy had the power to freeze before, it was far from the power it displayed now. This point confused Wang Lin greatly and not even Situ Nan could figure out the reason for it.

This showed that the Ji, Dao, and Shi Realms had disappeared completely from the rank 6 cultivation countries.

This spiritual power's sudden increase in strength made Wang Lin a bit more confident. He felt the spiritual energy in his body and suddenly felt very strange. It seemed there was something extra in his spiritual energy.

It was as if there was some mysterious substance inside his spiritual energy and it was because of this substance that his spiritual energy's power had increased greatly.

Before, he didn't notice this because there wasn't much of that substance inside his body, but the amount of that substance had increased.

The moment that thought came about, it began to expand uncontrollably. Wang Lin slightly frowned and concentrated on his body as he moved his spiritual energy. He started at his dantian, then through his body, then back to his dantian.

As he examined it, Wang Lin gradually found some clues. His spiritual energy was now dark blue; however, that was not the spiritual energy's true color. It was because of some dark blue threads.

This dense bulk of threads was the cause of the change in his spiritual energy. Wang Lin waved his right hand and spiritual energy came out. The spiritual energy gathered into a ball of ice and inside it were countless dark blue threads.

After pondering for a while, Wang Lin reached out and grabbed the air with a serious expression. The ball of ice began to shrink. Every time it shrank, large amounts of sweat appeared on Wang Lin's forehead.

Just as the ball of ice shrunk to  $\frac{1}{3}$  of its original size, some of the threads collapsed. Soon, more threads collapsed as if they couldn't handle the pressure.

Wang Lin frowned. He sent out another wave of spiritual energy to replace the dark blue threads as he continued to refine. As time passed, Wang Lin had sent out several waves of spiritual energy, but every time, only a small number of the dark blue threads remained.

Under the continuous injections of spiritual energy, the rate at which the dark blue threads disappeared couldn't match the speed that Wang Lin was replacing them. Finally, after several hours, the refining was complete.

Although Wang Lin was tired, his eyes were shining.

The ball of ice had shrunk to the size of a grain of rice and the color had changed from dark blue to cyan. This cyan grain of ice was composed entirely of dark blue threads. It emitted a dangerous aura.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he grabbed the grain and left the cave. He paused in the air for a while, then quickly flew toward the closest jungle. Standing outside the jungle, he waved his hand and the grain hit a nearby tree.

At the same time, there was a faint glow of cyan light and the tree turned to ice. A dark blue ripple appeared. Wang Lin's expression suddenly changed and he backed up. In almost the blink of an eye, everything in a 300 meter radius turned into a blue world.

Within the radius of 300 meters, no matter if it was trees, animals,

flowers, insect, or insects that were underground; basically any living thing within a 300 meter radius died.

Even Wang Lin himself was hit by the blue light. It caused his body to become stiff, as if a wave of cold energy entered his body. It was a good thing that the energy was the same as the spiritual energy in his body. After it was absorbed by him, he recovered his mobility.

Filled with uncertainty, he looked at the center of the blast. He wasn't sure if he would still be okay if he had been at the center of that blast.

It has to be said that the cyan grain was refined by him using only the dark blue threads in his body. There was nothing else like it.

Wang Lin muttered to himself, "This cyan grain is the best magic treasure I have."

After silently standing there for a bit, he turned around and left. After he returned to the cave, he once again invested a lot of time to obtain another cyan grain.

Staring at the small grain, Wang Lin sighed and put it away. Making one already took a lot of spiritual energy. It seemed he was a bit too weak after making two.

Although the grain was very powerful, producing it took too much spiritual energy. Wang Lin wryly smiled as he took out some spiritual liquid and drank it down to recover. By the time night came, he had recovered 70-80% of his spiritual energy.

His eyes lit up and without a word, he started to refine another grain.

Three days later, three grains of rice floated before Wang Lin. His expression was very serious. Three seemed to be his limit. It wasn't that he didn't try to make a fourth one, but every time he tried, one of the earlier three would dissipate. After several experiments, Wang Lin gave up on the idea of making the fourth one.

After the three days of observation, although the grain's power was great, it was still not enough to harm Nascent Soul cultivators.

If he could throw out a dozen of these grains, he would have a chance, but no matter what, Wang Lin couldn't make the fourth grain. After pondering for a long time, Wang Lin came up with an idea. If he could fuse the three into one, then its power would increase for sure, and since he would only have one, then he should be able to make more.

Thinking about that, Wang Lin hesitated for a bit before putting up a few defensive formations with the surrounding rocks. After that, he took out some protection talismans that he had stolen, sat down, then put two grains close to each other.

Wang Lin's heart was about to come out of his throat as he prepared to escape at any moment. Slowly, the two grains touched.

Wang Lin saw an illusion. It was as if time had stopped the moment the two grains touched.

But shortly after, the two grains fused into one without any sound. The new grain had no change other than its color becoming darker.

Wang Lin was startled. After pondering for a while, he fused the new grain with the remaining grain.

When those two grains touched, there was a flash of cyan light. Wang Lin's expression suddenly changed and he used one of the few teleports he had left to disappear from the room. The moment he disappeared, the cyan light expanded and everything within a one kilometer radius turned into a world of ice.

Wang Lin appeared one kilometer away. Although he was outside the cyan light, he could still feel the cold enter through his feet.

Looking at everything before him, Wang Lin began to ponder. Although he had to waste a teleport, it was worth it. It seemed that fusing two grains was the limit. When he tried a third, it would immediately explode.

He obviously couldn't use that cave anymore. Wang Lin bitterly smiled as he found another place and dug out a huge cave.

Using a few days of time, Wang Lin replenished his supply of grains again. He easily controlled them to fuse together and was finally able to

successfully create a fourth grain. This confirmed his previous hypothesis that three grains was the max, but if they fused into one, then it only counted as one.

The 3rd and 4th grains fused together. Later, Wang Lin carefully put the three grains into his bag of holding. Two of them had a darker color than one of them.

After sorting out all of the grains, more than a month had passed. It was close to the time that the Jue Ming Valley would open up.

Wang Lin sat cross legged on the ground. After cultivating for a while, he opened his eyes and spat out a green light. The small green sword hummed as it circled around Wang Lin, almost as if it had intelligence. Wang Lin raised his hand and the sword landed in his palm. He touched the sword and felt the sword's bone-piercing coldness.

The small green sword was blood refined by him, so when his spiritual energy changed, it caused the flying sword to also gain Ji attributes.

Just as he was about to use his changed spiritual energy to refine the sword, he suddenly stopped. He immediately noticed more than a hundred sword lights flying in his direction. It seemed they were all chasing one person.

Wang Lin's face became as cold as ice as he muttered, "It's that person..."

# Chapter 108: Old Friend

As he walked out of the cave, Wang Lin coldly looked around and saw 100 or so people split into five groups. They were surrounding a young man. A middle aged man walked out of the mob of people. He clasped his hands and said, "Junior brother Li Shan, your Xuan Dao Sect already has a token. Why do you need so many? If you hand it over, we won't trouble you anymore."

Among the disciples of Wu Feng Valley, a disciple snorted and said, "Li Shan, hand over the tokens or you will die for sure!"

The person they surrounded was Li Shan, someone that Wang Lin had met back in the Heng Yue Sect. He was here to represent the Xuan Dao Sect and was the only Qi Condensation disciple from the Xuan Dao Sect. The Jue Ming Valley only had an upper limit and not a lower limit on who could enter, so even a Qi Condensation disciple was allowed inside. Most sects wouldn't send a Qi Condensation disciple though.

Li Shan was able to come because he was good at making fake magic pills and he was a master of sneak attacks.

With these abilities, Punnan Zi broke the rules and let him go. Punnan Zi also gave him a magic treasure that made it so people wouldn't be able to detect him. The downside of this treasure is the more he uses it, the less effective it becomes.

Li Shan really did have some skill. Thanks to the protection of his fellow disciples, he was able to steal quite a few things during battles, including two tokens.

Adding on the token the Xuan Dao Sect already had, they now held three tokens.

The sects that lost their tokens attacked non-stop in the hopes of taking one back, which was why there were so many battles before.

But it was also because Li Shan was too greedy. After he entered the Jue Ming Valley, every time he saw someone, he would use that treasure to

hide his presence and steal something. As he used it more and more, the magic treasure gradually lost its effect, and when he was stealing the 4th token, the magic treasure completely lost its effect. He was found out, but the Xuan Dao Sect disciples reacted quickly enough to save his life. The news spread out and all of the sects that had lost a token stopped fighting and rushed toward the Xuan Dao Sect's gathering place.

The Xuan Dao Sect's disciples were trapped there, so he secretly escaped using the tunnel he had dug ahead of time. However, what he didn't expect was to be found and forced to flee the moment he came out of the tunnel.

He only ran a few steps when he turned around and saw more than 100 sword lights chasing after him. He almost fell to the ground because every one of them was at the Foundation Establishment stage.

And this is how the situation played out.

Li Shan knelt down and threw two tokens on the ground without any hesitation.

The surroundings suddenly became quiet. The two sects that had lost their tokens had several people charge out, but how could the other sects just let them take the tokens back? Thus, they sent out people to stop them.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he stared at the two tokens on the ground. He moved quickly toward the tokens. Someone noticed him coming and went to stop him, but Wang Lin activated his attraction force technique and threw that person away.

Just like that, after several steps, Wang Lin was almost at the tokens.

The two groups that were fighting finally noticed Wang Lin. The people who were informed of the happenings within the Jue Ming Valley recognized Wang Lin. They all secretly complained, but stopped and didn't dare to move forward.

However, there were still some cultivators who had only heard about Wang Lin but never saw him, so they charged forward without any



hesitation. Wang Lin's eyes lit up and a small, green sword suddenly appeared and began to flash. Every time the sword flashed, a cultivator would be frozen in ice and would die on the spot.

Wang Lin secretly sighed. He had noticed a few days that there was something wrong with the flying sword. Ever since his spiritual energy changed, it was harder to make the sword move as he wished; however, he just needed to concentrate more on controlling the sword and he wouldn't have any more problems.

With the power of the Ji Realm spiritual energy, no Foundation Establishment cultivator could stand in his way. Even the magic treasures their elders had given them all fell to his Ji Realm spiritual energy.

It has to be said that for a Ji Realm cultivator, their best weapon is their Ji Realm.

Wang Lin walked another five steps. For every single step, several people died to the flying sword. Gradually, there were less and less people around him as most of them quickly backed away, not daring to move forward.

Wang Lin easily arrived before Li Shan. Li Shan was so scared that he didn't even dare to raise his head. Wang Lin's right hand reached out and grabbed the two tokens. He pondered for a while, then put the two tokens in his bag of holding. As his cold gaze swept past everyone, he said, "Hand over all of your tokens, or die!"

Li Shan, who was lying on the ground, noticed that the voice was familiar, so he worked up the courage to raise his head. Suddenly, he felt like he was struck by lightning and said, "You... Wang Lin!"

Wang Lin gazed at Li Shan. This scared Li Shan so much that he shivered and immediately shut up, but there was a storm in his heart. It has to be said that the name Wang Lin was very famous in the Xuan Dao Sect. Wang Lin, who arrived like a storm in the exchange between the Heng Yue Sect and the Xuan Dao Sect, was the goal of many core disciples of the Xuan Dao Sect.

He was also the person that Li Shan wanted to surpass the most, even in

his dreams, especially after the incident with the stink bomb. Li Shan's life was hard after that event. During that time, Li Shan cursed Wang Lin on a daily bases.

But even so, he still believed that there would be a day when he would surpass Wang Lin, and after he reached the 14th layer of Qi Condensation, this thought became even more entrenched in his mind.

But now he was dumbfounded as he found out that the difference between them was like the difference between heaven and earth. It had only been a few years and Wang Lin already had the ability to easily kill Foundation Establishment cultivators. In Li Shan's eyes, Wang Lin's progress was simply too amazing.

After hearing Wang Lin's words, the people around him couldn't help but remember Wang Lin's reputation in Jue Ming Valley and how he had easily killed all those Foundation Establishment cultivators just now. Their hearts turned cold. After a long time, a white-clad youth sighed. He looked deeply at Wang Lin and asked, "Fellow cultivator, can you tell me what your cultivation level is?"

Wang Lin plainly said, "Foundation Establishment."

# Chapter 109: Untitled

The person was startled. He thought that Wang Lin wasn't willing to tell the truth, so he bitterly smiled. He slapped his bag of holding, threw out a token, turned around, and loudly said, "The Piao Miao Sect gives up their chance to enter the foreign battleground. Once the valley opens, we are leaving." With that, he led a group of cultivators southwest and slowly disappeared.

With someone leading the way, the sects that had already lost their tokens explained their situation and even opened up every disciple's bag of holding. After that, three more sects left.

The He Huan Sect was the last sect with a token. The female disciple leading the group didn't hand over the token, but looked at the other remaining sect, Wu Feng Valley.

The leader of the Wu Feng Valley was an old man who looked like he was close to death. He was already at the pseudo Core Formation stage and would only need to go into closed door training for a few years to form his core.

He stared at Wang Lin and sneered, "Little baby, this old man has to thank you for gathering all these tokens for me. Leave behind the tokens and you can scam."

The He Huan Sect's leader's brow loosened. After talking to the members of the sect, they all slowly backed away.

Wang Lin's gaze swept past them before landing on the arrogant old man. Then, without a word, he slapped his bag of holding and a cyan grain of rice appeared in the air.

It was clear from the expression on the old man's face that he was looking down on Wang Lin. He felt that he could have killed those people as cleanly as Wang Lin did. In his eyes, Wang Lin must've been hiding his strength, but at most, it was only the peak of late stage Foundation Establishment. He believed that his cultivation level was the same as Wang Lin's. Because he was at the same cultivation level and was holding

one of Wu Feng Valley's key treasures, the Heavenly Lightning Wind Fire Fan, he had no doubt that his victory was assured.

Now seeing that Wang Lin took out an unimpressive little point of light, a condescending smile appeared on his face. He shouted to his fellow disciples, "All of you, back up and watch how I destroy this arrogant brat."

With that, he waved his hand and a small, three inch fan appeared in his hand. There were many golden flame symbols on the fan, making it look very pretty.

The expressions of the other Wu Feng Valley disciples changed when they heard the old man's words and saw the fan. They unconsciously backed up. Some even backed up more than 100 feet before they relaxed a bit.

Wang Lin moved and grabbed the dumbfounded Li Shan as he quickly backed up. As he backed up, he used his attraction force technique to control the grain of rice to go toward the old man.

The old man's face was filled with disdain. He hit the fan and the fan opened. As the fan opened, a beam of golden light shot out.

Suddenly, a strange wind appeared and flew around the fan. Then, the golden flame on the fan seem to be alive, instantly heating up the area.

Just at that moment, the cyan grain hit the outer edge of the strange wind. The next instant, the golden fire surrounded the grain.

Wang Lin's expression was normal. His feet didn't stop as he thought in his head, "Explode!"

In the midst of the strange wind and golden flames, a cyan light burst forth. When the light reached its peak, it exploded with a boom and formed a ring of cyan light that began to spread like a tidal wave.

This scene was like 10,000 horses galloping. In an instant, it covered everything within more than 300 meters.

Wind was normally an intangible thing, but under the power of the Ji

Realm, the wind turned into pieces of blue ice and fell to the ground. Next was the golden flame. The flame didn't even have time to go out before it was frozen. If one looked closely, it would look like the flame was still burning inside the ice.

As for Wu Feng Valley's treasure, the Heavenly Lightning Wind Fire Fan, it maintained its open form as it was covered by blue ice.

The pseudo Core Formation old man didn't even have time to react. His face was filled with disdain and pride when the ice froze him.

Behind him were 17 disciples of Wu Feng Valley. Even the ones that backed away more than 100 feet weren't able to escape. They all became ice sculptures.

Within a 300 meter radius, nothing was left alive. Anything that breathed was killed. This became a forbidden area for life.

Li Shan's mind went blank as he stared dumbfoundedly at the scene before him. His heart was shocked to the limit. He opened his mouth, but was unable to speak. His gaze toward Wang Lin became much more respectful.

The disciples of the He Huan Sect managed to escape it because they were 500 meters away, but they didn't dare to move because Wang Lin's cold gaze locked onto them.

The disciples of Wu Feng Valley turning into ice sculptures before them left the He Huan Sect disciples in a state of shock. Looking at the ten plus ice sculptures, the leading female disciple's face was pale as she took out the token without any hesitation. After she carefully put the token on the ground, Wang Lin shouted, "How many tokens are there in total?"

The female disciple's body shook. Suppressing her fear, her voice trembled as she said, "There are seven in total."

Wang Lin's expression remained the same as he secretly calculated. Wu Feng Valley didn't have a token and in his hand he had one from the Piao Miao Sect, two from the Xuan Dao Sect, and one from the He Huan sect. He had four in total. Only three more and he would have them all. But the

token belonging to the corpse sect disappeared into the formation along with the late stage Foundation Establishment disciples. Excluding the one from the corpse sect, there were two more.

Before entering Jue Ming Valley, he heard from Yi Zizai that the competition in the valley was to steal the others' tokens. According to this and from Situ Nan's explanation of how to enter the foreign battleground, he gained a vague understanding of everything. He turned to the female disciple and suddenly said: "How many slots are there to enter the foreign battleground?"

The female disciple was startled. She hesitated, but after seeing Wang Lin's cold gaze, her body shivered and she quickly said, "Three. There are only three slots." With that, she was afraid that her explanation wasn't enough and would anger Wang Lin, so she quickly added, "There are a total of 7 tokens, but if there are more than 3 tokens that are not destroyed, Zhao loses its chance to enter the foreign battleground."

Wang Lin glanced at her and the female disciple immediately became scared. She anxiously said, "Fellow... fellow cultivator, of the three remaining tokens, I know where one of them is. If you let us go, I can tell you."

# Chapter 110: Liu Mei

Wang Lin's expression was normal as he coldly said, "Speak."

The female disciple clenched her teeth and quickly said, "It is at the gathering spot of the Xuan Dao Sect. There should still be people sieging the place. We were in a rush to chase Li Shan, so we didn't bother staying there, but I'm sure they have a token."

Li Shan's expression suddenly changed, but then he let out a bitter smile because Wang Lin's gaze fell on him.

"It is in elder Liu Mei's hand..." He wanted to lie, but the moment he saw Wang Lin's gaze, he couldn't help but tell the truth. He never had this kind of feeling, even when meeting ancestor Punnan Zi.

"Elder Liu Mei?" Wang Lin pondered a little. The image of a very beautiful young woman came to his mind. He looked at Li Shan and asked, "She reached the Foundation Establishment stage?"

Li Shan nodded with envy and said, "Ancestor Punnan Zi personally helped her reach the Foundation Establishment stage."

Wang Lin pondered a little and couldn't help but think of everything that had happened back at the Heng Yue Mountain. Scenes of his parents appeared in his mind and his heart couldn't help but ache.

He reached out, grabbing the female disciple and Li Shan as he jumped into the air. The female disciple panicked and a damp spot appeared on her pants as her face turned very red.

"Tell me where the Xuan Dao Sect is." Wang Lin frowned as he held the female disciple a bit further away.

The female disciple weakly pointed to a direction and Li Shan also gave in and gave a more detailed direction. Wang Lin didn't say a word and quickly moved forward. After a short period of time, they arrived at the gathering ground of the Xuan Dao Sect under the two's guidance.

The ground was in complete disarray. It was clear that there was a harsh battle here before. After Wang Lin arrived, he waved his hand and

the female disciple and Li Shan fell to the ground.

“You can leave.” Wang Lin looked at the female disciple and walked toward the gathering spot of the Xuan Dao Sect.

The female disciple carefully backed up. After backing up more than 200 meters, she jumped on her flying sword and escaped as fast as she physically could.

Wang Lin’s tone was plain as he said, “Li Shan, call out the people of the Xuan Dao Sect. I only want the token, not to kill people.”

Li Shan’s forehead was covered in sweat as he took out a jade from his bag of holding with a bitter smile. He held it against his forehead. After a while, he tossed it forward. The jade shot out like an arrow until it was out of sight.

After a while, rings of light appeared on the ground. They then became pillars of light.

Inside the pillars, there were ten people sitting cross legged on the ground. Among them was a beautiful girl that would make anyone’s heart pound faster. Her expression was solemn, her hands formed the shape of a vase, and there was a duster floating above her head. This duster was like white hair as waves of white light spread out from it.

Wang Lin’s eyes lit up as he looked the faces of these ten people.

The girl suddenly opened her eyes. When she saw Li Shan at first, she didn’t care, but when she saw Wang Lin next to Li Shan, she was startled. After carefully looking at Wang Lin, her eyes revealed a strange light. She waved her hand and the duster landed in her hand. The pillar of light slowly dissipated.

Among the 10 people, there was 30 or so year old young man who looked at Wang Lin with a complex expression and said, “Wang... senior brother Wang, long time no see...”

This person was Liu Mei’s brother, Liu Feng. Wang Lin scanned him with his divine sense and found that he had reached the early stage of Foundation Establishment too. However, his spiritual energy was



unstable. It was clear that he had just entered the Foundation Establishment stage.

Wang Lin stared at them and let out a sigh as he said, "Xuan Dao Sect... forget it. Hand over your token and I won't make it hard on you guys."

One of the ten Xuan Dao Sect disciples, an old man, stood up and sighed. "What an arrogant junior, asking us to hand over our token right away. Liu Fen, do you know him?"

Liu Feng wryly smiled and said, "Senior apprentice Ma, he... he is Wang Lin."

The old man named Ma was startled and then he sneered, "So it's you. But even if you have reached the Foundation Establishment stage, you don't have the right to be arrogant before us. Scram!" With that, he waved his hand and a huge gust of wind blew toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn't even dodge. Just as the gust of wind got within 5 meters of him, it turned into pieces of ice and fell to the ground. At the same time, there was a flash of green light and the old man named Ma's body shook as a giant hole appeared in his chest. Then, his entire body froze and he died.

Wang Lin had a strong feeling that after his spiritual energy changed, there was powerful killing intent in his mind. He had almost lost control of it a many times, so he just gave up on controlling it.

The sword flashed green as it circled around Wang Lin with the tip pointed at the Xuan Dao Sect. If one looked closely as the sword flew, it would pause, but Wang Lin would quickly force it to move again.

The expression of the Xuan Dao Sect disciples changed greatly and Liu Feng was dumbfounded as his heart shivered and beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. He had always seen Wang Lin as his goal and when he reached the Foundation Establishment stage with the help of Punnan Zi one year ago, he thought that he had surpassed Wang Lin.

But looking at it now, not only had Wang Lin already reached the Foundation Establishment stage, but his cultivation was also very strange.

Senior apprentice brother Ma, who was at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment, died after one attack from Wang Lin.

What cultivation level had Wang Lin reached? The more Liu Feng thought about it, the more scared he became.

Liu Mei unexpectedly didn't reveal a surprised expression, but after looking at Wang Lin, she decisively took out the token and tossed it at him.

From beginning to end, she didn't say a word, but her eyes were always on Wang Lin.

After putting away the token, Wang Lin coldly looked at Liu Mei. He then turned around and disappeared into the distance.

After a long time, Liu Mei withdrew her gaze and sighed. Her unparalleled charm seemed to have no effect in front of Wang Lin.

After returning to his cave, Wang Lin took out the five tokens. After pondering for a bit, he crushed four of them without any hesitation and placed the remaining token in his bag of holding. He used his attraction force technique to move rocks to block the entrance of the cave. After setting up a few defensive formations, he began his closed door training.

He need to be fully prepared for the battle in two months.

# Chapter 111: (Untitled)

There were a total of seven tokens. Wang Lin got two from Li Shan, one from the Piao Miao Sect, one from the He Huan Sect, and one from the Xuan Dao Sect. In total, he had five.

Ignoring the one that belonged to the Corpse Sect, there was still one more remaining.

Wang Lin pondered for a while. He had already found all of the sects in the Jue Ming Valley, but he still hadn't found the last token. Of course, that didn't rule out the fact that someone could have hidden one somewhere. He wasn't going to bother searching for it. After all, he already had five of the seven tokens, which was enough to secure his spot in the foreign battleground.

After he stopped wondering about the token, he started thinking about the battle in two months.

First were his cyan grains of rice. He had already recovered the one he used earlier and now had three in total once again. One was a single grain while the other two were supercharged grains from fusing two normal ones.

After carefully putting away the three grains, Wang Lin pondered a bit and started looking through his bags. He had killed quite a few people recently, so he still had a lot of stuff to go through.

After searching for a long time, Wang Lin took out a round bead. This bead was only 1/10th the size of a fist. It was very smooth, without any designs on it, and there were some cracks on the side.

After picking up the bead, he couldn't help but think of the strange man named Adai. This was the first gift Adai had given him. He looked at the bead as his eyes lit up.

After a long time, his mouth curved upwards as he let out a cold smile. He put the bead back into his bag of holding, took a deep breath, and spat out a green light.

The green flying sword floated before him, motionless.

Wang Lin felt like ever since his spiritual energy changed, there was something constantly obstructing his control of the flying sword. It was not easy as before. Although the flying sword's power had increased greatly, a flying sword he couldn't fully control was not something he would allow.

Therefore, Wang Lin decided to use this time to refine the flying sword again.

Both of his hands formed a seal as he sent out spiritual energy to surround the flying sword. Then, Wang Lin slapped his bag of holding and took out a gourd. The flying sword was his blood refined weapon, so he was willing to expend a lot of resources on it. He clenched his teeth and poured out 1/3rd of the liquid that was stored inside.

Under Wang Lin's control, the spirit liquid filled with Yin energy floated in the air and condensed to one droplet of water. The water droplet released waves of Yin energy that covered the cave in frost.

Wang Lin pointed at the water droplet and the droplet immediately moved toward the flying sword. The droplet landed on the tip of the sword and rolled down the sword's blade, all the way down to end of the hilt. Soon, the flying sword became crystal clear.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. He bit his tongue and spat out blood. As he spat out the blood, he waved his hand and the blood turned to mist, which then covered the flying sword that was covered in spirit liquid.

The blood mist slowly entered the liquid. Soon, the spirit liquid that covered the flying sword was light red.

Wang Lin took a few breaths. He spat out more blood as his hand created symbols. After each symbol was made, he would toss it at the flying sword.

Gradually, more and more symbols appeared, and after a short while, all of the blood was used up. Wang Lin looked at the flying sword and without a word, he hit his chest as the spiritual energy in his body surged.

He pushed his chest inwards and spat out a bit of his essence blood.

Wang Lin's face became pale, but he didn't hesitate as he drew a symbol with that blood.

As more and more symbols appeared, along with the help of the essence blood, the spiritual liquid around the flying sword was already dark red and was even turning purple.

After the last drop of blood gathered on the flying sword, Wang Lin concentrated and shouted, "Gather!"

With a hum, the flying sword shook violently and started to tremble faster and faster. Wang Lin didn't panic as he looked at the flying sword. His hand was constantly forming seals.

Shortly after, the spiritual energy surrounding the flying sword started to boil and release white smoke as if it were being baked. As more and more white smoke appeared, the amount of liquid decreased.

Eventually, all of the liquid disappeared. Looking at the flying sword, although it was still green, there were red veins on its surface and its was only half of its original size.

What surprised Wang Lin the most was that the sword's hilt was almost completely gone. Before, the sword's hilt to blade ratio was 1:5, but now the ratio was 1:15. One could basically ignore the hilt at this point.

What Wang Lin didn't know was that this flying sword that had been blood refined by him was slowly evolving.

Once this evolution reaches the final phase, the flying sword will gain the Ji Realm property and will become very powerful.

Wang Lin tested the flying sword and found that it moved several times faster than before. When he used his full power, it was so fast that he couldn't keep track of it with his eyes anymore. Adding on to the flying sword's teleportation ability, this flying sword was a very terrifying existence.

At the very least, if a Core Formation cultivator without a defensive

treasure active were to be hit by the sword, whether or not they'd come out alive would be uncertain. This was the power of the Ji Realm on a magic treasure. It allowed the magic treasure to break past its boundaries and reach an extreme.

But when going against a Nascent soul cultivator, it was still not enough. After all, Wang Lin was only at the Foundation Establishment stage. Even with the Ji Realm, he was simply too weak.

The Ji Realm will only display its true power when Wang Lin breaks into the Nascent Soul stage. That is when the terror of the Ji Realm commences.

The current small, green sword was even more delicate. Slivers of blue ice appeared and disappear from the flying sword. It all looked very strange.

Wang Lin swallowed the flying sword again. His eyes lit up as he calculated the time and found that he had spent one month refining the sword. Wang Lin decided to spend the remaining month cultivating inside the heaven revolting bead. He was confident that he could break through to the mid stage of Foundation Establishment by the end of the month.

# Chapter 112: (Untitled)

Once he reaches the mid stage of Foundation Establishment, he will be able to use several powerful techniques, like one from the Corpse Sect that will allow him to summon ghosts to fight for him.

In order to get the soul flag from Teng Huayuan during their fight, Wang Lin was racking his brain for ideas.

After making a decision, he took out a gourd with spirit liquid, touched the bead, then entered the heaven defying bead's space.

Wang Lin hadn't cultivated inside the bead in a long time. Looking at the boundless space, there was a mass of grey gas above him. He felt a powerful pressure coming from the gas.

The area was surrounded by thin and long lights that were very dim. When Wang Lin first entered the bead, these bodies of light didn't move, but after the water element was complete, the bodies of light began to move randomly.

Wang Lin stood inside the space and tried to touch a body of light, but his hand went directly through it. It seemed that Wang Lin and these bodies of light were on different planes, so no matter how hard he tried to touch them, he never could.

Although he couldn't touch them, he could easily control them with his mind. With just a thought, the light would start to move, form a pattern, scatter, or condense. As long as Wang Lin thought it, the light would react.

Wang Lin had asked Situ Nan about the lights, but even Situ Nan wasn't sure what was going on. According to Situ Nan, this heaven defying bead was very strange. This space was only one of its functions. Aside from time manipulation, Situ Nan hadn't figured out anything else about the bead.

Situ Nan only knew that with his identity as the strongest cultivator of a rank 6 country, no one in his cultivation planet dared to mess with him

before he had obtained the bead.

But after the bead came into his possession, some extremely powerful cultivators appeared and tried to kill Situ Nan. They forced him give up his body and to hide inside the heaven defying bead only to barely escape with his life.

Situ Nan had told Wang Lin before that based on his analysis, the people who were chasing him were definitely not from his planet. Situ Nan was very sure because by the time he reached his current cultivation level, he knew all of the experts on the planet, and for someone that was called the number 1 cultivator in his planet, his cultivation level was very high.

Most of the people that attacked him had the same cultivation level as him and he was sure that only one of those people had surpassed him. If it wasn't for that fact that that person acted, Situ Nan wouldn't have given up his body. It has to be said that Situ Nan had many friends. If it was only people of the same cultivation level as him, he wouldn't have to give up his body because he was the number 1 cultivator in his planet, giving him a home field advantage.

When that person acted, Situ Nan knew that it would be pointless to get people to come and help. They would die one by one because Situ Nan knew that that person's cultivation level was not the same as his.

Situ Nan's heart formed an answer. That person must have came from a rank 7 cultivation country.

Thinking about this answer, the heaven defying bead became even more mysterious. Something that even a rank 7 cultivation country would fight for must be a very precious treasure.

Situ Nan told Wang Lin all of this and warned him time and time again to be careful. If anyone were to find out about this bead, then both of them will die for sure.

Situ Nan calculated that if that person really was from a rank 7 cultivation country, then it would be easy for them to send a search order to a rank 6 country. Thus, they had to be very careful.



Wang Lin thought about all of this deeply in his heart. But ignoring the fact that this heaven defying bead might have any other functions, just the time manipulation was already heaven defying enough. To cultivators, cultivation level is life. Every time one reaches a new level of cultivation, their life span increases.

In addition to that, let's not forget about the feeling of being above everyone once you're at the top. It has to be said that in the cultivation world, cultivating is very important. What are mortals and Qi Condensation cultivators to a Foundation Establishment cultivator? Although saying that they aren't even on the same level as dogs and pigs is a bit ugly, that is what the cultivation world is like.

Similarly, in the eyes of Nascent Soul cultivators, Core Formation and Foundation Establishment cultivators are viewed the same as mortals and Qi Condensation cultivators. And if someone is at the Soul Transformation stage, then anyone at the Spirit Severing stage and below are people they can kill as they wish.

Wang Lin's eyes revealed a determined look. He had already experienced the harshness of the cultivation world. The cultivation world was much crueler than the mortal world and he must become stronger if he wished to survive.

He must become so strong that everyone fears him. Only then will he not be bullied by others.

"If my cultivation level was Spirit Severing or Soul Transformation, not to mention Teng Li, even if I killed the entire Teng family, Teng Huayuan wouldn't dare to say a word and wouldn't even dare to go find my parents. Power, everything is centered around power. Only after becoming a powerful cultivator can one determine the life and death of a person." Wang Lin's heart was in pain as his eyes turned cold.

He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and his divine sense spread out inside the dream space. Shortly after, both of his hands formed a seal. He then reached out and grabbed with his right hand. All of the lights gathered and formed a door.

This was a function that Situ Nan figured out after the heaven defying bead had completed its Water Element. Using the surrounding light to form a formation that allowed Wang Lin free movement in and out of the dream space.

Wang Lin stepped into the door. This place was still inside the heaven defying bead's space, but the surroundings looked different. Before Wang Lin, there was a giant over 30 feet tall that was floating in the air while sitting cross-legged. There were countless objects emitting light surrounding the giant.

Upon closer examination, the giant's figure was very plain, but there seemed to be Yin energy gathering around him. His body was not solid, especially his chest, which had a giant hole and seemed to be ready to disappear at any time. There were waves of spiritual energy fluctuations around his body.

At this point, the giant's eyes were closed, its body glowed, and it completely ignored Wang Lin.

Wang Lin stared at the giant. This wasn't his first time seeing Situ Nan's Nascent Soul. Every time he saw it, he was shocked. He thought that if his Nascent Soul was so large, how large must Situ Nan's body be?

# Chapter 113: (Untitled)

Situ Nan told him that during the Soul Transformation stage, the Nascent Soul transforms and becomes larger. However, the body doesn't grow at all and the Nascent Soul was only this large when it's outside of the body.

Wang Lin sat cross legged on the ground, took out the gourd, took a big gulp, and began charging toward the mid stage of Foundation Establishment. The reason he was doing this here was because Situ Nan once told Wang Lin that doing this would help him recover.

Time slowly passed and in the blink of an eye, the deadline for the trial to enter the foreign battleground was almost here. A lot of cultivators had arrived outside the Jue Ming Valley months ago. They all found the best locations to watch the Jue Ming Valley's only exit.

As more and more cultivators arrived, the area outside the Ju Ming Valley became more and more lively. Of course, if anyone with grudges met, they would start a big fight.

Due to the foreign battleground opening up every 100 years, the area within 1000 kilometers of the Ju Ming Valley had been prepared with buildings. It has to be said that the opening of the foreign battleground gathers all of the top cultivators in Zhao.

When the time for the foreign battleground to open is near, these buildings become the biggest market place in Zhao. All of the cultivators in Zhao meet in these buildings, making them very lively.

Many materials and rare magic treasures appear here.

On this day, countless cultivators gathered outside of the Jue Ming Valley. There were cultivators from all of the numerous sects in Zhao.

Aside from the very large sects, who had their own area, everyone else was clumped in groups. The remaining people were from very small families, small sects, or were independent cultivators.

These small families, small sects, and independent cultivators didn't

have the right to enter the foreign battleground. They showed up hoping to get something. Every time the foreign battleground opens, a large amount of spiritual energy leaks out. Absorbing just a bit of that spiritual energy would equal to weeks of cultivation.

Seeing that the Jue Ming Valley was about to open, everyone found somewhere to wait for the opening.

At noon on this day, the sky was blue and the sun was high in the sky. The temperature was slowly rising.

It was extremely hot, but none of the cultivators outside minded as their attention was focused on the exit of the Jue Ming Valley.

Cultivators with experience all knew that the Jue Ming Valley would open exactly at noon.

If one were to look from the sky at the Jue Ming Valley, they would find that it was shaped like a gourd. The mouth of the gourd was the only entrance. On each side of the entrance were two very tall mountains, and at the entrance was an octagon formation.

The formation suddenly began to shine.

Not far from the entrance, the Nascent Soul cultivators of the demonic sects gathered. Among them was Teng Huayuan's thin figure.

His eyes were filled with excitement and killing intent as he stared at the formation at the entrance.

The formation became brighter and brighter, then eight people slowly walked out.

Teng Huayuan's eyes were filled with disappointment as his right hand took out a flag. He squeezed the flag and one of the souls on it disappeared.

Seeing the eight people walking out, the cultivators of the Jue Ming Sect started to point and talk.

"They came out. Look, they came out. Normally, the first ones to come out are the ones that have lost their token. I wonder which sect that is."

“What is this? Why are there so many people? Normally, the first sect to come out has the least amount of people.”

“They came out. I see Zhou You. They are disciples of the Piao Miao Sect.”

“The Piao Miao lost their token last time and now they lost it again. It seems one of the largest of the orthodox sects isn’t that great. If my Fu Tian Sect went, we would probably be stronger.”

“Brother Zhang, the strongest person in your sect is only at the early stage of Core Formation. The Piao Miao Sect can send any ancestor and they will wipe out your sect. If you ask me, the Piao Miao Sect failed because the disciples of the demonic sects are too strong.”

Among the top eight sects, aside from the Jie Mie Sect, whose Nascent Soul cultivator had died, which made them lose the right to participate, all of the Nascent Soul ancestors of the remaining seven sects were present.

Currently, the Piao Miao Sect’s sect head, Xin Hai’s, face was dark as he silently stared at the entrance.

The eight members of the Piao Miao Sect walked out with strange expressions on their faces. Seeing all of the people outside the valley and hearing their chatter, their faces turned red as they walked with their heads down toward Xin Hai.

Xin Hai tried his best to contain his anger. He had spent a lot of resources for the right to enter the foreign battleground. He sent a total of 25 disciples. Three were at the late stage and eight at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment. Although the remaining disciples were all at the early stage, he handed out a lot of magic treasures. He was dead set on qualifying this time no matter what, but looking at it now, only eight out of 25 people survived.

While Xin Hai was looking at the eight disciples, the ancestor of the Yuan Tian Sect, named Shangguan Yun, was nearby and laughed at him. He said, “Brother Xin, it’s not that big of a deal to lose the battle to enter the foreign battleground. The clean up of the foreign battleground is

quite dangerous. Normally, only 1 out of 10 disciples come out alive. Now you don't have to worry about your disciples anymore. It's only 100 years until the next one."

Xin Hai sneered, "Brother Shangguan, there is no need to be sarcastic here. Since I lost the bet, I won't back out on our agreement." With that, he looked at the eight disciples and gloomily asked, "Your eldest apprentice brother died?"

One of them knelt on the ground and whispered, "They all died... all of the other disciples are dead."

The remaining seven all knelt on the ground. Their faces were filled with fear.

Shangguan Yun sneered in his heart, but on his face he showed mercy as he silently shook his head.

Xin Hai's face sunk as he said, "So many people died. Good! Which sect killed them?"

The first disciple that knelt on the ground hesitated. Xin Hai waved his hand and a barrier surrounded the Piao Miao sect disciples. Shangguan Yun raised his head and sneered in his heart.

After blocking out other people's divine senses, Xin Hai motioned for the disciple to talk and the disciple quickly spilled everything. After Xin Hai finished listening, he was startled and his eyes turned cold. After a while, he coldly snorted and said, "You guys stay behind me. I have to see who he really is." With that, he waved his hand and the barrier disappeared.

Shangguan Yun, who was on the side, said, "Why isn't fellow cultivator Xu Mei here?"

# Chapter 114: (Untitled)

Xin Hai looked at Shangguan Yun and said, "Senior brother went to greet the messenger from Heaven's Tower. I believe he will be here soon."

At that moment, the formation lit up again. Everyone outside the valley stopped their chatting and turned to watch. Teng Huayuan clenched his fists as he gloomily stared at the formation. He had already made up his mind that the moment Wang Lin appears, he will use the curse to teleport next to him and make him suffer all the torture in the world.

The formation shined brightly and 13 people walked out.

Teng Huayuan's face became even more gloomy as he pinched another soul in the flag. He sneered in his heart. "Wang Lin, if you're really cold hearted enough to not care about your family and don't come out, then I'll admit that I underestimated you. But even if you manage to get away, once I reach the mid stage of Nascent Soul, I can increase the power of the curse to find you."

The cultivators outside of the valley began to talk again.

"The qualification battle this time is too strange. Before, the first to come out always had the most people and then the number of people decreases from there on. Why is it that the second group has more than the first group?"

"Strange. I have a feeling that the matter this time is very strange."

"What sect is it this time? If any of you know, speak quickly."

"It's the He Huan Sect. I know that slut, Wang Ying. As long as she appears within 100 feet of me, I can smell her stench..."

"That is correct. That is the He Huan Sect."

As people talked, the faces of the two Nascent Soul cultivators of the He Huan Sect, Cheng Huan and Chen Yan, darkened. They sighed as they looked at each other, then their expressions returned to normal.

The disciples of the He Huan Sect gloomily rushed toward Cheng Huan

and Chen Yan with complex expressions on their faces. The leading female disciple quickly threw a voice transmission jade to the two Nascent Soul cultivators when they arrived.

Chen Yuan frowned. He placed the jade on his forehead and was startled. Then, he quickly looked at Wang Ying and asked, "Is this true?"

Wang Ying respectfully said, "Ancestor, we saw it with our own eyes."

The disciples behind her all seemed to already know the contents of the jade and all quickly nodded.

Chen Yan looked at everyone, then took the jade from Chen Yuan. After scanning the jade for a long time, she let out a cold laugh and crushed the jade into dust.

Suddenly, a pair of eyes from one of the orthodox sects looked at them. Chen Huan and Cheng Yan immediately turned and saw Xin Hai nodding at them.

Chen Huan and Chen Yan noticed Xin Hai's reaction when the Piao Miao Sect disciples came out, but couldn't guess why. However, after seeing the jade, they realized what happened.

Teng Huayuan frowned as he looked at Chen Huan, Chen Yan, and Xin Hai. He suddenly felt that something big was going to happen, but he didn't know what the problem could be. After speculating for a bit, he couldn't figure out what was wrong, so he let out a cold snort and destroyed another soul in the flag.

At that moment, not only Teng Huayuan, but all of the other sects realized that something was wrong. They didn't know what the disciples could have said to make the faces of three Nascent Soul cultivators become so dark.

Even the small families, small sects, and independent cultivators noticed that something was wrong, so they all gathered together and started talking.

Just at that moment, the sky suddenly darkened and a circle of light silently appeared. The circle of light floated to the middle of the sky, then



expanded to 10 meters in radius. Four people walked out of it.

The person in the front was fat like a ball with a smile on his face, but the moment he appeared, all of the Nascent Soul cultivators flew into the air and respectfully stood at his side.

This person was the messenger that was left at Zhao, Lin Yi.

Li Yin let out a laugh and said, "Everyone, I'm here to help the messengers of the higher cultivation countries open the gate to the foreign battleground. I won't mess with your right to enter, so please rest assured."

The three people behind Li Yin were Punnan Zi, the white haired cultivator from the Piao Miao Sect, and the skinny cultivator from the Tian Dao Sect.

These three accompanied Li Yin and landed in the middle of the clearing. All of the other Nascent Soul cultivators quickly followed and stood at their sides.

Xin Hai took the chance to stand next to the white haired old man and sent over some voice transmissions. This white haired old man was the Piao Miao Sect's number one expert, Xue Mei.

After he heard Xin Hai's message, he calmly nodded.

The formation lit up again and five people walked out. The moment those five appeared, a wave of cold energy spread out. The five's eyes were bloodshot. They looked around and found a corner to sit in.

"What sect are they from?" Everyone immediately started to talk again.

After a long time, no one could figure it out, so everyone started guessing what sect these five were from.

Xue Mei, who was standing beside Li Yin, suddenly laughed and said, "Lord messenger, look at these disciples of the Corpse Sect, filled with hostility. I heard that the Corpse Sect has a secret technique that allows their disciples to fuse with their corpse puppets. I guess those five are these so called human puppets."

Lin Yi nodded and said, "Those five are indeed human puppets."

The skinny man from the Tian Dao Sect looked around and frowned as he said, "Why isn't fellow cultivator Ye here..."

Lin Yi shooked his head and said, "The corpse sect didn't follow the rules of keeping the token within the Jue Ming Valley, so they are disqualified. Even if he doesn't come, it doesn't matter." With that, he casually looked at crowd in the northwest and secretly thought, "The Corpse Sect... This time, several more people will finish the possession and recover their cultivation..."

Thinking about that, Lin Yi suddenly turned toward to Wu Feng Valley's Nascent Soul cultivator and said, "Wu Feng Valley also didn't keep their token and is disqualified, but they gave their token to another sect, so that sect is allowed to have two tokens because there is no limit on the amount of tokens you can have."

The Nascent Soul cultivator of Wu Feng Valley was an old man in black. His expression didn't change as he looked at Teng Huayuan.

Teng Huayuan was also silent. Even though he was a guest elder, he still paid a huge price to get the token.

The formation lit up again. Suddenly, Teng Huayuan's heart pounded as he felt the curse. He stared at the formation, waiting for Wang Lin to appear. The moment Wang Lin appears, he will immediately teleport out.

# Chapter 115: (Untitled)

The formation shined and one person walked out.

Teng Huayuan was about to teleport out when he suddenly stopped. Fury erupted in his heart because that person wasn't Wang Lin at all, but an early stage Foundation Establishment disciple from Wu Feng Valley.

Teng Huayuan's face was extremely gloomy. With his right hand, he crushed a dozen or so souls before he calmed down.

The moment the disciple appeared, he quickly ran to Teng Huayuan and the black robed old man. He knelt to the ground. His voice was filled with fear as he said, "Dead, they are all dead. Even senior apprentice brother Wang Peng is dead. I was far away, so I was able to escape..."

The black robed old man looked at the disciple. He suddenly hit the disciple on the head with his palm and said, "If they are dead, you shouldn't be the only one alive." With that, the disciple's head shattered like a watermelon.

A gentle wind blew and the smell of blood spread. All of the small families and sects became silent as they looked at the old man's direction. No one dared to talk about Wu Feng Valley anymore.

Suddenly, the surroundings became silent as the formation started to shine again.

This time, a very large number of people walked out. They walked out one after another, and Teng Huayuan realized that they were disciples of the Xuan Dao Sect, but he still carefully looked at them.

Suddenly, Teng Huayuan's expression changed. His face was filled with killing intent. His body suddenly moved and disappeared. He reappeared next to a Xuan Dao Sect disciple and said, "You finally came out!" With that, his hand reached toward the head of a youth that had just walked out.

The youth's eyes flashed cold. The moment Teng Huayuan's hand reached out, the youth disappeared and reappeared in the air as several

people exclaimed.

“It’s him! It is him who killed senior apprentice brother!”

“He stole our token! Ancestor, it was him!”

“I also saw him kill everyone from Wu Feng Valley.”

All of the disciples that had come out of the valley became very excited and started to shout. Inside the valley, they were all afraid of Wang Lin and had suffered for more than three months because of him, but now that their elders were all here, they became brave.

Teng Huayuan didn’t think that Wang Lin could teleport and was startled. That’s why Wang Lin got away. His face was gloomy as he shouted, “Wang Lin, I want to see where you can run to!”

Just at that moment, a scream came from the He Huan Sect.

“All of the tokens that were inside the valley are in his hands. He has at least five tokens!”

The moment those words came out, all of the cultivators that were present started talking as they looked at the youth. Even Lin Yi became interested as he looked at the youth. He revealed a surprised expression as he chuckled and silently shook his head.

Teng Huayuan shouted, “Fellow cultivators, this person killed my great great grandson, so we have a personal grudge. Today, I’ll kill him and I won’t take any of the items on his body, but if anyone dares to obstruct me, then don’t blame me for making you my enemy!”

Lin Yi suddenly laughed. “Okay, none of the cultivators of Zhao will dare to get in the way. I want to see if you, Teng Huayuan, dare to kill him.”

The moment Lin Yi’s words came out, everyone was stupefied. Although it was not convenient to talk about it, everyone had their own guesses on the meaning of those words.

Teng Huayuan didn’t dare to be arrogant before Lin Yi, but he couldn’t help but frown as he was unable to understand the meaning of Lin Yi’s

words.

Punnan Zi's eyes lit up as he looked at the youth in the air with a strange expression. The more he looked at the youth, the more familiar the youth seemed, but after thinking about it for a long time, he couldn't think of who it was and became very confused. He thought that no matter how he looked at this youth, he was only at the Foundation Establishment stage, so why wouldn't Teng Huayuan dare to act?

Not only him, but all of the Nascent Soul cultivators were very confused.

Just at that moment, the eyes of the youth in the air turned cold. He didn't fear the people present at all as he raised his head and an enormous aura fell from the sky. It was as if the heavens were crashing down. The youth's hair and clothes were moving without wind as slivers of spiritual energy escaped from his body.

All of the surrounding cultivators, especially the experts from the top sects, were shocked. Even Teng Huayuan, who was about to teleport, suddenly stopped.

In their eyes, the youth's cultivation level had increased at a rapid rate. This was something they had never seen before in their lives.

The youth's cultivation level went from the early stage of Foundation Establishment to the mid stage, then to the late stage. It rapidly increased to early stage Core Formation, then to mid stage Core Formation, and finally late stage Core Formation.

It was not over yet. When he reached the late stage of Core Formation, an invisible ripple started from the youth and spread out. A one foot tall Nascent Soul appeared and quickly went back into the youth's body.

The surroundings were so silent, it was scary. They would have never thought that they'd see someone's cultivation level climb from early stage Foundation Establishment to early stage Nascent Soul.

And it was still not over. The youth raised his hand and his cultivation level climbed up to mid stage Nascent Soul. Only once he reached the mid stage of Nascent Soul did he finally stop.

At that moment, the youth's face was filled with an evil aura, his hair moved strangely, and he pointed at Teng Huayan and asked, "Do you dare to fight with me?"

At that moment, to everyone present, the pressure from this youth was 100% genuine pressure from an expert. Even the Nascent Soul cultivators had looks of disbelief in their eyes.

Lin Yi rubbed his fat chin. He faintly smiled as he observed the youth and secretly thought, "Which family's little brat came to play in my territory? He holds the thousand illusion bead from a rank 5 country. I believe that his backing isn't small. These thousand illusion treasures are uncommon even in Illusionary City. I remember that this bead is split into three ranks, from Nascent Soul to Soul Transformation. The stronger the bead, the higher that person's position."

Teng Huayuan's face was extremely ugly as he looked at the youth in the sky. He suddenly understood the meaning of Lin Yi's words. After he hesitated for a bit, he coldly snorted and said, "Wang Lin, I don't believe that you're at the Nascent Soul stage. How could you have entered the Jue Ming Valley? If you're below the Spirit Severing stage, it is impossible to enter!"

# Chapter 116: (Untitled)

Teng Huayuan didn't immediately act as he was very unsettled. In his heart, he didn't believe that Wang Lin could have reached the mid stage of Nascent Soul at all, but the scene before him said otherwise. Whether it was Wang Lin's aura, spiritual energy, or divine sense, they were all at the Nascent Soul stage. Adding on the fact that he had just teleported, Wang Lin really was at the Nascent Soul stage.

If Wang Lin was only at the early stage, then Teng Huayuan would still be willing to fight, but the cultivation level Wang Lin displayed was mid stage Nascent Soul, so Teng Huayuan couldn't help but be cautious.

Everyone present was so focused on the youth in the sky that no one noticed the formation shine again as another youth walked out and blended into the crowd. He stared at Teng Huayuan, who was in the air, then his eyes locked onto the black flag in Teng Huayuan's hand.

Teng Huayuan focused all of his attention on Wang Lin. Even though he felt a fluctuation in his curse, he still stared at Wang Lin. He waved his right hand and a soul came out of the small flag. He cursed the soul with a cold smile and put the flag back into his bag of holding.

At that moment, the sky darkened and the pressure from three months ago appeared again. The entire sky was covered by dark clouds.

Soon after, a giant pair of hands came out of the clouds and pushed them apart. A giant head appeared. This giant was the same one from three months ago.

When he appeared, the first thing he noticed was the youth in the air. He revealed a strange expression, but he muttered a bit to himself, then ignored the youth. He shouted toward the cultivators of Zhao, "Three months have passed. The passage to the foreign battleground will open!"

With that, he shot two beams of black light from his eyes. The two beams of light intertwined and formed a giant circle in the air.

The moment the circle appeared, the sky seemed to have lost all light.

The circle seemed to suck away all of the surrounding light and became the only light source in the sky.

The giant waved his hand and threw out a rock. The moment the rock appeared, it exploded into pieces that transformed into strange symbols. The symbols quickly imprinted on edge the circle. All of the spiritual energy in Zhao was quickly gathering in the circle.

The spiritual energy for the first time became visible as a thick fog of spiritual energy was gathering to be absorbed by the circle.

As the circle absorbed spiritual energy, the symbols on the circle became brighter. Eventually, a thin film appeared in the circle. The film was almost transparent. One could clearly see that inside the film was an empty space filled with broken bodies, magic treasure, and materials that floated around.

Wang Lin was currently hiding among the crowd. He wasn't looking at the circle, but at Teng Huayuan's waist, because there hung his black bag of holding.

The change in the sky was outside his expectations and messed up his plan, but shortly after, his eyes lit up and he quickly calculated. Slowly, he let out a smile.

The giant suddenly cut his finger and shot out a drop of blood. The drop of blood moved like a meteor and landed on the thin film.

The thin film rapidly melted like hot water poured on snow.

Wang Lin's eyes became cold as he poured spiritual energy into the treasure Adai gave him and muttered, "Attack!"

Wang Lin had carefully studied this magic treasure during those two months of closed door cultivation and found out that the person it forms could be changed. After absorbing his spiritual power, it even managed to take a sliver of the curse.

The youth in the sky quickly waved his hand and a purple dragon came out of his body. It was as if his body had turned into a giant, purple dragon. The dragon roared and sent out giant sound waves.



Teng Huayuan's expression suddenly changed greatly. He was now sure that Wang Lin was indeed at the mid stage of Nascent Soul. There was no way for Wang Lin to give off such a powerful aura otherwise.

The dragon's body moved and shot toward Teng Huayuan like lightning. The dragon showed its teeth and the smell of blood in its mouth pounded Teng Huayuan.

Teng Huayuan quickly backed up as he bit the tip of his tongue and spat out blood. The blood transformed into several large mosquitoes that charged forward to try to stop the giant dragon.

After that, Teng Huayuan quickly slapped his bag of holding and took out a seven foot long flag. The moment the flag appeared, a cold wind started blowing. Thousands of individual faces appeared on the flag. Their expressions were filled with pain as they screamed like crazy.

Teng Huayuan's right hand waved the flag and the faces inside it were thrown out. One by one, the disembodied heads charged toward the giant dragon, their eyes filled with pleas for death.

Lin Yi rubbed his chin as he looked at the flag and shook his head. "This soul flag is not enough. With only 30,000 souls, it hasn't even reached the first level of completion yet."

Punnan Zi heard it and nodded. "What lord messenger says is correct. Back when I was in the foreign battleground, I saw a soul flag with more than 1 million souls. Its power was indeed terrifying."

Lin Yi chuckled and shook his head. "That is only a partially complete soul flag from a rank 4 cultivation country. The Soul Refining Sect in the rank 5 country of Pi Lu has a soul flag as their sect treasure. It is said the number of souls inside that flag surpasses 1 billion and was gathered throughout the thousands of years of the sect's history."

Teng Huayuan waved the soul flag and 30,000 souls flew toward the giant dragon. In the blink of an eye, the souls surrounded the dragon and entered it, but then something strange happened.

The souls didn't meet any resistance as they went into the dragon. It

was as if the dragon didn't exist. The souls entered on one side and exited through the other.

# Chapter 117: Death of Wang Lin

The 30,000 souls went in and out of the dragon as if they were having a party. Teng Huayuan was stunned as the dragon passed through the souls and charged toward him.

Teng Huayuan's expression became very unsettled; however, he didn't have any time to think and quickly backed up. He threw out several defensive magic treasures to stop the dragon, but no matter what the magic treasures did, they couldn't stop the dragon. The dragon passed through them as if they weren't there, let out a roar, and swallowed Teng Huayuan.

Lin Yi's expression was strange. He looked at the giant, who was enjoying the show, and found that the giant's expression was also strange. The two looked at each other and then the giant laughed and looked at the dragon with a playful expression.

Teng Huayuan only felt a gentle wind as the dragon devoured him. The dragon looked very fierce, but the moment it touched him, the dragon disappeared without a trace.

It had been a long since Teng Huayuan had felt cold sweat, but at that moment, his back was covered in sweat.

"Illusion..." Teng Huayuan's face went from green to red. Finally, he couldn't hold it in and cursed out loud. This was the first time he had cursed since reaching the Core Formation stage a few hundred years ago.

He was scared to death by an illusion in front of all of the cultivators of Zhao. Teng Huayuan's anger suddenly reached its limit. He gloomily slapped his bag of holding to take out the black flag and kill Wang Lin's family members one by one right in front of him, but just at that moment, points of light appeared in the air. The light gathered and the youth appeared again.

Without a word, he waved his hand and a flash of cyan light filled with coldness shot toward Teng Huayuan.

Teng Huayuan sneered. Not only did he not back away, he went forward instead. He reached out with his hand and sarcastically said, "The first one was an illusion, but the second one might not be! Is this little trick all you have, Wang Lin?" With that, his hand grabbed the flying sword.

There was a flash of green light and the flying sword disappeared. It reappeared behind Teng Huayuan and mercilessly charged toward his back.

There was a tink sound as the sword stabbed at a piece of metal. The sword bounced back very far. From the torn piece of Teng Huayuan's clothes, one could see a golden plate of armor.

A cold light flashed across Teng Huayuan's eyes as he moved forward with a dark expression. He appeared before the youth and grabbed toward him with black lines that extended from his fingernails.

At the same time, he waved his left hand and eight blood pillars appeared. The eight pillars joined together to form a cage.

At the same time, the youth in the air not only didn't panic, but revealed a mocking expression. As Teng Huayuan's hand drew close to him, the youth's body turned into a point of light and slowly disappeared.

Two cyan grains of light, one big and one small, appeared where the youth was. The two cyan grains quickly collided with each other.

Teng Huayuan's expression suddenly changed. At that very moment, a wave of cyan light spread out and instantly covered everything in a one kilometer radius.

Everything within one kilometer became an ocean of ice.

Lin Yi narrowed his eyes and thought, "Interesting, this little guy is interesting. He not only has the Illusion City's Thousand Illusion bead, he also has the Underworld Sect's Blue Ice. That flying sword is also not normal. Although it is an imitation, it is still powerful."

The giant in the sky was also startled as he looked toward the formation at Jue Ming Valley and let out a strange smile.

In the sky, the film in the circle formed by the two black dragons had almost completely melted. It was about to open.

The eight blood pillars around Teng Huayuan let out cracking sounds as they were instantly frozen over and lost their effect as a prison.

At the same time, waves of blue ice quickly climbed up Teng Huayuan's legs. He felt waves of coldness enter this body, causing it to become stiff. However, he didn't panic. This level of coldness wouldn't affect him much. He cycled spiritual energy through his body and recovered.

At the same time, Wang Lin, who was at the entrance of the Jue Ming Valley, suddenly used one of his two remaining teleports.

He appeared just as the blue light spread out. With his body's resistance to the cold, he wasn't affected and silently appeared behind Teng Huayuan.

He knew that with his strength, he had no chance in a fight against a Nascent Soul cultivator. Teng Huayuan would only have to raise his hand to kill him countless times, so Wang Lin didn't even think about getting revenge. Even though he was filled with killing intent, he suppressed it. He reached out and grabbed toward Teng Huayuan's bag of holding.

Teng Huayan noticed Wang Lin when he appeared behind him. He suddenly turned his head and saw that it was Wang Lin. He understood what was going on, but his body was still recovering from the stiffness, so his movements were slow and Wang Lin's appearance was sudden.

By the time he saw Wang Lin, Wang Lin was already on his bag of holding.

Teng Huayuan revealed a hideous expression and shouted, "Explode!"

A destructive force suddenly came out of the bag of holding when Wang Lin's hand touched it. The force entered his body and ran through his arm. The explosion started at his fingertips and rapidly spread. Wang Lin clenched teeth. The flying sword appeared, cut off his hand, and he used the force of the explosion to push himself back.

At the same time, his left hand moved and grabbed the bag of holding

with his attraction technique as he quickly escaped.

When Teng Huayuan regained his mobility, he took a step forward. He instantly moved out of the area of the cyan light and chased after Wang Lin.

He caught up in the blink of an eye, reached out, and shouted, "Wang Lin, do you think that just because you have my bag of holding, you will be able to open it? Since you killed my great-great-grandson, I'm going to refine your soul into the soul flag and let you suffer torture worse than death!"

Wang Lin's right hand had completely shattered. He used his spiritual energy to freeze his arm to stop the bleeding. He didn't dare to touch Teng Huayuan's bag of holding. He was holding it with his attraction force technique.

Teng Huayuan felt very annoyed as having to deal with a Foundation Establishment junior before everyone was already a very shameful thing. If he had instantly caught or killed Wang Lin, it wouldn't have been too bad, but he was tricked into a sorry state by an illusion and then that blue ice restrained his body for a while. On top of that, even though it was only for a short period of time, Wang Lin had managed to steal his bag of holding.

He wasn't feeling any less insulted than if had been slapped in the face, and this wasn't just one slap, it was like being slapped repetitively.

What annoyed him the most was that Wang Lin clearly wouldn't be able to survive one hit, but knew how to teleport. This shocked Teng Huayuan greatly as teleporting was something only Nascent Soul cultivators could do.

In addition to all of this, what shocked Teng Huayuan the most was Wang Lin's determination and decisiveness to cut off his own right hand to stop the explosion from spreading. At this point, Teng Huayuan couldn't help but praise Wang Lin, but that praise was quickly submerged by hatred.

The more decisive Wang Lin was, the more Teng Huayuan wanted to kill

him.

“Wang Lin, you can’t blame anyone for killing my great-great-grandson, but you can rest assured. After I kill you, I’ll go wipe out old man Jimo, who sent Teng Li after you, and his disciples to accompany you in hell.” Teng Huayuan sneered in his heart and waved his hand. Suddenly, a cold wind started to blow. 30,000 souls came out and charged at Wang Lin.

In order to prevent Wang Lin from using teleportation again, Teng Huayuan hit his own chest and his Nascent Soul appeared above his head. With a roar, his Nascent Soul shrunk greatly. A ball of blood came out of the Nascent Soul’s mouth. The moment the ball of blood appeared, it began to expand until it enveloped the area.

Due to the effect of the curse, the moment the blood surrounded the area, Wang Lin found that his body was immediately immobilized. He was about to teleport away until he looked straight ahead and saw something that made his body tremble. He stared at the souls coming at him and wept two streams of blood. The souls he was looking at had expressions filled with pain and one of them was his father.

Teng Huayuan noticed Wang Lin’s expression. He suddenly decided not to rush things. He eerily laughed. “Did you see it? Did you really think I would put your entire family’s souls in just one soul flag? Wang Lin, you’re too naive.” With that, he pointed with his hand and the 30,000 souls stopped. Then, Wang Lin’s father’s soul separated from the group and charged toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin gritted his teeth as a stream of blood leaked out of his mouth. He watched as his father’s soul entered his body. While enduring the awful pain, he started to laugh miserably. His laughter became louder and louder as he coughed out several mouthfuls of blood. He raised his head and shouted, “So this is the cultivation world. Good! Good!” He slammed his forehead and spat out a mouthful of Yin spiritual energy. He carefully wrapped it around his father’s soul in a way that wouldn’t freeze it.

Teng Huayuan watched Wang Lin and suddenly felt a chill in his heart,

but shortly after, he felt that it was kinda funny that he would be scared of a Foundation Establishment cultivator. However, he couldn't stop the chill in his heart from intensifying. He waved his hand again and another soul came out of the cluster of 30,000 souls. This time, it was Wang Lin's mother.

Wang Lin's body shook as he let go of the bag of holding he was holding with his attraction force technique. That bag was now useless to him.

Memories of his childhood, of before he entered the Heng Yue Sect, flooded into his mind.

"Wang Lin, see how merciful I am, to let you reunite with your parents?" As Teng Huayuan talked, he pointed with his finger and Wang Lin's mother's soul entered Wang Lin's body.

The pain in his body was nothing compared to the pain he felt in his heart. Wang Lin could feel that his heart was bleeding. He coldly stared at Teng Huayuan as he once again used his Yin spiritual energy to freeze and preserve his mother's soul.

Teng Huayuan let out an eerie smile and said, "Okay, let the games end. I know you want to use the tunnel to the foreign battleground to escape. You can give up on that idea."

With that, he reached out and Wang Lin's bag of holding flew into Teng Huayuan's hand. He crushed the bag of holding, destroying everything inside along with the tokens.

At the same time, the 30,000 souls charged into Wang Lin and began to devour his flesh and spiritual energy. Countless human faces appeared under his skin.

There were even ones that charged toward Wang Lin's parents' souls, which were surrounded by Wang Lin's ice, but Wang Lin used his body to protect them.

Shortly after, Wang Lin's left hand was devoured at a visible rate before him. After that were both of his legs. Throughout this entire time, Wang



Lin didn't let out a sound as he stared coldly at Teng Huayuan. This caused the chill in Teng Huayuan's heart to become even stronger.

The giant in the sky stared at Wang Lin and excitedly thought, "Hostility aura! This is hostility aura!"

As the 30,000 souls rampaged through him, his body slowly dissipated. Teng Huayuan revealed a serious expression as he muttered to himself, "Li Er, your great-great-grandfather is getting revenge for you. Watch, it's not over yet. Once his body is destroyed, I'll take his soul..."

Wang Lin let out a miserable laugh. He couldn't feel the pain in his body. He took the chance while he could still breathe to use his attraction technique to wrap around the ice that contained his parents' souls and moved them to his chest. This was the only thing he could do. Even if he were to die, he wanted to die with his parents.

He didn't regret coming out of the Jue Ming Valley. He knew that if he were to hide, he would only be able to temporarily escape, but even if there was a sliver of hope, he wouldn't give up on it. Coming out gave him a sliver of hope in stealing back his parents' souls. If he had stayed inside, he wouldn't have even that tiny sliver.

His body was locked within this blood prison. He had already tried to teleport away, but found that he was unable to. Right now, there was only hatred in Wang Lin's heart.

"Father, Mother, Tie Zhu is unfilial. If there is another life after this, I hope I'm not your son because I... am unworthy... without me, you guys wouldn't have to suffer..." Wang Lin wept blood as he closed his eyes...

Just then, an ancient voice came from Wang Lin's chest. Shortly after, Wang Lin's body exploded. The 30,000 souls escaped Wang Lin's body in a panic as a beam of light grabbed Wang Lin's parents' souls, broke through the blood prison, and entered the foreign battleground.

The film that was more than 80 to 90% melted suddenly collapsed under the impact of the ray of light.

The giant's and Lin Yi's expressions suddenly changed when they saw

that ray of light. Lin Yi shouted, “It’s...” Just as he started, he immediately shut his mouth and jumped toward the foreign battleground. However, the moment he touched the circle formed by the two black dragons, he was bounced back.

# Chapter 118: Foreign Battleground

The giant revealed a look of greed and laughed. "Good, good! The credit for this is going to be mine! Today's harvest is pretty good. First, I got to see the hostility aura and then I saw the bead. Lin Yi, if you dare to fight with me, I'll kill you!" With that, the giant came out of the cloud. His body was more than 100 feet tall. It gave off an aura that suppressed people.

Cracking sounds came from his body as he shrank to the size of a normal person. There was a mark of a hammer on his forehead.

Lin Yi shouted, "Tch! What do you mean!?"

The giant stared at Lin Yi and walked into the circle. After entering, he waved his hand and the circle turned back into two dragons. The portal disappeared without a trace. The sky immediately lit up again and the clouds disappeared.

Lin Yi's expression was very ugly as he coldly looked at the still dumbfounded Teng Huayuan. He let out a cold laugh and then disappeared into the horizon.

Every cultivator outside the Jue Ming Valley remembered the youth that dared to fight with a Nascent Soul cultivator. The Foundation Establishment cultivator named Wang Lin was carved into everyone's hearts.

Zhao's right to enter the foreign battleground was ruthlessly taken away. It didn't matter if there were any remaining tokens because the lord messenger that came to open the tunnel had already left to chase something. Why would he still remember something as small as this?

Lin Yi was filled with anger as he watched the item the cultivation union was looking for taken being away before his eyes. This feeling made him want to cough up blood.

Especially when he thought about how the bead had always been in Zhao and how he was the overseer of Zhao. If this got out, it would be too

embarrassing.

Teng Huayuan's face was sullen because he didn't know if Wang Lin had died or not. He believed Wang Lin to be dead, but he couldn't get rid of this feeling of terror in his heart.

The people outside the Jue Ming Valley gradually left and the story of Wang Lin spread with them. Eventually, every cultivator in Zhao knew of Wang Lin.

Punnan Zi took the disciples back to the Xuan Dao Sect. There was a female disciple behind him. That was Liu Mei. She watched everything and felt bitterness in her heart.

She didn't know why, but she had a sliver of affection for Wang Lin. This sliver of affection not only didn't disappear with time, but would resurface in her heart in the dead of night.

Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao also came to know about what had happened outside of the Jue Ming Valley. The hatred they had toward Wang Lin for the destruction he brought gradually disappeared.

The two of them knew that they didn't have the guts to fight against Nascent Soul cultivators. But this didn't mean that the two of them had given up on revenge. Wang Zhuo and Wang Hao were set on killing Teng Huayuan. It was their lifelong goal.

After Punnan Zi came back, he learned of the Wang family's tragedy. Under Liu Mei's plea, he accepted Wang Hao as a disciple.

Liu Mei knew that this was the only thing she could do to help Wang Lin, even if he will never know about it.

Teng Huayuan returned to Teng Family City with that feeling of terror and went into closed door cultivation. He swore that he wouldn't come out until he has reached the late stage of Nascent Soul.

The entire country of Zhao seemed to suddenly quiet down.

The foreign battleground was filled with rifts in space and steel wind. At this very moment, there were thousands of people from dozens of rank

3 cultivation countries here to clean up the battleground.

The highest level cultivator here was at the late stage of Foundation Establishment. With this cultivation level, they could barely take a step without being in danger, so how could they complete the task of cleaning up the battleground?

In fact, when they entered the foreign battleground, the lord messenger that opened up the tunnel gave each of them a piece of jade. This jade protected them from the steel wind and will teleport them back to their own country after 50 years.

But against the mysterious spacial rifts that could appear anywhere, these jades were powerless.

The foreign battleground is still very dangerous for these Foundation Establishment cultivators, but if they are careful and lucky, they can still make it out alive.

Generally speaking, the survival rate of the foreign battleground is 30%.

Although it is not high, considering all of the materials and magic treasures they can find while cleaning up, it is not so bad. After all, cultivation is a heaven defying thing, so the higher the risk, the better the reward.

And anyone who returns safely from the foreign battleground will have a higher status within the sect. Their cultivation level will also be higher as cultivating in the foreign battleground is far faster than back at their sects.

After all, the foreign battleground has very dense spiritual energy. That and years of constant danger forces their cultivation level to rise rapidly.

Basically, every time the cleaning is completed, there will be people who have successfully formed their core. This is why so many Foundation Establishment cultivators risk their lives to come here.

At this moment, in the foreign battleground, at the 67th northeast angle, there was a youth in white digging at a body with a knife. If one looked closely, this person was cutting at the gap of the body armor on

the body. He clearly wanted to get the body armor.

The body armor was already heavily damaged and covered in burn marks.. The chest portion of the armor had been completely shattered, revealing a fist-sized wound.

In addition to that, on the body of the giant, there was a very faint image of a hammer. If one didn't look closely, they wouldn't see it at all.

This youth's name was Mai Liang. He was a cultivator of the War God Temple in the country of Hou Fen. He had already been at the foreign battleground for more than 30 years, so he was very experienced.

There needs to be a little explanation here. In the foreign battleground, one doesn't age, but when they leave, they will rapidly age the years that they have been inside.

As he was digging, his expression suddenly changed and he immediately laid down. Just then, a ray of black light shot by and passed him.

The youth was stunned. He thought that he had seen a bead in the ray of black light, so he gave up on the armor and chased after the light.

He had been here for 30 years, but aside from his peers, he hadn't seen another live person; however, he had seen several magic treasures that could fly on their own.

Although no one had managed to get their hands on one, Mai Liang had heard about them. These magic treasures with their own consciousness were very powerful.

Mai Liang used his fastest speed to chase after the bead. The more he chased, the more excited he got, especially because this area was kind of desolate. In the past year he had been here, he hadn't met another peer. Thinking about that, his heart started beating even faster and he secretly thought, "My luck has finally arrived. If I could get that treasure and return to the sect, then junior apprentice sister would admire me. Then, I'll give this treasure to the sect head and have him make junior apprentice sister form a cultivation pair with me. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

Mai Liang used every ounce of his strength to chase after the bead with that fantasy in his mind.

But that bead was simply too far. Mai Liang hadn't chased very far before the gap grew. Mai Liang clenched his teeth and pulled out an item from his bag of holding. This item was a shuttle. It was red and released slivers of heat.

This was the biggest harvest he had while cleaning the foreign battleground. He normally wouldn't dare to take it out because he was afraid it would be stolen. However, right now, the treasure was about to get away. He couldn't be bothered with keeping it a secret, so he took out the shuttle and threw it forward.

The shuttle instantly grew to several times its normal size and with a hum, charged forward at a very quick speed. Mai Liang was clinging onto the shuttle from the moment it grew. He could only feel the wind hitting his body like punches. It was a long time before he could finally open his eyes and see that he had already closed quite a bit of the distance between him and the bead.

Filled with excitement, Mai Liang clinged onto the shuttle and chased after the bead. Time quickly passed. Although Mai Liang wasn't getting left behind by the bead anymore, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't overtake or catch up to the bead. He could only maintain the current distance between him and the bead.

It wasn't until three days later that Mai Liang noticed that he had entered a foreign part of the foreign battleground. He became nervous. It has to be said that besides the steel wind and spacial rifts, the most dangerous things in the foreign battleground were foreign places.

A foreign place had many dangers. A large amount of spacial rifts could suddenly appear and devour everything. Mai Liang had heard from the elder that the foreign battleground was simply too large and they were only cleaning a small portion of it. And just in that small portion, there were places that contained a lot of spacial rifts.

As he was hesitating, he suddenly noticed that rows of very dense white

stripes appeared before him. Looking at the stripes, Mai Liang's expression changed as he forced the shuttle to stop and quickly back up.

He was too familiar with these white stripes. When spacial rifts appear, they first appear as these white strips. Soon, the white stripes will fuse into a large spacial rift that will devour everything.

Mai Liang's face was pale as he looked around. After realizing that there were only spacial rifts in front of him, he relaxed a bit. He wryly smiled and said, "Forget it. It's not worth dying for a treasure that I don't even know the effect of. I haven't be able to do pair cultivation with junior apprentice sister yet. I don't want to die needlessly here."

Just at that moment, a small, white stripe appeared before the ray of black light. Without any hesitation, the ray of black light went into the spacial rift.

Mai Liang sighed and cursed. "Spacial rift, you swallowed yet another treasure. In the 30 years I been here, you have swallowed so many. If not 10,000, it has been 8,000. Why can't you leave one for me?"

He had just finished cursing when he felt a chill as someone patted his shoulder.

He was instantly covered in cold sweat as he slowly turned around to see a middle aged man. The middle aged man's expression was very ugly as he asked Mai Liang, "Little guy, did you see that black light?"

The Mai Liang was able to instantly see the hammer pattern on the middle aged man's forehead. He took a deep breath because he had seen this pattern many times during his 30 years here. He had seen one just a few days ago.

He heard from some of the elders that this pattern was the symbol of the Giant Demon Clan from a rank 5 cultivation country. The members of the Giant Demon Clan were born with spiritual energy, so they had the best bodies for cultivation. They were also the only rank 5 cultivation country that contained only one sect in the entire country.

The people of the Giant Demon Clan could only freely change their



bodies once they reach the Soul Transformation stage. Since this person looked like a normal person, he must be a Soul Transformation expert from the Giant Demon Sect.

Mai Liang's throat was dry. He was too scared to lie, so he quickly said, "Senior, I saw that ray of black light. It went over there and was swallowed by a spacial rift."

The middle aged man was the one who had chased after Wang Lin from Zhao. He chased it the entire way as quickly as possible, but the more he chased, the more shocked he became. That bead's speed was the same as his. It was even able to dodge all of his interceptions. Not only that, but the bead's speed gradually became even faster until it was able to lose him.

In addition to all of that, there were still the spacial rifts. Even though he wasn't afraid of spacial rifts, it would be very annoying if he were to get caught in one. With his early stage Soul Transformation cultivation, he could only prevent himself from being sucked in. He could not move around as he wished.

With the obstruction of the spacial rifts, his speed became even slower. Even with teleportation, he could only prevent himself from getting left behind.

On the way, he found Mai Liang. He was shocked to find that Mai Liang was able to travel faster than him thanks to that shuttle.

After hearing Mai Liang's story, his face was sullen and he was very angry. Although the foreign battleground was very large, it still had borders, but there were no borders inside the spacial rifts. Even if he were to go back home to get a late stage Soul Transformation cultivator to help him, it would still be like searching the ocean for a needle. There wasn't much hope.

Thinking about that, he looked at Mai Liang. He reached out, took the shuttle from Mai Liang, and shouted, "This thing is now mine!"

With that, he moved and flew back toward where he came from without even looking at Mai Liang.

After that person left, Mai Liang wiped the sweat from his forehead, let out a breath, and quickly left the area.

Mai Liang didn't know that that person was extremely famous in his rank 5 cultivation country. However, he was famous because he always had to take something or it would be a waste otherwise, like the time when he took Lin Yi's light tower.

# Chapter 119: Soul Awakens

The spacial rifts in the foreign battleground occur due to the countless battle that happen here. If it wasn't for the fact that the cultivation union comes and stabilizes this place, it would have already collapsed.

What is on other side of the spacial rifts is a sea of stars. That place is filled with energy and strange creatures.

It isn't like no one that has entered the rifts have come out. However, those late stage Soul Transformation cultivators teleported out almost as soon as they had entered, before the suction force reached its maximum strength.

The scariest thing about the spacial rifts in the foreign battleground is the suction force. Even Soul Transformation cultivators have trouble with it. The suction is so powerful that it can even suck out spiritual energy, so don't even think about escaping.

That's just one one reason that they're dangerous. The other reason is that no one knows exactly where the spacial rifts connect to. They had only heard from some very powerful cultivators that the space is pitch black and that your divine sense is trapped inside your body once you get there.

A point of light suddenly appeared in the spacial rift and floated within it. If one looked closely, they could see a soul fire glow faintly.

Time slowly passed. After unknown amount of time, that point of light kept floating in space. That soul fire showed signs of dissipating.

Time passed and the light was still very faint. Only a faint ember remained of the soul fire.

One day, a giant shadow suddenly floated toward the light. Upon closer inspection, that shadow was a large corpse.

This body seemed to be the same as a Giant Demon Clan member's body. However, if one looked closely at that body's forehead, there wasn't a hammer, but an axe.

A black axe!

If any Giant Demon Clan members were here, they would instantly recognize that as a sign of their ancestral tribe.

The moment the body touched the light, a sliver of smoke came out of the body. The smoke took the figure of a person and revealed a greedy look as it jumped at the light.

This was a special type of creature that lived inside the foreign battleground. It devoured everything, whether it was bodies, magic treasures, or souls.

It jumped toward the body, but it let out a scream and tried to escape. However, the light instantly absorbed the creature, leaving behind only the body.

After absorbing that creature, the light became brighter and the soul fire inside it became stronger.

At that moment, Wang Lin woke up.

To be more accurate, his soul woke up.

When he woke up, he didn't have any consciousness as he was only a ball of soul fire. A very cold feeling came from within his soul.

There was a very large fire next to his soul. Although this fire released an evil aura, Wang Lin didn't hesitate to jump toward it.

The light suddenly went into the giant's head and slowly settled inside.

Wang Lin's soul could be considered to be surrounded by a demonic flame as the coldness went away and his soul gradually calmed down. Time slowly passed by again. This period of time was even longer than the one before. During this long period of time, the body Wang Lin was in slowly floated in the foreign battleground.

It wasn't certain if it was because that body contained Wang Lin's soul, but more of those creatures appeared to try to devour Wang Lin. However, they were all devoured by him instead. His divine sense grew larger and his soul fire grew stronger.

The stronger he became, more of these creatures emerged like crazy, wanting to devour him. Wang Lin didn't know that the body he was in was like a giant beacon in this dark world.

Wang Lin didn't know exactly how much time had passed. Ever since he had awakened, he felt hungry and had devoured several of those creatures. He only knew that every time he devoured one, he could feel his mind become clearer.

Finally, one day, Wang Lin remembered the moment of his birth, the 16 years with his parents, the days at the Heng Yue Sect.... And he finally remembered Teng Huayuan.

A wave of sorrow came from his soul as he realized what had happened. At the last moment, Situ Nan risked himself to save him and had brought him into the foreign battleground.

The moment it went into the spacial rift, the heaven defying bead underwent a change. To be more accurate, it disappeared without a trace.

But Wang Lin could clearly feel that the heaven defying bead hadn't disappeared. It had mysteriously fused into Wang Lin's soul. It could be said that the heaven defying bead had melted and fused with Wang Lin's soul.

It was because of this that he was able to devour all of those mysterious and powerful creatures.

Situ Nan didn't die, but entered a permanent state of slumber. The last thing he did before falling asleep was wrap Wang Lin's parents' souls with his Nascent Soul to slumber with him.

Wang Lin's parents were not cultivators, so they had no chance of being revived or possessing a body. Wang Lin just wanted to keep his parents around so they don't disappear.

After he recovered all of his memories, he realized that his divine sense had become huge. The giant's body seemed to be unable to withstand it anymore and had started to break down.

Helpless, Wang Lin left the giant's body. The coldness returned once

more. He floated through the space, looking for the next body to possess.

This process of traveling through the void to find a different corpse lasted for a long time. Likewise, the mysterious creatures kept coming to him to be devoured.

His divine soul became even more powerful. Devouring these powerful creatures gradually became Wang Lin's habit. He stopped devouring them while defending himself, but he actively sought them out when he wasn't.

Or it could be said that Wang Lin had been here for too long. Long enough for him to search through his own memories multiple times. He began to analyze everything that he had done. After he finished analyzing everything he had done, he realized that he had nothing left to do. That was when he suddenly remembered that formation book he had bought.

He immediately recalled the contents of the book and began to study them. When he had completely mastered the basic formations in the book, he fell back into the state of having nothing to do.

In these countless years, Wang Lin had seen many spacial rifts that led to the exit, but his divine sense had become far too large to leave through these small spacial rifts.

But he found out that as his divine sense grew larger, the spacial rifts would crack when he slammed into them. However, after one or two collisions, the spacial rift would automatically disappear.

One or two collisions weren't enough to cause the spacial rift to collapse. That was because his divine sense wasn't powerful enough, so Wang Lin started to devour those creatures like crazy.

He completely gave up on the idea of finding a body to possess. Instead, he quickly moved through the void. Every time he came across one of those mysterious creatures, he would quickly rush up and devour it.

This life continued for a long time. Every time he saw a spacial rift, he would slam into it. He knew that he would be able to cause the spacial rift to collapse in one or two hits one day.

But as time passed, Wang Lin found that the mysterious creatures in the

void seemed to have disappeared. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find another one.

So he increased the scope of search. One day, Wang Lin felt a divine sense similar in size to his own. This was the first time that Wang Lin had found a divine soul as powerful as his.

A fuzzy voice entered Wang Lin's soul. "You passed the trial!" it said.

Wang Lin was startled. He quickly used the same method to send out a message.

"How can I leave here?"

"Leave? Why would you want to leave? There is no way to leave..." After the owner of the voice sent out that message, he slowly backed away and disappeared.

Wang Lin pondered a little. He could hear some coldness in that soul's words. He realized that within this void, there were souls with divine senses as powerful or more powerful than his.

They must each have their own territory. Once Wang Lin enters another's territory, it will be a battle to the death with them.

After this unexpected encounter, Wang Lin went in other directions and found that there were three more souls with large divine senses like his. Through some exchanges, Wang Lin found out that with this current strength, he was unable to break through the spacial rift in one or two hits.

But Wang Lin's determination to return was strong. He came up with a crazy idea. He spread out his divine sense to cover his entire territory. The wider his divine sense spread, the stronger the disturbance it caused.

Wang Lin carefully watched over the area his divine sense covered. To his right, a spacial rift suddenly appeared. Without any hesitation, Wang Lin sent a piece of his divine sense into the spacial rift. The moment the divine sense entered the spacial rift, he cut off that part of his divine sense. As the spacial rift disappeared, he lost contact with that piece of his divine sense.

Wang Lin's expression didn't change as he waited for the next spacial rift to appear.



# Chapter 120: Return of Wang Lin

Xu Hao was a 6th generation disciple of the Spirit Art Sect in the rank 3 cultivation country of Julu. He sat on top of a giant rock. He was sorting his gains from throughout the years when his transmission jade suddenly started to shake.

Xu Hao's brow furrowed as he placed the jade on his forehead. A very hurried voice entered his mind.

"Quickly, come to the 48th degree northwest. A piece of divine sense without any owner appeared."

The person who sent the message was a good friend that he had met at the foreign battleground named Ge Yang. They were both late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators. They often teamed up to kill people for their treasures, so their relationship was very good.

The moment Xu Hao heard this, his expression immediately changed. He became very excited. Divine Sense was the most precious thing in the foreign battleground, even more so than working magic treasures.

Only powerful cultivators whose Nascent Souls had escaped from their bodies, but then died had a small chance of leaving behind a bit of divine sense.

Xu Hao didn't understand the specific uses of divine sense, but he knew that when he entered the foreign battleground, the messenger listed out the things that the higher cultivation countries wanted, and divine sense placed in the top ten.

The stuff on the list must be turned in once they obtain it and they would receive certain reward for them. Thinking about it, Xu Hao quickly flew northwest.

After he arrived, he found out that a large amount of people had gathered here. In the distance, there was a large barrier surrounding a blue spot. This blue spot just floated in the air motionlessly.

Xu Hao's eyes revealed greed as he slapped his bag of holding, took out

a black fork, and charged over.

As for Wang Lin, he quietly waited for spacial rifts to appear. Suddenly, eight spacial rifts appeared within his divine sense.

Pieces of Wang Lin's divine sense quickly entered the rifts and were cut off. He had sent out eight portions of his divine sense.

This process continued as Wang Lin's divine sense became smaller and smaller as he sent out countless portions of divine sense.

In these three years, the foreign battleground had entered a crazed state. Since that time, when Xu Hao and Ge Yang took that portion of divine sense, divine sense would appear daily, causing everyone in the foreign battleground to go crazy.

It was unimaginable for this much divine sense to appear in the foreign battleground. If the upper cultivation countries found out about this strange event, it would have immediately caught their attention. But in these three years, they hadn't sent anyone to check the foreign battleground.

The foreign battleground entered an unstable state. For some unknown reason, the people inside couldn't leave and the people outside couldn't go in.

The cause of the problem were the spacial rifts. In this past decade, there were too many spacial rifts. A few entrances were filled with countless spacial rifts.

The experts of the rank 4 and 5 cultivation countries came to the conclusion that the foreign battleground was about to collapse. If even a Nascent Soul were to go in right now, it could cause a collapse.

As for asking the rank 6 cultivation country to repair it, the price was simply too great. Even if they knew about the large quantities of divine sense that was appearing inside the foreign battleground, they still wouldn't do it, and that's taking into consideration the fact that the price would be split among the rank 5 cultivation countries.

And most importantly, there was more than one foreign battleground,

so there was really no need to fix this one. The general rule was once a foreign battleground can't be maintained anymore, it was simply abandoned.

But what caused all the experts to scratch their heads was that this foreign battleground should still have lasted thousands of years before collapsing. What could have happened in the last decade to speed up its collapse?

They didn't know that all of this was caused by Wang Lin. If it wasn't for him slamming into all of the spacial rifts, this wouldn't have happened.

The flow of time in the void was different from the flow of time in the foreign battleground. 100 years in the void was only one year in the foreign battleground.

To be more accurate, the time Wang Lin had spent slamming into the spacial rift was 7 years outside, but 700 years in the void.

700 years of continuous blows from Wang Lin caused the foreign battleground to collapse even faster. Right now, no cultivator from the rank 4 or 5 cultivation countries dared to enter the foreign battleground.

They could only send messages to the cultivators inside. They told them to cancel the cleaning, work together to gather all of the divine sense, and leave through a transfer array.

Wang Lin had lost track of time as his soul became smaller and smaller. Right now, he no longer had to cut off his divine sense. He was waiting for a large rift.

On this day, within Wang Lin's divine sense, a spacial rift several times larger than normal appeared. Without any hesitation, Wang Lin entered.

Mai Liang had set his sights on a magic treasure. This magic treasure was very similar to the black light he had seen before. Both could fly on their own. He had chased this treasure down for three days and was completely worn out.

He wryly smiled at the purple sword before him and secretly thought

that if his shuttle wasn't stolen, he could have easily caught up and wouldn't be so tired right now.

Thinking about the shuttle, he couldn't help think about that black light. In these 10+ years, he couldn't help but fantasize about that treasure. Since that treasure was being chased by a member of the Giant Demon Clan, it must have been some heaven defying treasure.

Every time he thought about it, he couldn't help but sigh.

Mai Liang muttered to himself, "The transfer tunnel to leave here won't open early or late, but exactly when my 50 year time limit is up. But no matter what happens, I can finally go home. In these past few years, it has become too dangerous. It is all because of the divine senses that have been appearing. After I get that flying sword, I'll return to the gathering point. Hehe, junior apprentice sister, you have to wait for me. You can't turn down senior apprentice brother. I am a brute and only I truly love you."

"But 50 years have passed. What does junior apprentice sister look like now? Well.. she cultivates the War God method and I heard that it has the ability to make you stay looking young, so at most she would look 30. If she has become an old lady, then I might as well give up. Hmph hmph, of the dozens of people from the War God Shrine that came here, only ten or so remain. Once I return, the elders will focus resources on me to help me cultivate. And the bottle of pills I received before is very powerful. Just one pill will keep me young. After I leave, I will only look like a 20 year old young man. Thanks to that, I can have any woman I want." Mai Liang let out a mischievous smile as he suddenly gained motivation.

Just as Mai Liang was feeling proud, two beams of light suddenly closed in. In the blink of an eye, they arrived next to Mai Liang. One of the lights charged past him towards the purple sword, revealing a 30 year old young man. His expression darkened as he caught the flying sword and threw it into his bag of holding without a word. He then turned to stare coldly at Mai Liang.

The other ray of light revealed a middle aged man in black. He stood

behind Mai Liang and faintly smiled at him.

Mai Liang's expression changed as he said, "Xu Hao, Ge Yang!" He complained in his heart. He had seen these people from a distance before. These two had bad names because they liked to kill people to steal their treasures.

Mai Liang decisively tore off his bag of holding and threw it to Xu Hao. "Fellow cultivators, here is everything I have found during my time here. You guys can have it all. I just want my life," he begged.

Xu Hao was startled. He took the bag of holding and scanned it with his divine sense. He smiled and said, "You are the most spineless person I have ever met, but also the most practical. Fine, I'll let you go this time. Scram!"

Mai Liang relaxed and was about to back away when his expression suddenly changed. He coughed out a mouthful of blood as a flying sword pierced through his chest. His body shook as he felt his life draining away. He forced his body to turn around and look at Ge Yang as he said, "You..."

Ge Yang waved his hand. As the flying sword flew back to him, he said, "I didn't say I'd let you go." With that, he left without even looking at Mai Liang.

Xu Hao made a sound and shook his head. He knew that Ge Yang killed Mai Liang because he hated the fact that Mai Liang gave the bag of holding to him. He and Ge Yang had an agreement: the bag of holding belongs to whoever gets a hold of it first and they couldn't fight over it anymore.

If Ma Liang had given the bag of holding to Ge Yang, Xu Hao would have done the same.

Mai Liang's consciousness was already fuzzy as an image of his junior apprentice sister appeared before him. He gradually closed his eyes. Just at that moment, a large spacial rift appeared next to Mai Liang and a large soul charged out.

The moment the soul appeared, it paused and quickly drilled into Mai Liang's body. Mai Liang's eyes suddenly opened. Beams of golden light shot out of his eyes.

The wound on his chest healed at a visible rate. Soon, he had completely recovered. A cold voice came from his mouth.

"Teng Huayuan, I, Wang Lin, am back! Divine Sense! Return!"

Suddenly, all of the divine sense in the foreign battleground that belonged to Wang Lin, whether it was inside someone's bag of holding, refined by someone, inside someone's body, or being fought over, all of it began to tremble.

The pieces of divine sense one after another gathered toward Wang Lin from the foreign battleground.

A panic that had never occurred before appeared in the hearts of every cultivator who had a piece of the divine sense.

# Chapter 121: Acting Recklessly

The Cultivation Union is a very large organization. Aside from a few people, no one knows exactly how many countries are part of the union.

The minimum requirement for a country to become a true member of the cultivation union is to reach rank 6 and gain their own cultivation planet.

Generally speaking, as long as the country is a cultivation country, they belong to the cultivation union. But there are countless cultivation countries, so the union doesn't have time to manage them all personally.

So generally speaking, all cultivation countries rank 5 and below are managed by the rank 6 cultivation country on the planet.

The country Suzaku rose at an insane speed. It went from rank 1 to rank 6 in only 100,000 years, becoming one of the rare rank 6 cultivation countries.

After becoming a rank 6 cultivation country, they gained the right to have their own cultivation planet. That planet was named planet Suzaku by the cultivation union.

On the planet Suzaku, the country of Suzaku's orders are god's orders.

The planet Suzaku has 18 rank 5 cultivation countries. Whenever a country meets the requirements to become a rank 5 cultivation country, the country of Suzaku gifts them ten foreign battlegrounds.

That is to say, there are only 180 foreign battlegrounds on planet Suzaku. If one were to collapse, then there would permanently be one less foreign battleground. That is, unless they are willing to buy one from the rank 6 cultivation country at a very high price.

As for how these foreign battlegrounds are formed and where those spacial rifts lead to, no one in the rank 5 cultivation countries know.

Each of the rank 5 cultivation countries control many rank 4 cultivation countries, and every rank 4 cultivation country controls many rank 3 cultivation countries.

As for rank 1 and 2 countries, the cultivation union has set rules to prevent anyone from interfering with their growth.

Zhao is a rank 3 cultivation country controlled by the rank 4 cultivation country of Green Dragon. They are controlled by the rank 5 cultivation country of the Giant Demon Clan.

Every time there is a large battle in the foreign battleground, all of the Nascent Soul cultivators in Zhao are called to fight. They aren't allowed to delay or resist. Back then, the Heng Yue Sect's five Nascent Soul ancestors were called to go. If they went, the Heng Yue Sect would be safe, but whether they were going to live or die was unknown. If they refused, not only would the Heng Yue Sect be destroyed, but they would be killed as well.

In fact, the same thing happens in almost every rank 3 cultivation country.

This is natural selection. A dog eat dog world. An order by someone strong is something a weak person has to follow and can't refuse. Maybe it's due to having to live in this cruel world that cultivators adapt faster than mortals.

Or maybe, in the eyes of those high above in the cultivation union, this world, this universe, is a giant refining pot. Whether it's mortals or cultivators, both are being mercilessly refined. In ancient times, cultivation focused on comprehending the heavens and pursuing their own Dao. Cultivators gave people the feeling of elegance and heavenliness.

But the ancient cultivation world suddenly collapsed in a disaster. Then, the cultivation union rose up and took its place. That's when the word Dao shattered.

It has been proven that cultivation without any desire is the path to destruction. Only by following the laws of nature will one walk the true path of cultivation.

Although they don't know the final result, at least right now, under the command of the cultivation union, the current cultivators are far stronger



than the cultivators of ancient times. This is more than enough.

At the moment, a strange event was occurring in one of the foreign battlegrounds that belonged to the Giant Demon Clan. Every cultivator that had managed to get a piece of divine sense panicked.

A huge meteor shower seemed to cover the foreign battleground as every piece of divine sense charged toward one place.

Shortly after, the foreign battleground that was already on the verge of collapsing couldn't withstand the power of this divine sense and began to truly collapse. A large hole appeared in the foreign battleground. The hole instantly devoured a huge chunk of the foreign battleground.

At the same time, a huge divine sense carefully came out of the rift. Following it were a bunch of mysterious creatures. The same ones Wang Lin devoured.

The same scene appeared in other areas of the foreign battleground. Three large divine senses came out of the giant rift caused by the collapse of the foreign battleground.

Countless mysterious creatures came out and jumped on anything they saw. It would be fitting to describe them as locusts.

Every one of the cultivators used all their strength to escape in a frenzy toward the transfer array. They were afraid that if they were one step too slow, they would be devoured.

One could see many swords desperately flying.

The moment the three giant souls appeared, Wang Lin immediately noticed them. He was very familiar with these three divine senses as they were his three neighbors.

At this moment, the divine sense that he had sent out in the past three years gradually returned to him. Every time a portion returned to him, his divine sense grew larger, until it reached its original size.

Wang Lin wasn't in a rush. He sat down cross legged and got used to this foreign body. Several mysterious creatures came by and saw Wang

Lin. They hesitated for a while, but couldn't withstand the temptation and jumped toward Wang Lin.

When they were a dozen meters away from Wang Lin, he opened his eyes and shouted, "Know your place!"

His large divine soul suddenly spread out and the mysterious creatures seemed to have met their natural predator as they let out screams and quickly shattered.

But before they could escape, they were caught by Wang Lin and were instantly devoured. As he was about to devour more, a large divine sense came to try to stop him.

Wang Lin let out cold snort. Not only did he not back up, but he devoured all of the strange creatures that wanted to attack him. The other large divine sense let out a sigh and didn't say anything.

Most of Wang Lin's divine sense had returned to his body, however, there were still some pieces that were not in the foreign battleground, so they couldn't return to him. However, in terms of strength of his divine sense, it was almost no different than from before.

"Everyone, I'm going to pass through!" He spread out his divine sense and moved.

This divine sense immediately covered the entire foreign battleground and the three divine senses that were happily eating suddenly paused.

Shortly after, each of them sent a message toward Wang Lin.

"You are very powerful. I can't believe you managed to leave that place."

"This place is about to collapse. Our job as soul devourers is to devour this place to prevent it from collapsing. You are a soul devourer as well. Why are you interfering?"

"Newly born soul devourer, my wandering souls offended you, so you were in the right to punish them, but devouring a collapsing space is what us soul devourers are born to do. Even if we don't devour, there will be other soul devours that will come to devour this place."

The three large divine senses sent out one sentence each. They no longer devoured and waited for Wang Lin to respond. In their view, Wang Lin was at the same level as them.

This was the first time he had heard about soul devourers. He pondered a bit as he sorted out Mai Liang's memory and knew that the transfer array was about to open. If the entire foreign battleground were to collapse, he wasn't sure if the transfer array could still open.

"I don't want to stop you guys, but hope you guys can slow down so it takes longer for the foreign battleground to collapse."

"Okay."

"As you wish."

"I also agree, but you can't stop the wandering souls from hunting."

After forming an agreement, Wang Lin moved toward the location of the transfer array with Mai Liang's memory. On the way, every time wandering souls noticed him, they would all be terrified. They quickly backed away and didn't dare to block him.

Along the way, Wang Lin felt very unnatural in his new body. Although this Mai Ling's talent and spirit root were really good, several times better than what he had before, this was, after all, a possessed body. It would require some time to refine before he could completely take it over.

At this point, he didn't have any spiritual energy in his body and was relying on his divine sense to move. The first thing he would need to do was find a place to go into closed door cultivation, improve his strength, and combine with his powerful divine sense to kill his way back to Zhao.

While flying, Wang Lin suddenly stopped and looked northwest. He pondered a little and flew over there. Not long after, he saw three beams of light flying towards him. Ten wandering souls were closing in behind them.

Zhou Zihong was a disciple of the War God Shrine of the country of Huo Fen. She was normally, very sweet, but the current her pursed her lips, her hair was in a mess, she was covered in sweat, and the spiritual

power in her body was all used up. Her face was filled with grief as she looked at her two senior apprentice brothers. Their faces were also filled with grief as they desperately ran.

“I’m afraid we are the only three people from the War God Shrine that are still alive...” Zhou Zihong let out a miserable laugh. Three days ago, there were still ten people from the War God Shrine, but who would have thought that the foreign battleground would suddenly collapse and all these strange creatures would appear. Any cultivator who was caught by these wandering souls would die and have the essence in their body devoured until their body became a mummy.

And these strange creatures seemed to love hiding inside these mummies. Every time the cultivators saw a body, they were terrified.

# Chapter 122: Kill Him

Of the 10 people from the War God Shrine, aside from Mai Liang, who had left four days ago, only the three of them remained. Zhou Zihong let out a sigh as she looked back at the strange creatures closing in on them. She closed her eyes in despair as she involuntarily thought of Mai Liang.

“That Mai Liang has always been as timid as a mouse and is very afraid of death, but he just happens to be very thick skinned. Junior apprentice sister Tong couldn’t stand him bugging her anymore and thought of throwing him into the foreign battleground to get rid of him. If it wasn’t for the fact that I pity him and helped him out many times, he would have already died. At least he still has a conscience. A few days ago, he gave me a pill that he said would help me maintain my age. I wonder if it’s true...”

Her heart filled with despair. She couldn’t help but start to think crazy thoughts. Just at that moment, she suddenly heard senior brother Yang beside her shout, “Mai Liang! Quickly, run now!”

Zhou Zihong was startled and opened her eyes. She saw a youth flying their way. He was very handsome, but his eyes contained a hint of coldness and there were bloodstains on his chest.

“Junior brother Mai, it looks like it will be hard for us to escape this disaster. Ah...” Senior brother Yang sighed. He looked about 30 and there was sadness on his face.

Wang Lin looked at the three and didn’t say a word. At that moment, the creatures chasing them stopped as they saw Wang Lin and revealed hesitant expressions.

Wang Lin snorted and sent out a message with his divine sense.

“Scram!”

More than ten wandering souls suddenly panicked and ran away. They disappeared without a trace.

Zhou Zihong stared dumbfoundedly at the scene before her. She didn’t

know why those scary creatures would suddenly just leave. She turned her head toward Wang Lin as a crazy thought came to her mind. "Could these scary creatures be afraid of Mai Liang?"

But shortly after, she dismissed the speculation. The other two War God Shrine disciples were also confused, but the relief of surviving such a dangerous situation hit them and they finally let out a breath.

Senior brother Yang was the oldest of them. He considered the situation and said, "Junior apprentice sister, although those strange creatures have left, it is still not safe to stay here. We should go to the transfer array and quickly leave."

Zhou Zihong shivered and nodded, then said, "Junior brother Mai, you are the weakest of us, so you mustn't let those things touch you. If they touch you, you will die!"

The other War God Shrine disciple impatiently said, "What are you guys still blabbering about? If you guys aren't leaving, I'm going by myself." With that, he moved and quickly charged out. Wang Lin knew that this person was called Ling Tao thanks to Mai Liang's memories,

Senior brother Yang went too because he didn't want to stay here. Zhou Zihong hesitated a bit and said, "Be careful!" Then she followed them as well.

This whole time, Wang Lin still hadn't had a chance to speak, but he casually followed them. The reason he saved the three, aside from his own reasons, was because he knew from Mai Liang's memories that Mai Liang was very grateful toward Zhong Zihong. Since he took Mai Liang's body, he felt like he should help Mai Liang do a few things.

The three of them were very careful as they flew. They were even very cautious when taking out pills to recover their spiritual energy. Zhong Zihong even took out an extra pill and handed it over to Wang Lin. He stared at the pill and couldn't help but think of his heaven defying bead. The liquid the bead soaked in was the best medication.

Unfortunately, the bag of holding containing the gourds and all of his treasures was crushed by Teng Huayuan.

Wang Lin secretly sighed. He could feel the heaven defying bead in his soul. He could feel the sword that he blood refined in his soul as well. However, this was not the right time to check if he still had it. After pondering for a while, Wang Lin was even more determined to find a place to enter closed door cultivation once he leaves.

The cultivators inside the foreign battleground noticed that in these past few days, the speed at which the place was collapsing seemed to slow down a bit. But this was pointless to them because compared to the foreign battleground collapsing, those strange creatures were scarier.

With the space collapsing, at most you would just see people disappearing, but if someone was attacked by the strange creatures, they would be screaming in pain in front of your eyes. The creatures would then leave behind a mummified corpse.

If these cultivators could choose how they'd die, they would choose dying to the space collapsing over being devoured.

There were four total large transfer arrays inside the foreign battleground. The direction Wang Lin's group was flying toward was the closest one. Wang Lin didn't really care which transfer array they went to. The transfer arrays can only transfer people who meet a certain requirement.

Anyone who enters the foreign battleground receives a piece of jade. Aside from protection from the steel wind, the other thing it does is it allows one to use the transfer array

Wang Lin didn't have a jade from Zhao, so he had no way of going back through the transfer array. Also, he was currently using Mai Liang's body, so it was best he go back to Mai Liang's home country of Hou Fen.

This was the other reason why he saved Zhou Zihong's group, to steal a jade.

Of course, if he could find Xu Hao and Ge Yang, then that would be the best case.

These two had already been set as must kill targets by Wang Lin. This

was not to get revenge for Mai Liang, but the two of them knew that Mai Liang should've been dead. To prevent any issues in the future, those two must die.

On the way, Wang Lin used Mai Liang's memories to tell his three neighbors about Xu Hao and Ge Yang. All of the wandering souls in the foreign battleground became his eyes and ears. If the two ever show up, his three neighbors will instantly tell him.

If there was still no news of them at the very end, that would mean Xu Hao and Ge Yang had already died.

After flying for an entire week, Zhou Zihong's group of three was very shocked to find that the wandering souls seemed to completely ignore them.

Some would obviously charge toward them, but they would make a sudden turn and go around them.

It can be said that along the way, the three were scared, but never in any danger. In the end, they were so used this that when they saw those strange creatures now, they would no longer stop. They would just slow down until the creature left, then keep going.

What was even more strange was that one time, one of the creatures suddenly appeared and jumped toward Zhou Zihong. But just as it was about to touch her, it suddenly let out a terrifying stream and desperately ran away.

The three of them weren't dumb, so they grew suspicious about what was going on. They thought about what had happened recently and immediately understood that the answer lied with Wang Lin.

But besides Zhou Zihong, who once opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, the other two just pretended that nothing was going on.

It was not that they didn't want to ask, but because they couldn't. If they accidentally offended Wang Lin, they would lose their lives here.

The disciple named Lin Tao's eyes lit up with his back toward Wang Lin. He seemed to be planning something, but his expression soon



returned to normal.

Seeing that they were close to the closest transfer array, the amount of nearby cultivators increased. Their goal was the transfer array before them.

Wang Lin had already used his divine sense to scout the area. There were some people gathered around the transfer array. They are all waiting for the transfer array to open. A screen of white light surrounded the transfer array to protect it. Outside the light screen floated a large number of mummified bodies. They all belonged to people who wanted to leave through the transfer array. There were wandering souls moving in and out of the mummified bodies.

The transfer arrays in the foreign battleground are all normally closed. They only open at certain times. There were still two more days until it was time for them to open.

The people nervously stared at the wandering souls inside the transfer array, every time there was any movement, they panicked. But gradually, they realized that the strange creatures only wandered outside the transfer array. They didn't dare to touch the transfer array's shield.

As people noticed this, everyone inside the formation let out a breath.

While flying, Wang Lin was startled for a moment. One of his neighbors told him that the two he was looking for were already dead and that their bags of holding were being sent over by wandering souls.

Shortly after, a wandering soul with two horns appeared in the distance. Zhou Zihong and them didn't mind at first, but as the wandering soul got closer and closer, they looked toward Wang Lin.

The wandering soul stopped before them. It shook its body and threw three bags of holding into Wang Lin's hands.

After the wandering soul did of all this, it quickly turned around and left.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he stared at the wandering soul. He said, "Stop!"

The wandering soul stopped. Its body trembled as it turned around and looked at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin didn't even look at Zhou Zihong's group as he moved next to the wandering soul. Wang Lin had devoured a lot of wandering souls. If not 10,000, at least 8,000. Although he didn't keep track that well, he noticed that there was something strange about this wandering soul.

The wandering souls that Wang Lin devoured before were more like divine sense with life. They had minimum intelligence and only knew how to devour everything.

But the wandering soul before him was clearly different. It's divine sense was a mess, as if the souls it devoured weren't digested and had left very deep scars.

After these marks accumulated for to a certain degree, it caused this wandering soul to change. Wang Lin's eyes lit up after carefully looking at it for a long time. When he looked at this wandering soul, he felt the same feeling as when he saw Situ Nan's Nascent Soul.

It can be said there was something similar between the two.

Wang Lin's right hand pointed at Lin Tao. He ordered, "Kill him!"

# Chapter 123: Devil

The moment Wang Lin's words came out, Zhou Zihong's group's expressions suddenly changed. Especially Lin Tao's, whose face was pale. He started backing up, but the wandering soul immediately jumped toward him after hearing Wang Lin's order.

Zhou Zihong bit her lower lip. She wanted to stop Wang Lin, but she couldn't utter a word. Senior brother Yang let out a sigh and a complex expression crossed his face.

Lin Tao moved as fast as he could, but not to escape. He dodged back and forth in the area, trying to stay away from the wandering soul. He knew that even if he ran away, not to mention whether or not he could get away, with how large the foreign battleground was, he knew he couldn't get to a transfer array alive.

Thinking about that, he quickly said, "Senior, I don't have any relationship with Mai Liang at all. We rarely speak to each other. Please, spare me. Senior, I ... I'm willing to become senior's slave."

Lin Tao anxiously said as the wandering soul closed in on him. Wang Lin faintly smiled. He waved his hand and the wandering soul immediately stopped.

Lin Tao's forehead was covered in cold sweat. He didn't dare to wipe it off. He respectfully said, "Senior, you... you must be an expert from a higher cultivation country. I am honored to become your slave. I don't have any other intentions." With that, his hand formed a seal and he pressed on his forehead. A drop of golden blood floated out of his forehead toward Wang Lin.

After the drop of golden blood appeared, Lin Tao's body looked a lot weaker. He nervously looked at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin waved his hand. After he caught the blood, his gaze fell on senior apprentice brother Yang.

After Lin Tao saw Wang Lin accepting the drop of golden blood, he

immediately let out a breath. He knew that his life was safe. He was very smart and it can be said that he was the first person who realized that something was wrong. He realized that Mai Liang had already died and had been possessed by someone, but he didn't dare to mention it to the other two.

Lin Tao also knew that following Wang Lin was the only way to live. Even if Wang Lin didn't kill him and had just left him alone, he would die for sure, so this was a decision he didn't need to think about at all. When Wang Lin ordered the wandering soul sent after him, he knew that Wang Lin had realized that he knew, which was why he didn't play dumb. That would only get himself killed even faster.

This was where Lin Tao's cleverness showed. He became Wang Lin's slave without any hesitation and even gave out a drop of his soul essence blood.

After Wang Lin got Lin Tao's soul essence blood, he could kill him with just a thought, but Lin Tao had no other choice. If he wished to keep following Wang Lin, this had to be done.

Lin Tao quickly moved to Wang Lin's side. He then pointed his sword at the other two without any hesitation. Since he already knew that he was a slave, then he must do what needed to be done, even if it was just for show.

The young man named Yang wryly smiled. Without a word, he slapped his forehead and a drop of soul essence blood flew toward Wang Lin.

He wasn't any slower than Lin Tao in speculating that Mai Liang's strange actions were because Mai Liang had been possessed. He was very nervous the entire time. Since all of it was now out in the open, he quickly weighed his choices and decided to become Wang Lin's slave. Compared to life and death, what was pride? Also, this person was clearly a cultivator from a higher cultivation country and powerful enough for these strange creatures to fear him. If he followed this person, he might have a better chance to rise in the future.

After sending out the drop of soul essence blood, he looked at his junior

apprentice sister Zhou Zihong with a complex look and said, "Junior apprentice sister, you..."

Zhou Zihong waved her hand. She looked at Wang Lin while biting her lower lip and asked, "Senior you... when you possessed that body, was Mai Liang dead or alive?" With that, her gaze became calm as she stared at Wang Lin.

She wanted to ask this question when she noticed that something was wrong with him.

Wang Lin looked at her and said, "Dead."

Zhou Zihong let out a breath. It didn't matter if what Wang Lin said was true or false. She didn't want to keep asking. Intuitively, she thought the Wang Lin wasn't lying. The three of them were not even ants in this person's eyes, so there was really no need to lie.

So, without a word, she sent out a drop of her soul essence blood.

Three drops of golden blood appeared before Wang Lin. He opened his mouth and sucked them in. Three specks of light appeared in his divine sense. With just a thought, he could kill the three of them.

In truth, Wang Lin didn't try to hide anything this whole time. Anyone who knew Mai Liang before would realize that something was wrong. Adding on the fact that the wandering souls feared him, anyone would be able to guess that something was off.

Wang Lin didn't want to kill them, but if the three of them weren't smart, then he would have no other choice. The fact that he possessed a body was something that others couldn't know about, but after he leaves the foreign battleground, it will be easy. After all, 50 years is plenty of time for someone's personality to change.

After Zhou Zihong, Yang Xiong, and Lin Tao became Wang Lin's slaves, they immediately relaxed and stood behind Wang Lin. Zhou Zihong looked at Wang Lin with a complex expression. She knew that she was very attractive. Back in the sect, she was sought after by many other disciples, but she rejected them all.

Zhou Zihong swore that before she reaches the Core Formation stage, she won't form a cultivation pair. But now she was someone's slave. If her master were to ask, she couldn't refuse. Thinking about it caused her heart to become very chaotic.

She didn't know that Wang Lin wasn't interested in her at all.

After collecting the three drops of soul essence blood, Wang Lin looked at the wandering soul. He rubbed his chin and sent out a message to his three neighbors.

"I want this wandering soul."

The three neighbors pondered for a bit and then sent their reply.

"Newly born soul devourer, there is one thing you don't understand. Once you're born as a soul, you can't leave this place."

"A wandering soul is also a type of soul. They aren't as strong as devils, but anything with a soul is their food, and likewise, they are our food."

"Us soul devourers can't directly devour people's souls. We can only devour wandering souls to make us stronger."

"With a powerful wandering soul, these low level cultivators don't have any chance of resisting. Even if higher level cultivators aren't scared, as long as there are enough wandering souls, the result is the same. And wandering souls to us are weapons, slaves, and also food. Have you considered what the consequences of a wandering soul appearing in the world of the living would be?"

"Newly born soul devourer, let me tell you clearly; if wandering souls got loose in the world of living, even if there aren't a lot of them, it would be a catastrophe. Wandering souls in the world of the living are also called devils."

"If a lot of them enter the world of living, the world of living will become a world of decay, just like where we were before. And among the devils, one of them will become a soul devourer."

"There is a law between the world of living and the world of decay:

anyone who tries to break that law will be killed.”

These were things that Wang Lin didn't know. He pondered for a while and asked, “Then what kind of place is this foreign battleground?”

“This chaotic place is opened by powerful cultivators from the world of the living. It exists in the space between the world of the living and the world of decay, but even so, wandering souls can't normally enter here. Only after we have entered can they enter.”

“Even you can't leave at all, not to mention that wandering soul.”

“If you like that wandering soul, I can gift it to you, but in the end, you still have to return to the world of decay. That is the mission of a soul devourer.”

The voices of the three neighbors slowly disappeared as Wang Lin silently stood there with an unsettled expression.

The three of them noticed that Wang Lin was standing there silently for a long time. Their hearts pounded and they became very nervous.

Lin Tao was thinking that Wang Lin might still not feel safe. He was wondering what he should do if Wang Lin wanted to kill him.

Zhou Zihong was thinking about what if he wanted her. She revealed a struggling expression.

Yang Xiong was even more nervous as he thought about even more stuff. He was not only afraid for his life, but was afraid that Wang Lin would give up Mai Liang's body to steal his.

Wang Lin's expression was gloomy as he flew toward the transfer array. The three slaves quickly followed him and the wandering soul carefully followed far in the back.

The more they moved forward, the more bodies they saw, but as Wang Lin got closer, all of the wandering souls got out of the way and didn't dare to block him.

Such a strange scene naturally attracted the attention of the surrounding cultivators. Someone took the lead and groups of cultivators

began to follow the four of them. Wang Lin didn't even bother to look at them as he continued to fly.

The wandering souls hesitated for a bit and carefully devoured a cultivator that was in the back. After they realized that Wang Lin didn't care, they immediately jumped on the cultivators. Screams came from the group following Wang Lin as the remaining cultivators escaped with their own groups.

One day later, the transfer array came into sight. There were even more mummified bodies and the area was filled with wandering souls. As a result, this became a restricted area that no cultivator dared to approach. Those who were lucky enough to make it here were swarmed by wandering souls the moment they entered the area.

In the area within a 10 kilometer radius, there was not a single living person other than those lucky people that had reached the transfer array early and Wang Lin's group of four.

Looking at the transfer array from far away, he said, "The three of you enter the transfer array."

The three didn't dare to refuse. They clenched their teeth and flew ahead. Good thing the wandering souls seemed to have received orders and didn't attack the three as they safely made it into the transfer array. After that, Wang Lin sat down cross legged nearby and stared at the transfer array.

His hand reached out and a trembling wandering soul immediately flew toward him. Wang Lin pointed toward the transfer array. The wandering soul tried to struggle, but it charged toward the transfer array.



# Chapter 124: Law of the World

The wandering soul struggled as it charged toward the transfer array. Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he watched the wandering soul. The dozens of people inside the transfer array saw the wandering soul flying at them and immediately backed up. They all took out their magic treasures and nervously observed the wandering soul's every movement.

As the wandering soul came closer, the people inside became even more nervous. The wandering soul hit the light screen protection barrier on the transfer array.

Wang Lin's expression remained the same, but he secretly sighed. The moment the wandering soul touched the barrier, it turned into smoke. The people inside the formation began to cheer. They felt even more confident now that this transfer array could protect them.

"Newly born soul devourer, it is no use. That transfer array is the gate to the world of the living. Any soul lifeform that touches it will be immediately destroyed by the law of the world."

A voice entered Wang Lin's mind. He stared at the transfer array with an unchanged expression and began to ponder. After a long time, his eyes lit up. He pointed at the air multiple times and more than ten wandering souls flew toward him, struggling.

Wang Lin sneered. He pointed at the transfer array and the wandering souls all charged toward it. The difference in rank made it so they couldn't resist at all.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he noticed something about the barrier. When the wandering souls got close, a black line appeared. That black line entering the wandering souls was what was killing them.

As for how the black line appeared, it was too far for Wang Lin to see. His face was filled with doubts.

Without a word, he spread out his divine sense, caught more than 1000 wandering souls, and sent them toward the transfer array. These

wandering souls quickly charged toward the transfer array. Screams came from the people inside the transfer array. Those cultivators' faces all turned pale. When there was only one or two wandering souls, they were kind of scared. When there were more than ten, they panicked due to fear, but with more than 1000 wandering souls, fear just couldn't describe it anymore. It was more correct to say that they were terrified.

Some of them even closed their eyes in despair, but most of them set their last hopes on the barrier. However, they also prepared to commit suicide if the barrier failed, because they'd rather die than be devoured.

This point had become a general consensus among the cultivators.

The moment the 1000 plus wandering souls touched the barrier, they let out screams and disappeared. It felt as though they were all just blown away by wind and disappeared without a trace.

Wang Lin suddenly stood up. He clearly saw what had just happened. Those black lines would appear out of thin air and attack the wandering souls. No matter what angle the wandering souls attacked from, the black lines would appear and destroy them.

This black line was clearly related to the law of the world his neighbors were talking about.

Wang Lin's gaze became cold as he sent out another wave of divine sense and gathered more than 2000 wandering souls. These wandering souls were forced into a suicidal attack by him.

At the moment, the cultivators inside the transfer array had finally relaxed for a bit from the scare, but they instantly began to panic again. It was not because they didn't trust this barrier, but because of the fear that they developed for the wandering souls on the way here.

This was like being surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves. Even though you were surrounded by fire, you would still be scared.

The 2000 wandering souls charged when Wang Lin pointed his finger. The wandering soul that underwent a change that had been following behind him revealed a pleading look, not daring to move forward.

Wang Lin stared at that wandering soul. Although wandering souls possessed some intelligence, this was the first one he had seen that would plead. Wang Lin stared at the wandering soul and his eyes became cold.

The wandering soul let out a cry. It wasn't able to withstand the pressure of Wang Lin's divine sense, so it charged forward. The moment it charged out, it was clearly different from the other wandering souls. The other wandering souls all got out of its way. Although not as much compared to Wang Lin, the other wandering souls clearly feared this one.

The moment the 2000 plus wandering souls slammed against the barrier, black lines appeared and destroyed them all. Just at that moment, the mutated wandering soul arrived.

Wang Lin's pupils suddenly shrank as he revealed a joyous expression. Half of the mutated wandering soul's body had entered the barrier even though a black line had entered its body.

The mutated wandering soul revealed a painful expression, but it still charged through the barrier and jumped onto a cultivator. The cultivator quickly let out a miserable scream and turned into a mummy.

At that moment, more than ten black lines appeared and entered the mummified body. The mutated wandering soul quickly charged out of the body with a painful expression, but it didn't get far before being destroyed.

The expressions of the cultivators inside the transfer array suddenly changed as they looked at the mummified body. Some of the female cultivators started crying.

Yang Xiong secretly sighed. He went up and kicked the mummified body out of the transfer array.

Wang Lin's eyebrows locked together. He carefully pulled out a sliver of his divine sense and sent it toward the transfer array. When it got close, a black line drilled into his divine sense as fast as lightning.

Wang Lin's divine sense quickly backed away and dodged the black line. The black line suddenly changed directions and charged toward Wang

Lin's divine sense.

Wang Lin clenched his teeth. His divine sense no longer dodged, but went up to meet the black line. He wanted to see just how strong these black lines were. If it was before, he wouldn't dare to try, but since the mutated wandering soul was able to withstand a hit, then it shouldn't be too dangerous.

The black line quickly entered Wang Lin's divine sense. Suddenly, a destructive force exploded forth within the divine sense and charged toward Wang Lin's main body.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up. His powerful divine sense went forth and quickly surrounded the destructive force. Then, he began to carefully study this destructive force.

After a long time, Wang Lin secretly sighed. His divine sense moved and crushed that destructive power. Although he wasn't able to completely see through this destructive force, he knew that this black line would greatly damage his soul. It was as if it was made to damage souls.

Wang Lin knew that if the black lines exceeded a certain number, even he wouldn't be able to withstand it.

Wang Lin closed his eyes. After pondering for a long time, his eyes suddenly opened. He took out three bags of holding and searched through them. Aside from Mai Liang's token, he also took out several mid quality spirit stones.

Xu Hao and Ge Yang were also very unlucky. Right after they killed Mai Liang, they encountered a bunch of wandering souls. Although they managed to escape, they didn't know why, but every time they encountered wandering souls, the wandering souls would go after them. Even if the wandering souls were chasing someone else, they would give up and chase after the two of them. One wandering soul even spat out half of the soul it was eating and jumped at the two.

With such special care, there was no way those two would last. They were quickly devoured by the wandering souls. Because they didn't have any time to look through Mai Liang's bag of holding, that at least meant

that nothing was missing from it.

After going through the three bags of holding, Wang Lin was very shocked. Whether it was spirit stones, magic treasures, or materials, you name it and they had it.

It has to be said that this was 50 years of work from the two of them.

Just counting mid quality spirit stones, there were more than 2000 pieces between the two of them. Wang Lin held a spirit stone and remembered a formation that he had spent a lot of effort to learn when he was inside the world of decay called the Mysterious Turtle Shell Destruction Formation. This formation had no offensive ability, but it had really good defense. This was also one of the few formations that could move with the person who set it.

This type of formation that could provide mobile protection required a lot of spirit stones. Wang Lin thought that once he gets some spirit stones, he should lay down a few of these formations.

He calculated the time it would take for the transfer array to open, then crushed a spirit stone in his hand. He calmly dabbed his finger in the crushed spirit stone and drew a symbol in the air. He was completely focused on every stroke. Once he finished the symbol, he quickly sent out a piece of divine sense.

The symbol faintly glowed and floated in the air. Then, he crushed another spirit stone and drew another symbol. Each mid quality spirit stone could draw one symbol and Wang Lin had crushed 70 already.

There were a few that failed. Although Wang Lin was very clear on the theoretical, when it came to doing it live, he still made some mistakes.

Looking at the 49 symbols floating before him, Wang Lin couldn't help but sigh. This formation was simply too expensive. Before this, Wang Lin didn't have many mid quality spirit stones, so even if he used all of his wealth, he wouldn't be able to lay down the formation.

Wang Lin took out another spirit stone to make the eye of the formation. He waved his hand and the symbols landed on the spirit stone

one by one. Every time a symbol landed on the spirit stone, it glowed once.

After the 49 symbols landed on it, the spirit stone became crystal clear. Wang Lin reached out and the formation's eye spirit stone landed in his hand. He pointed at his forehead and an invisible layer surrounded his body. If one didn't look carefully, they wouldn't even notice a trace of it.

Shortly after, Wang Lin made another formation. The more he did it, the more he got used to it, and the less he failed. The second formation only took him 60 mid quality spirit stones.

Time slowly passed and in the blink of an eye, the time for when the formation was going to open drew near. Everyone inside the transfer array was very nervous. They wished the formation would just open so they could leave this terrifying place.

And in these few days, the collapse of the foreign battleground continued. Spatial rifts began to appear more and more often, and each time they did, they were larger than before. Large chunks of the foreign battleground began to collapse.

The moment the transfer array opened, Wang Lin placed the last formation on himself. He stood up stared at the transfer array with a serious expression.

# Chapter 125: Ji Realm Divine Sense

Waves of light came from the transfer array as spirit energy started to surge and the transfer array began to open.

The wandering souls outside the transfer array quickly backed away when the transfer array opened up.

This was probably the last time the transfer array will open in this foreign battleground. Each cultivator still had lingering fear on their faces as they disappeared one by one.

Wang Lin stared at what was happening inside the transfer array. Every time someone disappeared, he would calculate the time.

Zhou Zihong's group was conflicted. They didn't know if they should leave or not, until they suddenly heard Wang Lin's cold voice.

"The three of you go first and wait for me on the other side."

The three of them quickly relaxed. They took out their jades, sent in their spiritual energy, and disappeared.

After all of the cultivators disappeared into the transfer array, Wang Lin muttered to himself, "Three seconds."

After that, his eyes lit up and he charged toward the transfer array. While flying, he slapped his bag of holding and took out the jade that would allow him to use the transfer array.

His speed was extremely fast. In the blink of an eye, he arrived at the barrier around the transfer array. Just as he entered, a black line appeared, Wang Lin didn't dodge. He let the black line hit him.

When the black line got near Wang Lin's body, his forehead suddenly started shining. 49 symbols automatically appeared and blocked the black line.

The black line broke through 43 of the symbols before its energy was used up and it disappeared.

Although it didn't seem like it, all of this happened very quickly. As

Wang Lin got through the transfer array's barrier, he immediately used the jade to activate the transfer array.

Wang Lin was very worried. From his observation, it would take three seconds for the transfer array and jade to link up. These three seconds were very dangerous, but if he could hold out, he believed he would be transferred out of here.

The first second! More than a dozen black lines appeared and shot toward Wang Lin like arrows. Wang Lin knew in his heart that his body couldn't make large movements. The transfer would fail if he did. And small movements wouldn't help as the black lines were too quick.

Wang Lin had considered all of this before. His face darkened and his forehead shined. One by one, groups of 49 symbols appeared from his forehead.

Wang Lin made a total of 21 formations before. Taking into account the one formation that was just destroyed, Wang Lin had almost 1000 symbols protecting him.

Wang Lin could hear the constant sound of mirrors breaking as the symbols protecting him quickly shattered during this second. All of this happened very quickly and the dozen or so black lines broke through more than 900 symbols before they all disappeared.

At this moment, not only had Wang Lin not relaxed, he became even more serious. He knew that all of the preparations he made would only hold out until now. The remaining two seconds would all depend on himself. He threw out three bags of holding, and countless magic treasures appeared and floated around him. If one looked closely, there were at least 100 magic treasures.

Wang Lin had checked the three bags of holding and found that there were some things that could be used. A normal person wouldn't dare to control so many magic treasures at once. Even with Wang Lin's divine sense, it was a bit difficult.

The connection between the transfer array and jade had reached the second phase. The first second had passed and now it was the second



second.

Wang Lin's pupils suddenly shrank. He wryly smiled as more than 100 black lines appeared and charged toward him. He only had less than 100 symbols remaining. They didn't even have a chance to block anything, they were instantly destroyed.

Shortly after, it was the magic treasures' turn. Sounds of explosions resounded everywhere as all of the magic treasures were destroyed. Wang Lin secretly sighed. He didn't have time to refine any of them, so he couldn't release their full power.

The magic treasures were able to stop more than half of the black lines. The remaining black lines, without anything to block them, entered Wang Lin's body.

The black lines entered his body and the destructive force exploded inside him. Massive explosions damaged Wang Lin's divine sense, but he held on and prevented his soul from being destroyed..

He was able to forcibly hold out for the second second. Wang Lin's face was grim as he stared into the void and madly laughed, "What dogshit, law of the world! Come and try to stop me from going back! I have already died once! No one can stop me this time!"

The Ji Realm was a very extraordinary realm. Normally, the Ji Realm comes from spiritual energy, however, Wang Lin currently didn't have any spiritual energy, but his soul started to show signs of the Ji Realm.

In this collapsing foreign battleground, a thunderous rumble rang across the foreign battleground and more than half the foreign battleground collapsed. The countless fragments of the foreign battleground formed countless spacial rifts.

A powerful pressure came from the void and Wang Lin's three neighbors quickly returned to the world of decay, not daring to remain here any longer.

If even they acted like this, then let's not talk about the wandering souls. The wandering souls panicked and entered any spacial rift they

could find to return.

At this moment, the connection between the transfer array and jade had entered its final phase. It was now the third second.

Wang Lin's crazed eyes were filled with coldness. However, within his ferociousness, there was a sliver of calmness. Wang Lin's body easily stood straight under the pressures. Although his soul was heavily damaged, there was a mysterious force rising up from within him.

This was the aura of the Ji Realm within his soul. This was the aura that nothing living could block. If the pressure right now was like mount Tai, then Wang Lin's aura was like an unbending sword.

Maybe mount Tai could crush this sword, but even shattered, this sword will leave through the transfer array.

In the third second, a giant hand made of black lines appeared and tried to grab Wang Lin. The number of black lines that formed the giant hand was impossible to count.

The moment the giant hand appeared, the foreign battleground began to collapse completely. Like a large chunk of ice being hit from the side, large pieces of the foreign battleground shattered to pieces and mixed together with the spacial rifts.

In the blink of an eye, the foreign battleground disappeared. Only the four transfer arrays remained, each one floating alone in the void.

The third second was a confrontation between the Ji Realm and the law of the world. Wang Lin's soul collapsed the moment the giant hand touched him, but the moment it collapsed, it was put back together by the mysterious Ji Realm and continued resisting.

During this process, Wang Lin once again truly felt the Ji Realm.

The first time was in the ruin in the jungle.

The second time was inside the Jue Ming Valley.

The third time was when his soul awakened in the world of decay.

Now was the fourth time! Each time, his Ji Realm got stronger,

especially this time. Wang Lin's soul charged toward the Ji Realm and was refined each time it was shattered.

During this second, Wang Lin's large soul underwent more than 10,000 reconstructions. His soul gradually shrunk and condensed, but its quality went through an earth shattering change.

The Ji Realm completely fused with his soul.

No one knows where the Ji Realm comes from, but it was certain that all of the cultivators that had the Ji Realm only had it in their spiritual energy. Only Wang Lin, through some fluke, had the Ji Realm imprinted to his soul.

In truth, the giant hand formed by the law of the world was the catalyst to allow Wang Lin's soul to contain the power of the Ji Realm. After the heaven defying bead fused with Wang Lin's soul, there was a sliver of Ji Realm left in his soul. However, without outside pressure, once Wang Lin had regained his spiritual energy, this sliver of Ji Realm would disappear.

But under the pressure from outside, Wang Lin's soul shrunk and the Ji Realm expanded until they fused together. This type of fusion was still in its initial state. It can be said that Wang Lin's soul wasn't completely filled with Ji Realm and had a lot of other stuff mixed in.

The Ji Realm is a type of pure realm. If it appears in spiritual power, then all of its development will happen in the spiritual energy.

Similarly, now that Wang Lin's Ji Realm was in his soul, his spiritual energy will no longer have any Ji Realm, but his divine sense will be able to easily kill anyone at the same cultivation level as him, disregarding whether they are at the early, mid, or late stage. However, the limit of Ji Realm was late stage Nascent Soul.

Only one cultivator from ancient times was able to get past that point. No one else has ever been able to.

And that person was only able to break through due to luck. It had something to do with someone undergoing divine retribution. As for what really happened, only the people who were there would know.

The Ji Realm is very terrifying. A power that can ignore the difference between the early, mid, and late stages is something the heavens would punish. If the Ji Realm was allowed to grow unrestricted, then the Ji Realm would be invincible.

The people that studied the Ji Realm deduced that the reason Ji Realm cultivators can't break through the Nascent Soul stage is because when they try, the heavens mercilessly kill them.

The heavens wouldn't allow a cultivator with the Ji Realm to break past the Nascent Soul stage.

However, with Wang Lin's current Ji Realm, it was still too weak compared to the law of the world. As the hand got closer and closer, the speed at which Wang Lin's soul was collapsing was surpassing the rate of reconstruction. Finally, with a bang, Wang Lin's soul completely collapsed, but along with the collapse of his soul, all of the impurities in his soul also collapsed. What remained now was very close to the origin of the Ji Realm Soul.

If there was no law of the world and Wang Lin had tried to form his Ji Soul himself, he wouldn't be able to do it in his lifetime, but now it was complete.

The moment his pure Ji Realm Soul appeared, the large hand couldn't help but pause for a moment, and at that moment, the transfer array opened.

# Chapter 126: Foreign Country

Because the giant hand suddenly paused due to the Ji Realm Soul, Wang Lin's body disappeared into the transfer array the moment it opened.

The giant hand turned into countless black lines. They hovered around the transfer array for a long time before finally disappearing.

Because of the existence of the Ji Realm, Wang Lin became the first soul devourer to go from the world of decay to the world of the living. Although his soul had been refined to just a small piece of Ji Realm Soul, the essence of a soul devourer was still with him.

The rank 3 cultivation of Hou Fen was at the southern part of planet Suzaku and was to the south of the Sea of Devils.

On this day, at the top of the volcano at the center of Hou Fen, stood a group of people from the War God Shrine.

The War God Shrine's six Nascent Soul ancestors were sitting comfortably at the top of Hou Fen. Back when the battle for the right to enter the foreign battleground began, the War God Shrine crushed the competition and was the only sect to enter.

The person leading the group wasn't a Nascent Soul cultivator, but an early stage Core Formation elder named Huo Hongfei. Maybe it was because his cultivation method was the Divine Path, but he didn't look old at all at the age of 200. Rather, he looked like a very handsome middle aged man.

The Divine Path is the top cultivation method of the War God Shrine. Only when someone reaches the Foundation Establishment stage can they cultivate using this method, which is said to help with reaching the Core Formation stage. As to exactly how it works, outsiders don't know.

But since all of the Core Formation and Nascent Soul cultivators from the War God Shrine were natives of Hou Fen, there must've been something special about the method.

If the Divine Path had such a strong effect, then it wasn't surprising

that others would want to try to steal it, but even if the other sects tried, they didn't have the ability to because the War God Shrine was simply too powerful.

But with people constantly trying to steal it, the War God Shrine finally gave up and decided to hold a general assembly every 20 years for people to view the Divine Path. Of course, everyone must pay a certain amount of spirit stones to view it, and whether or not they could comprehend it was up to themselves.

As a result, the War God Shrine stopped having to worry about it. They also gained a large amount of income, so they were very happy about how it turned out.

This Divine Path method only had 100 words. Each word was hard to understand and very few people could comprehend it.

In truth, what Huo Hongfei was cultivating was a method a very talented member of the War God Shrine created after studying the Divine Path for more than half of his life. Not only was this method very powerful, it also had the ability to keep you looking young after practicing it for a long time, so it was favored by the disciples of the War God Shrine.

Beside Hou Hongfei stood a group of people. The most eye catching one was a young woman with a very graceful figure. She was as pretty as a peacock and her delicate face was like that of a fairy. Her mouth was slightly open as she talked to a handsome and tall young man next to her. There was a hint of tenderness in her eyes.

The transfer array suddenly opened and everyone's gaze focused on it. The transfer array became brighter and brighter as three figures appeared and became more clear.

Hou Hongfei frowned and secretly sighed. He learned a while ago that the foreign battleground was collapsing and was prepared for the fact that not many disciples might make it back. But seeing only three people, even though he was prepared, he still felt very sad.

But when he clearly saw Zhou Zihong among them, he felt relieved.

Zhou Zihong was his disciples and was very stubborn. When she told him that she wanted to go to the foreign battleground, he strongly disagreed, but the kid still went anyways.

Hou Hongfei felt helpless. After giving her some magic treasures, he reluctantly let her go. After seeing that she had made it back, he finally relaxed a bit.

After the three of them appeared, they looked at the familiar scene before them and felt very unreal. However, the three of them looked at each other and their hearts became heavy again.

What they cared about the most right now was whether Wang Lin lived or died. It has to be said that the three of them had already given their Soul Essence Blood to Wang Lin. If he were to die, then they would find it difficult to escape death as well.

After greeting elder Hou Hongfei, Hou Hongfei's gaze swept past them. He said, "Not bad. Everyone's cultivation level has increased greatly. Zihong and Tang Xiong both reached the late stage of Foundation Establishment. Lin Tao is a bit behind, but is very close to breaking through. Very good! After experiencing this trial at the foreign battleground, your cultivation speed will increase greatly. Ah, it is a pity that too few disciples have returned..."

Zhou Zihong sighed and whispered, "Master, when the foreign battleground suddenly collapsed, many strange creatures appeared. Once they jumped on you, you would immediately die. No one in the foreign battleground was able to resist. This all happened too quickly. Originally, our harvest was very rich, but now..." With that, her expression suddenly became very gloomy.

Hou Hongfei waved his hand. Looking at the three, he frowned and said, "We can talk about it later. Now tell me, why has your appearance not change?"

It has to be said that while inside the foreign battleground, your appearance wouldn't change, but you would instantly age those 50 years right after leaving. Although the cultivation method the three of them

used helped maintain youth, they still shouldn't look exactly like they did before they left.

Tang Xiong was the senior disciple and was also the sect head's proud disciple. After he heard Hou Hongfei's words he quickly said, "Elder doesn't know, but junior apprentice brother Mai Liang got his hands on pills that could preserve our appearance for 100 years per pill. The three of us took two pills each."

The disciples that were around that heard it enviously looked at the three of them. Especially the young woman, who had been looking at Zhou Zihong with doubt in her eyes the whole time. She suddenly said, "Senior apprentice sister Zhou, do you still have that pill?"

Zhou Zihong coldly looked at her and said, "You have to ask junior apprentice brother Mai Liang about that."

The young woman was angry, but she only smiled and no longer said anything. She secretly thought that the timid Mai Liang must have already died, so how could she even ask? Clearly, Zhou Zihong didn't want to tell her.

The young man next to her whispered something in her ear. The young woman stuck her tongue out at him and her face reddened.

Hou Hongfei looked at the two and ignored them. He then looked at Zhou Zihong's group and said, "Okay, since everyone has returned, we should go back. Ancestor Laun Feng came out of closed door cultivation to hear about the matter of the foreign battleground from you guys." With that, he meaningfully looked at the three of them.

Lin Tao hesitated for a bit and whispered, "Junior apprentice brother Mai Liang is still back there. The situation was grim, so he told us to return first and he will follow suit."

Hou Hongfei raised his eyebrows and said, with a touch of surprise, "Mai Liang? He is also one of the lucky survivors?"

The moment he said those words, the expressions of the disciples of the War God Shrine became strange. Especially that beautiful young



woman's. She asked, "Mai Liang didn't die?"

Zhou Zihong's expression was strange. She looked at the young woman and said, "Junior apprentice sister can relax. During those years in the foreign battleground, his personality has changed. The current him won't bother junior apprentice sister anymore."

The young woman frowned. She shook her head and said, "You guys don't understand. Ah, how could Mai Liang still be alive?"

Hou Hongfei stared at her and shouted, "What nonsense! Do you wish for Mai Liang to die? Is this what your master taught you?!"

The young woman lowered her head and didn't dare to speak. The young man next to her said, "What are you afraid of? If he still dares to bother you, I'm here."

Yang Xiong sighed and said, with a deep voice, "Junior apprentice sister, junior apprentice brother Mai Liang won't bother you anymore. You can rest assured." With that, he secretly thought, "That senior's personality is cold. How could he possibly fancy you?"

Just at that moment, the transfer array suddenly lit up again. Everyone looked at the transfer array only to see a thin and weak figure walk out of it.

Everyone suddenly felt a coldness inside them the moment that person appeared. The coldness wasn't in their bodies, but in their souls.

It was as if the person before them was a piece of ice that could freeze the soul. This feeling was very oppressive.

The disciples of the War God Shrine were the first to experience the tyrannical nature of the Ji Realm. They couldn't help but take a deep breath.

The young woman, Xu Si, shivered and felt very confused. Although this person looked like Mai Liang, his aura was completely different from before.

Wang Lin walked out and looked around. When he noticed Hou Hongfei,

he quickly clasped his hands and said, "Disciple Mai Liang greets elder Hou."

Hou Hongfei's eyes lit up brightly as he said, "It is good that you're back." With that, he stared at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's expression was cold as he said, "Disciple still has something very important to do. Once I'm done, I'll return to the sect."

Hou Hongfei frowned and was about to speak when Wang Lin threw out a bag of holding and said, "This is all that disciple has gathered in these past 50 years. All of the magic treasures have been destroyed, so only these materials remain."

With that, Wang Lin jumped into the air and flew into the distance.

Hou Hongfei took the bag of holding. He scanned it with his divine sense and his expression became strange. The contents of the bag of holding were very valuable. When he raised his head, Wang Lin had already disappeared, but he didn't follow him. He had his doubts, but he felt like he should go back and report it to the sect head.

The most important reason he felt that was because he didn't feel like he could easily make Wang Lin stay. That coldness he felt made him dread Wang Lin.

Even if he had tried to make him stay by force, if he had ended up in a sorry state, he would lose a lot of face in front of the disciples. After considering that, he decided that it wasn't worth it and didn't chase after Wang Lin.

# Chapter 127: Closed Door Cultivation at a Volcano

From beginning to end, Wang Lin never looked at the young woman. The young woman looked at the direction Wang Lin disappeared to with eyes filled with confusion. The Mai Liang from back then would constantly bug her. Even when she'd yell at him or hit him, he would just not stop.

She and Mai Liang grew up in the same village. Their families were very close and their parents set their marriage when they were kids. Later, the two of them were accepted into the War God Shrine. The more she looked at Mai Liang, the more she'd see him as a country bumpkin, so she became very disgusted with him. They were already engaged, but she hid this very well. She used the engagement to trick Mai Liang into going into the foreign battleground. She told him that once he comes back, she would form a cultivation pair with him.

But now, Mai Liang came back and completely ignored her. In regards to this, Xu Si had a strange feeling in her heart. Adding on that sudden feeling that made her shiver, this huge contrast made her mind go blank.

As for Wang Lin, he flew for a long time in this foreign country of Hou Fen. He stopped at a mountain range. According to Mai Liang's memories, this was a famous mountain range of volcanos.

Hou Fen got its name because of all the big and small volcanos like this one. If they weren't being watched and sealed by cultivators, they would have already erupted.

In the history of Hou Fen, there has never been a massive eruption of volcanoes. This has a lot to do with cultivators keeping them in check.

After looking around, Wang Lin left and arrived outside a village. The village was currently very busy and the children of the village were playing outside. Wang Lin felt a wave of pain in his heart. After a long time, he slowly walked into the village.

He found some buckets in a deserted house. After filling them with water, he quickly flew away.

After returning to the volcanos, he found a natural cave. He immediately sealed the cave and used rocks to make defensive formations. Only after that did he sit down crossed legged and began to cultivate.

After doing all of this, Wang Lin's face was completely pale. He had sustained heavy injuries in the foreign battleground and his divine sense was completely shattered. He escaped with that sliver of Ji Realm Divine Sense and then, ignoring his injuries, used that sliver of Ji Realm so it would be easier for him to leave and recover.

After he started cultivating, he took a deep breath, closed his eyes to nurture his soul, and his thoughts sunk into his own consciousness.

Wang Lin's Sea of Consciousness was a golden sea, but most of this sea was blocked by a grey fog. Only a very small portion of it wasn't covered by the grey fog. Thorns of black light were blocking out the grey fog.

A three inch sword was standing there all by itself. Those light thorns came from the sword. Upon closer inspection, there were deep cracks on the sword.

On the other side of the Sea of Consciousness, there was a white space. Within it floated a grey bead. The grey fog didn't dare to go within ten feet of it.

Inside Wang Lin's Sea of Consciousness, aside from those two points, everywhere else was covered in grey fog.

Suddenly, the thick grey fog began to churn as a streak of red lightning flashed by. Wherever the lightning went, the grey fog would back away.

Although Wang Lin's divine sense had completely collapsed, he was able to condense a sliver of Ji Realm Divine Sense. This was a type of divine sense, but its quality was much better than Wang Lin's previous divine sense.

Although Wang Lin's divine sense was large, it was nothing compared

to the law of the world. But with just a sliver of Ji Realm Divine Sense, he was able to resist the law of the world. That sliver of Ji Realm Divine Sense allowed him to escape. Its power was clearly not ordinary.

This red lightning was that sliver of Ji Realm Divine Sense.

Wherever the right lightning went, the grey fog moved out of its way. Even the golden ocean that was previously calm began to stir. The red lightning arrived next to the sword and entered it. The sword flashed red.

The green sword immediately let out a hum and charged out, following the red lightning.

The two rays of light charged through the fog, causing the golden ocean to stir. They arrived next to the bead and the bead followed them as they charged out of the grey fog.

Wang Lin suddenly opened his eyes. His hands formed a seal and he pressed it on his forehead. Suddenly, two lights shined from his forehead, then a sword and bead appeared before him.

Wang Lin didn't even look at them. He quickly closed his eyes again. His red lightning charged about his sea of consciousness for a while. After finding that nothing else was abnormal, it returned to the golden ocean.

The grey fog covered the gaps and then the entire sea of consciousness calmed down and returned to normal.

In the depths of the golden ocean, the red lightning rested there as it slowly absorbed the energy from the ocean.

Wang Lin could clearly feel that his Ji Realm Divine Sense was growing inside the golden ocean. Although it was slow, Wang Lin could feel that if he continued to be alive, then in tens of thousands of years, his soul would return to what it was before.

If that day really comes, then even the law of the world would be nothing in his eyes. He could go in and out of the world of decay as he wished.

Wang Lin pondered for a while as he looked at the two lights before

him. He waved his hand and two bags of holding appeared in his grasp. All of the magic treasures from the three bags he obtained were used to block the law of the world.

As for the materials, he sorted them into three portions when he made the turtle shell formations. His divine sense entered a bag of holding. He took out a piece of black metal that was the size of his palm.

This piece of metal was clearly a piece of armor. Wang Lin pondered for a bit. His current weakness was that his knowledge of materials was really poor. Like right now, he had two bags full of materials, but he didn't know what to do with them. He felt helpless. It was as if he had entered a mountain filled treasure, but didn't know what any of the treasures were.

This piece of metal was one of the few of the things he knew. It was a piece of refined iron.

The reason he knew about refined iron was due to the secret exchange among the inner disciples back at the Heng Yue Sect. He saw someone take out a piece that was the size of a fingernail to trade. It was an important material for making flying swords.

He put away the bag of holding and decided that once he finished cultivating, he would spend a lot of effort on getting information on materials.

Wang Lin threw the refined iron into the air and the flying sword immediately moved and stabbed into it. A speck of green light peered out of the center of the refined iron. The green gradually spread until finally, a beam of sword Qi was shot out.

Wang Lin bitterly smiled as he looked at the piece of iron. He was feeling depressed because didn't know how to refine magic treasures. This was the most he could do.

Then, his thoughts moved and that piece of refined iron quickly flashed and appeared behind him. However, the piece of refined iron was a lot smaller and the edges were glowing red as liquid metal dripped to the ground.

Wang Lin secretly let out a sigh. After the temperature of the refined iron lowered, he put it away in his bag of holding.

Then, he looked at the bead's image and felt a connection to his soul. He waved his hand. After the bead's image landed in his hand, it gradually became solid.

The pattern on the bead was still two leaves. Without a word, Wang Lin brought out the buckets filled with water and dropped the bead inside.

Moments later, Wang Lin took out the bead and drank the water. Suddenly, he felt spiritual energy enter his body, so he quickly took out the other three buckets and dipped the bead inside them. Then, he stared at the bead to see if he could still enter the dream space.

When he arrived inside the dream space again, he looked at the familiar scene. Wang Lin pondered a little and quickly moved until he arrived at the place Situ Nan's Nascent Soul was in.

Situ Nan's Nascent Soul was still there, but it had shrunk to less than 1/10th the size of a normal person. Compared to before, it was a heaven and earth difference.

The Nascent Soul was very dim, looked sluggish, and his eyes were closed. Next to his Nascent Soul were two faint lights.

Wang Lin shed two streams of tears as he kowtowed at the two lights. Then, he sat down and brought out the four buckets. He downed a large gulp of water and began to cultivate.

Wang Lin's body didn't have a sliver of cultivation, so he would have to cultivate all over again from the Qi Condensation stage. But whether it was Wang Lin or Mai Liang's body, both had already experienced the Qi Condensation stage. Thanks to that, Wang Lin was easily recovering his cultivation.

Time passed by and in the blink of an eye, one year had passed. Although it was one year, seven years had passed inside the dream space.

In this year's time, whether Wang Lin was inside the dream space or outside, he spent all of his time cultivating. He had only gone out several

times in order to replenish his spirit water.

In the third year inside the dream space, Wang Lin reached the 15th layer of Qi Condensation. He then spent two more years reaching the Foundation Establishment stage. In the last one plus years, he finally recovered his cultivation and reached the mid stage of Foundation Establishment.

With just his Ji Realm Divine Sense, Wang Lin was the natural enemy of all Foundation Establishment cultivators. Wang Lin was even confident in fighting against early stage Core Formation cultivators. He felt like he would have a 70% chance of killing an early stage Core Formation cultivator after reaching the late stage of Foundation Establishment.

Similarly, If he could form his core, then he would be the number one cultivator in the cultivation union below the Nascent Soul stage.

This was the power of the Ji Realm.

The relationship between the Ji Realm and Wang Lin was like fish and water. Although the Ji Realm was powerful, without any cultivation to back it up, it couldn't last. Only with increases in cultivation can the Ji Realm grow stronger and last.

The stronger your cultivation, the more of the Ji Realm's power you can use.

The current Wang Lin had completely fused with Mai Liang's body in these seven years. There was no longer any discomfort, but the coldness coming from his body became even stronger. It was like a 10,000 year old ice mountain that no one could melt.



# Chapter 128: Burning Gold Mountain Range

Wang Lin waved his right hand to open up the stone door and walked out.

Currently, the sky was blue and clear for 10,000 kilometers. His body moved and he flew to a nearby volcano. When he exited the dream space, his divine sense found a fluctuation of wood element inside the volcano.

Shortly after, Wang Lin arrived at the mouth of the volcano and looked inside. Waves of heat floated up from inside the mouth of the volcano. Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he jumped in without any hesitation. He used the attraction force technique to control his descent.

The Burning Gold Mountain Range was a famous mountain range in Hou Fen. As for why it was famous, it was because an alchemy material called the Burning Gold Fruit grew here.

This Burning Gold Fruit is a key ingredient in making the Soul Harmony Pill. The spiritual energy in the country is filled with the fire element. Absorbing this spiritual energy for a long time causes harm to the cultivators' bodies. So, because the Soul Harmony Pill is a pill that can regulate the spiritual energy in the body, it is beloved by the cultivators here.

It can be said that this Soul Harmony Pill is the most consumed pill in Hou Fen. There are many different recipes for the Soul Harmony Pill, and they all have varying degrees of effectiveness. The most popular recipe is the one that uses the Burning Gold Fruit.

This Burning Gold Fruit only grows in the mouth of the volcano. It also only grows if it's in a range of volcanoes, not just a lone one.

Every time the Burning Gold Fruits are ripe, the four major sects send disciples to harvest them. This fruit is very strange. It can't be harvested early or late. It must be harvested in the three day period that it is ripe.

On this day, the four sects had sent out their disciples early. Each of the

sects had taken over one volcano. The four major sects had an agreement regarding this much needed material, so there wasn't really any fighting over them.

There were a total of three Corpse Sect disciples; two males and one female. They carried coffins behind them as they stood at a volcano opening, waiting for the right time to go in.

Time slowly passed. Seeing that the other three volcanoes had green smoke leaking out, the other three sects jumped into their respective volcanoes. The three disciples of the Corpse Sect revealed confused expressions. The female frowned and said, "Senior Apprentice Brother Mai, do you know what is going on?"

The male named Mai was also frowning as he said, "The green smoke means the Burning Gold Fruit is ripe and ready to be harvested. The four volcanoes should be ripe at the exact same time. Senior brother Zhou, do you think we should go down and check?"

The young man named Zhou pondered for a bit. Then, he shook his head and said, "Let us wait for a bit. If the green smoke doesn't come out and dissolve the poisonous gas of the volcano, we will be in danger if we go down."

Time slowly passed. Seeing the green smoke become even thicker at the other three volcanoes, the three disciples became impatient. The young man named Zhou clenched his teeth and said, "Fine, let's go down and look." With that, he was about to jump down when a cold aura came from inside the volcano.

Shortly after, a youth filled with coldness appeared. The three disciples were dumbfounded as they watched him fly out while carrying a purple vine as thick as a person.

The vine was filled with Burning Gold Fruits.

This person was Wang Lin. After he appeared, he didn't even look at the three as he left. He had already noticed the three a while ago, but he was having a headache figuring out how to take the fruit. Every time he pulled the fruit off the vine, it would be turned into dust by the heat.

Thus, Wang Lin decided to just pull the entire root of the Burning Golden Fruit out. However, what made him helpless was that he couldn't put this vine into his bag of holding, so he had to carry it. If it wasn't for the fact that he had great use for these wood element fruits, he wouldn't be bothering with all of this.

The young man named Zhou swallowed hard as he stared at the vine on Wang Lin's shoulder. His expression changed many times. This was his third year here to harvest the fruit. At most, they would only take ten fruits because the root grew the fruits to be nutrients for itself. Only with enough fruits could the root survive.

If too many fruits were taken, the root would die. If the root died, then there wouldn't be anymore Burning Gold Fruits appearing in this volcano.

But this person had pulled out the entire root. Did this person not know that the root will die two hours after it is pulled out? He was angry and saw that Wang Lin was only at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment, yet he dared to ignore the three of them and was going to carry the root away, so he shouted, "Stop! I don't care what sect you're from. You need to pay the price for destroying the root of the Burning Gold Fruit!"

With that, he slapped the coffin behind him and suddenly stood up straight. The lid of the coffin let out a creak as it moved a bit to the right and a black hand came out. Slivers of black gas came from its finger and a rotten stench immediately began to spread.

The two other disciples behind also put down their coffins and angrily stared at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin turned around, looked at the three, and rubbed the Burning Gold Vine as he asked, "Pay what price?"

Zhou Gang sneered, "Immediately cut off both your arm and legs, dig out your own eyes, and follow us back to be judged by the sect head." With that, he didn't wait for Wang Lin to reply. He pointed at the coffin. The lid of the coffin moved more to the right until it flew off and a completely black mummy came out. It suddenly jumped at Wang Lin with

black gas coming out of its hand.

At the same time, the other two disciples of the sect behind Zhou Gang both slapped their coffins. Two more mummies jumped out, got in formation, and charged at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's eyes became cold as a loud bang occurred in the golden ocean inside his consciousness. The red lightning suddenly charged out through Wang Lin's eyes. The three Corpse Sect disciples' bodies shook as their eyes dimmed and they died from having their souls destroyed.

Then, Wang Lin casually raised his head to look at the three corpse puppets. Two of them immediately began to rot and turned into piles of white bones.

Only Zhou Gang's corpse puppet didn't take any damage. It suddenly stopped charging at Wang Lin. Its emotionless eyes shined a golden light as it looked at Wang Lin with a horrified expression. It quickly backed up and was about to escape.

Wang Lin's sneered in his heart and said, "Take one more step and you will die!"

Wang Lin's words fell on deaf ears as the corpse puppet covered itself in black gas and ran off. But then, the corpse puppet let out a miserable scream as a light flew out from its body. The light took the shape of a small person who bowed at Wang Lin and begged, "Fellow cultivator, please have mercy. I'm Xu Ligu, a disciple of the Tian Gang sect from a rank 4 cultivation country. Just now, I have offended you, so I'll pay you back. If you need anything, we can talk. Please, don't be rash."

This little person was already scared to death. He originally wanted to flee, but then he suddenly felt a destructive force enter his body. He felt a sense of danger, so he quickly escaped from the body.

Although he was a Nascent Soul cultivator, he was heavily injured in a war. He managed to escape with his Nascent Soul, but he was so injured that his Nascent Soul was about to scatter. His close friends gathered up a large amount of wealth and bought him a body from the corpse sect.

The bodies provided by the Corpse Sect were very famous in the rank 4 and 5 cultivation countries. All of them had very good talent and their looks could be customized to the customer's preference. They even provided some of the weird cultivators with bodies of the opposite sex. As long as you can afford it, then you can find a satisfactory answer at the Corpse Sect.

More importantly, there would never be any problems with the body, and if you're willing to pay extra, you can receive full protection during the possession process.

In addition to that, the Corpse Sect's research into possession had reached a very high level. They could provide very detailed instructions to help the possessor in the process of possession.

As long as you can pay the price, you can pick any body of any cultivation level. As we all know, for a Nascent Soul cultivator, the best body is another Nascent Soul cultivator's. If you use a Core Formation cultivator's body, then your cultivation will weaken greatly and will take a long time to recover.

If you really can't afford it and can't even afford a Core Formation body, then you can only pay for the bargain bin priced Foundation Establishment bodies. Even if you're a Nascent Soul cultivator, it will take a very long time for you to recover your cultivation.

Xu Liguó was one of those Nascent Soul cultivators that couldn't afford the price.

If Nascent Soul stage bodies were the highest quality bodies the Corpse Sect could sell, then they wouldn't be a big deal. Nascent Soul bodies aren't their main source of income.

The perfect body for a Soul Formation cultivator is another Soul Formation cultivator's, but the difficulty of obtaining a Soul Formation cultivator's body in perfect condition is too high. And almost every Soul Formation expert has a large sect from a rank 5 cultivation country behind them, so they are not easily touched.

But this problem can be solved by the Corpse Sect if you can pay the

price. The body would be Soul Formation, but no matter how hard you look, you won't be able to find where that Soul Formation body came from.

This is the Corpse Sect's greatest secret and nobody knows the truth. There is even a rumor that the Corpse Sect can provide the only rank 6 cultivation country's top experts with matching bodies.

This is a very powerful and mysterious sect. Each sub-sect's leader only knows that the main sect is inside a rank 5 cultivation country.

But is the real headquarters really at a rank 5 cultivation country? No one knows the real answer to that question.

But one thing is certain: no one would dare to mess with the Corpse Sect in rank 4 or above cultivation countries. As for rank 3 and below countries, as long as the sect is not wiped out, the Corpse Sect won't care. After all, this is only a farm for low level bodies and the place where the business is occurring.

# Chapter 129: Homemade Devil

Wang Lin looked at the talkative Xu Ligu. He was about to respond when his expression slightly changed as Zhou Gangsan's bag of holding flew into his hands. At the same time, he waved his hand and several fireballs flew out. They landed on the bodies of the Corpse Sect disciples and their corpse puppets, turning them into dust.

Shortly after, he reached out and grabbed Xu Ligu, who didn't dare to resist. Then, he disappeared into the sky, leaving a trail of rainbow colored light.

At this point, the disciples of the other three sects had already finished harvesting the Burning Gold Fruits and were gone.

Wang Lin returned to the cave and placed the Burning Gold Fruit's vine on the ground. He also threw Xu Ligu forward, causing Xu Ligu to panic and say, "Fellow cultivator, if there is any problem, we can talk about it! We can talk about it! As long as you don't kill me, I can agree to any request. I was wrong before. Please don't be angry."

Xu Ligu felt very wronged. He was a Nascent Soul expert, but he had lost his body and his Nascent Soul was injured to the point of collapsing, causing his cultivation level to drop. In addition, he couldn't afford the high price of a Nascent Soul cultivator's body, so he thought about possessing a disciple of a sect, but if he was found out, it would lead to endless trouble. In the end, he decided to pay the Corpse Sect so he could possess a body without worry.

But possessing a Foundation Establishment cultivator's body meant that it would take him a long time to recover his cultivation, almost as long as if he were to start over again. Right now, he only had the cultivation of a late stage Foundation Establishment cultivator. His Nascent Soul was just for show. It had no reasonable power.

Also, with how dominating Wang Lin's Ji Realm was, Xu Ligu right now was a paper tiger. However, if Xu Ligu was able to recover his strength to the Core Formation stage, then the result would be very

different.

Wang Lin completely ignored Xu Liguó's plea for mercy as his eyes blinked and he moved a pillar to lock the cave down. Xu Liguó secretly groaned as he slowly floated backwards into the wall.

Wang Lin didn't stop him. He send out his Ji Realm Divine Sense and the red lightning shout out. As the red lightning shot toward him, Xu Liguó could feel the destructive power fill him.

Wang Lin's right hand reached out and grabbed Xu Liguó's trembling Nascent Soul. Wang Lin stared at the Nascent Soul and then his eyes suddenly lit up.

When he first saw Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul, he felt something familiar. He thought about it during the flight here, but couldn't recall where this feeling came from.

When he looked at Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul this time, he suddenly remembered. This Nascent Soul was similar to the wandering souls in the World of Decay.

Wang Lin rubbed his chin and a thought appeared in his mind.

If he could devour souls like back in the World of Decay, then his Ji Realm Divine Sense would become a lot more powerful. Also, wandering souls were very powerful. They were able to devour people's lives, regardless of their cultivation level. Once he gathers enough wandering souls in the living world, getting revenge on Teng Huayuan won't be a problem.

More importantly, Wang Lin knew that if he were to meet a Core Formation cultivator, all he would be able do was run, but if he had a wandering soul, then he would have the power to protect himself.

If there were enough wandering souls, then he would even be willing to fight Nascent Soul cultivators.

He knew that his own techniques were too simple. He only knew some minor techniques. And as for magic treasures, all he had was a flying sword.



After experiencing the events in Zhao, Wang Lin's mind underwent a great change. Everything he was doing now was to make himself stronger so that his destiny would no longer be in someone else's control.

Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul caused Wang Lin's heart to skip a beat as he thought of an idea.

"Since I can't bring the wandering souls out of the World of Decay, can I make them here?" Wang Lin's eyes lit up. He slapped his bag of holding and a piece of metal appeared. He pointed at the wall and the piece of metal carved out a cave.

While doing this, Wang Lin used this moment to send his Ji Realm to wipe out Xu Liguó's memories. Xu Liguó was, after all, a Nascent Soul cultivator, and even with his cultivation level lowered, Wang Lin had to use all of his Ji realm to barely succeed.

Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul became a semi transparent object with no consciousness.

After the cave was finished, the piece of metal flew back into Wang Lin's bag of holding. Wang Lin waved his right hand and threw the Nascent Soul into the cave. He left a sliver of his Ji Realm Divine Sense to guard the Nascent Soul before leaving the cave again.

He searched through nearby mountains, catching small animals as Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul just floated motionlessly in the cave.

After returning, Wang Lin looked at the soul for a while, then threw a small animal toward it. The animal let out a shriek before running into the corner, completely oblivious of the soul in the middle of the cave.

Wang Lin frowned as he watched the two. He strengthened the Ji Realm guarding the cave before digging another cave on the side and throwing the remaining small animals inside.

After finishing all of that, he slapped his forehead and the Heaven Defying Bead flew out. The bead circled him once before immediately diving into the Burning Gold Fruit vine next to him.

All of the fruits on the vine shrunk and disappeared at a visible rate,

and all of the wood element was absorbed by the stone bead.

A third leaf slowly appeared on the stone bead. After the vine completely shriveled up, the third leaf became solid.

A flash of happiness appeared on Wang Lin's face as he reached out and grabbed. The stone bead flew into his hand. He looked at the stone bead carefully before holding it up against his forehead. The bead quickly entered his body when it touched his forehead.

Wang Lin took a deep breath. After pondering a little, he left the cave and ran toward the volcanoes. It took him three days to harvest all of the Burning Gold Fruit vines in the area, making them extinct in this region.

The Heaven Defying Bead now had five leaves.

Three days later, Wang Lin looked into the small cave again and saw some pee and poop on the ground. The small animal was trembling in the corner. After digesting all of the food it had eaten three days ago, it was now very weak.

Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul was still floating in the air. If you looked closely, his Nascent Soul was even more transparent than it was before. It looked as if it could disappear at any time.

Wang Lin pondered a little. He sent out his divine sense and drove the Nascent Soul toward the small animal. After a while, the Nascent Soul was above the small animal.

Finally, the the Nascent Soul had nowhere to hide and jumped at the small animal. Wang Lin suddenly became very focused as he saw the small animal shake violently. It got up from the ground with eyes emitting golden light, but the light soon dimmed and the animal fell to the ground.

Just at that moment, Xu Liguó's Nascent Soul quickly flew out of the small animal's head and charged toward the wall. When it hit the wall, it let out a painful scream. Then, it went and slammed against the other walls a few times, until it finally just floated back and forth in the room.

Wang Lin wasn't surprised. In fact, he was happy. He could clearly see

that the Nascent Soul was no longer transparent and was filled with a hint of madness. He quickly threw all of the small animals he had caught three days ago into the cave and carefully observed.

The moment the few small animals fell to the ground, they ran to the corners of room with fear in their eyes and screamed non-stop.

But what caused Wang Lin to frown was that the Nascent Soul ignored the small animals. The hint of madness disappeared and the soul became confused again.

Wang Lin pondered a little and then he used his Ji Realm Divine Sense to force the Nascent Soul onto another small animal. When the small animal died, the Nascent Soul charged out. Its eyes were filled with madness again.

But the Nascent Soul still ignored the other small animals. Wang Lin snorted and used his Ji Realm Divine Sense to force the Nascent Soul to devour the other small animals. Now the madness in the Nascent Soul's eyes was even stronger.

Wang Lin pondered for a while, then went out. He caught a lot of beasts in the nearby mountains. He purposefully caught vicious beasts. There was even one that had a strange aura.

After he returned to the cave, he made a few more rooms to separate the beasts. Then, he carried a beast with bloodshot eyes that kept roaring at him and threw it into the room with the Nascent Soul.

After being forced by the Ji Realm to devour the beast again, the madness in the Nascent Soul became even stronger.

Wang Lin observed from outside the room for a long time. He didn't know if the Nascent Soul would turn into a wandering soul, a so called devil, if he continued this.

The truth was that the best way to test this was to capture cultivators to use as guinea pigs, but he was afraid of the Nascent Soul's cultivation level increasing after devouring a cultivator. If the Nascent Soul's power exceeded the power of the Ji Realm, Wang Lin would be in danger. Thus,

unless he absolutely had to, he didn't want to risk using cultivators.

Four days later, aside from the animal with the strange aura, all of the other beasts he had caught had been devoured. Today, Wang Lin held that beast and threw it into the stone room.

The Nascent Soul was slowly forced by the Ji Realm to go toward the beast with the strange aura. Just as it was about to touch the beast, the Nascent Soul abruptly stopped itself from jumping on it and revealed a look of hesitation.

Wang Lin's Ji Realm moved, forming red lightning and pressuring the Nascent Soul. The Nascent Soul finally entered the beast. For a long time, the beast trembled.

Half an hour later, the beast exploded as a red soul escaped from its body and let out a roar.

The shape of the Nascent Soul had completely changed and was glowing red. It was releasing a powerful aura that even Wang Lin could feel through his Ji Realm restrictions. As of now, this was no longer a soul, but a devil.

Wang Lin eyes lit up. After pondering for a while, he opened up the cave and walked inside.

The devil suddenly turned its head and jumped at Wang Lin. Wang Lin's eyes were cold as he looked at the devil. Red lightning shot out of his eyes, pushing the devil away and causing it to let out miserable groans.

A vicious expression appeared on the devil's face as it jumped at Wang Lin again, but Wang Lin waved his hand and grabbed the devil.

"You're courting death!" Wang Lin's voice was cold and his eyes flashed red. Every time his eyes flashed, the devil would shake. After a while, the vicious expression was replaced by a fearful one.

In the end, the devil revealed a pitiful expression. Wang Lin held the devil and exited the stone room. After arriving at the room he was using to cultivate, he tossed the devil into the air.

The viciousness appeared on the devil's face again as he rushed toward the ceiling to escape. Wang Lin sneered in his heart as his Ji Realm Divine Sense quickly caught up and punished it. The devil let out a miserable groan as a thin line of smoke appeared on its body and it visibly weakened.

Wang Lin slapped his bag of holding and took out a piece of metal. Then, he blandly said to the devil, "Hide inside here. You're not allowed to come unless I let you"

The devil looked at Wang Lin with fear as it turned into a ray of red light and entered the piece of metal.

After putting away the piece of metal, he regrettably looked at the cave. He exited the cave, waved his hand, and the cave collapsed in on itself.

Wang Lin didn't look back as he flew eastward.

According to Mai Lang's memories, the War God Shrine was located in the east. Wang Lin had already decided. Since he couldn't find the location of Zhao in Mai Lang's memory, he would need to go check out the map that was in the War God Shrine's treasury.

In addition to everything that had happened so far, his blood-refined small, green sword was now just a piece of metal and its power had greatly weakened. If he was against Foundation Establishment cultivators, he wouldn't need to use it. However, if he was against a Core Formation cultivator, then this piece of metal would be able to save his life.

So he had to learn how to refine treasures. That was another reason he needed to return to the War God Shrine, because they have a refining house there.

And in addition to all of that, he had to find a place of extreme Ying, or he will be stuck at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment. Only with extreme Ying can he form the 3rd cold core and reach the late stage of Foundation Establishment and then form his core.

Wang Lin decided to not to give up cultivating the Underworld

Ascension Method. After all, Situ Nan told him that after he forms the three cold cores and fuses them, he will have a high chance of entering the Core Formation stage.

When he was recovering his cultivation, because he didn't have any Ying spirit liquid, he could only cultivate the War God Shrine technique from Mai Lang's memory, but what interested him was the Divine Path. Although the spiritual energy from cultivating the Divine Path had no attribute, from an objective point of view, it was worse than his previous Ying spiritual energy.

But the Divine Path of the War God Shrine was not without its benefits. If the Ying spiritual energy was like an invincible sword, then this cultivation was flexible as silk.

The War God Shrine was located on a heaven piercing mountain in the eastern part of Hou Fen. The mountain was shrouded by clouds and was filled with spirit beasts. There were four sub mountains that housed the four sub sects of the War God Shrine.

As one of the four head sects of the country of Hou Fen, the War God Shrine had more than 3,000 disciples. Even if you excluded the random outer sect disciples, there were still around 2,300 disciples.

On this day, at a low, snowy peak one kilometer away from the War God Shrine, Zhou Zihong, Yang Xiong, and Lin Tao were waiting. Three days ago, the three of them suddenly felt their souls shake as Wang Lin sent them a message via their soul blood essence. He told them to bring a few items. The appointed time had long passed, but the three of them didn't dare to leave.

Among the three of them, Lin Tao was the most scared as he looked for words to say.

Zhou Zihong looked dazed as she bit her red lips. Her mind was blank. Mai Lang had been gone for over a year. She originally thought he would never appear again. However, when she got his message three days ago, her face immediately became pale.

Yang Xiong's expression was the most composed. Aside from lights

flashing from his eyes every now and then, he looked the most normal. However, upon closer inspection, his right hand formed a tight fist.

Time slowly passed and night came, but Wang Lin still hadn't appeared. The three of them looked at each other in confusion.

At a mountain peak two kilometers away, Wang Lin coldly looked at the three of them. Since the upheaval in Zhao, Wang Lin had become very cautious. Although he had their soul blood essence, the three of them might be determined enough to fight to the death.

Therefore, Wang Lin was waiting. If there was anything abnormal, then he would crush their soul blood essences and flee.

At the same time, Wang Lin was also gauging their reactions. It has to be said that even if they were pretending, they couldn't do it for a long period of time. Among the three of them, Lin Tao's expression was the most normal. From the start, he had been scared and unsettled.

Zhou Zihong had been in a daze the whole time. Confusion appeared on her face despite her best efforts to hide it.

After observing the two of them, Wang Lin focused his attention on Yang Xiong. This person's expression was really composed at the start, but as time passed, his expression became more unsettled.

Wang Lin stared at Yang Xiong's right hand and his eyes became cold. He pondered for a bit before quickly moving toward the three of them. In the blink of an eye, he suddenly appeared before them. A cold aura spread out.

After they saw Wang Lin, all three of their hearts trembled and all of their fatigue disappeared.

In this past year, the various things that happened in the foreign battleground echoed in their dreams every night.

They weren't really sure how powerful Wang Lin was, but the Mai Lang before them caused their hearts to tremble.

They had a feeling that even if Wang Lin didn't have their soul blood

essences, he could still kill them in an instant without them being able to protect themselves at all.

This type of feeling reached its peak after Wang Lin coldly looked at them. Lin Tao was the first to hit his limit as he knelt to the ground and said, "Lin Tao greets master!"

Yang Xiong and Zhou Zihong weren't much better off. They were just withstanding the aura by sheer force.

Wang Lin withdrew his Ji Realm Divine Sense. Only then did that sense of danger disappear. The three of them let out breaths of relief. Then, Yang Xiong and Zhou Zihong bowed to greet Wang Lin.

As they bowed, a trace of bitterness flashed across Yang Xiong's face as he clenched the jade in his right hand. He came here with two thoughts in mind. One was to cheat Wang Lin to come back to the War God Shrine and ask the elders to help him steal back his soul blood essence. The second was if Wang Lin wasn't willing to go, then he would secretly emit his current location with the jade. Back at the War God Shrine, his junior apprentice brother was holding another piece of jade. If he were to insert spiritual energy into this jade, the jade his junior apprentice brother was holding would light up and his junior apprentice brother would call their master.

But he now found out just how stupid his idea was. If he really did that, then he would have been the first one to die.

This senior that possessed Mai Lang's body must've been a cultivator from a high ranking cultivation country. How else could this senior, being only be at the Foundation Establishment stage, have a divine sense that caused his heart to tremble.

Yang Xiong secretly sighed and gave up on any ideas of resisting. He took a deep breath and quickly slapped his bag of holding with his left hand. He then took out a jade and respectfully said to Wang Lin, "Master, I have gotten what you requested of me three days ago. This is the jade from the refining house."

After Wang Lin received the jade, he scanned it with his divine sense.



Without showing any expression, he nodded. His gaze then fell on Lin Tao.

Lin Tao's heart sped up and he whispered, "Master, that map is placed at the top of the treasure pavilion. I... I can't go up there because my cultivation level isn't high enough."

Seeing Wang Lin's deadpan face, Lin Tao clenched his teeth and said, "Ten days! Master, just give me ten days of time. By then, it will be my cousin's turn to patrol. I will at least be able to get him to make me a copy!"

Wang Lin looked at him, nodded, then blandly said, "If you really manage to get it, then when I leave Hou Fen, I'll return your soul blood essence to you." With that, he looked toward Yang Xiong. His eyes became cold as he said, "Normally, I would have returned your soul blood essence to you, but the item in your hand voids your achievements. This time, I won't kill you, but whether or not I return your soul blood essence to you will depend on next time."

Yang Xiong's body shook and his face immediately became pale. When he saw Wang Lin just now, especially because of the look in Wang Lin's eyes, he felt a strong sense of fear. He knelt on the ground and handed over the jade in his right hand. His face was very tense.

Wang Lin no longer looked at him. He now looked toward Zhou Zihong. Zhou Zihong clenched her teeth, raised her pretty face, and said, "Senior, that Divine Path is very strange. Although I saw it six months ago, I couldn't remember anything afterward, so I can't make a copy of the jade that contains the technique. Actually, senior doesn't have to go through such a roundabout way. With Mai Lang's contribution in the Foreign Battleground, once you return to the sect, you will naturally be allowed to study it."

The Divine Path was what interested Wang Lin the most from Mai Lang's memories. Mai Lang dreamed of studying it. For some reason, the War God Shrine was very strict when it came to their own disciples studying the Divine Path, but people outside the sect only had to pay

spirit stones in appointed times in exchange for studying it.

But for disciples of the War God Shrine, they must either have reached the Core Formation stage or have contributed greatly to the sect. Only after achieving one of these can they study it under the supervision of an elder.

According to Wang Lin's analysis, this Divine Path must have something special about it. It could be that if someone at the Foundation Establishment studied it, it would be dangerous without someone protecting them.

When he asked Zhou Zihong to make a copy, he didn't plan on it succeeding, so he wasn't disappointed. He carefully looked at the three of them and gently said, "The three of you don't have to be so on guard near me. As long as you don't mess with me, then when I leave Hou Fen, I'll return your soul blood essences. However, if you dare to plot against me, then don't blame me for being merciless."

# Chapter 130: Sudden Arrival of Nascent Soul

“The three of you can return. Lin Tao, I’ll wait for you here in ten days.” With that, Wang Lin’s body floated backward and flew away in a rainbow-colored light.

Lin Tao quickly responded and thought that once he got back, he would have to have a good talk with his cousin. This was a life and death situation, so no matter what, he had to get a copy of that map.

Yang Xiong’s clothes were soaked with cold sweat. The cold breeze blew on his body, causing him to shiver. Waves of coldness came from his heart as he knew that he had just walked past death’s door.

Zhou Zihong calmly looked at Yang Xiong and left.

Wang Lin aimlessly flew in the sky as he pondered in his heart. Before long, his eyes lit up. No matter what, he couldn’t go to this War God Shrine. Not to even mention that if any of those three were thinking of rebelling, the secrets he was holding right now couldn’t be hidden from a Nascent Soul cultivator at all.

It was very likely that the Nascent Soul ancestor had already used some strange method and figured out that he had possessed Mai Liang. Thinking about this, he suddenly felt a hint of fear as his face darkened and his speed increased.

Wang Lin had already speculated this would happen, but Yang Xiong’s group’s actions made him even more convinced.

As he was flying, a gentle voice suddenly entered his ears. “Little friend, could you please return my disciple’s soul essence blood?” This voice was very beautiful. It was very sweet to listen to.

Wang Lin’s body suddenly stopped. Before him, an enchanting woman walked toward him.

The woman’s steps were as light as the clouds and each one created a

rustling sound. She wore a blue court dress. The bottom half of the dress was covered in triangular emeralds. There was a belt around her waist, and from the belt extended many long ribbons. The court dress on this woman created a sense of intelligence and elegance.

The woman was very beautiful. Without any makeup, there was a red glow on her face, and her skin was a creamy white color.

As the woman walked forward, Wang Lin backed up to keep a constant distance between them. He put his hand on his bag of holding and coldly stared at her.

Wang Lin's expression was the same as usual, but in his heart, he was on full alert. This woman's cultivation level was something he couldn't see through. She was clearly a Nascent Soul cultivator.

Wang Lin calmly looked at the woman and said, "What is the name of senior's disciple?"

The woman revealed a gentle smile and replied with a soft voice, "My disciple's name is Zhou Zihong."

Wang Lin nodded without any hesitation and decisively said, "Okay, once junior is 1000 kilometers away, I'll definitely send out the soul essence blood. Otherwise, even if senior acts, I'll struggle to make sure the soul essence blood is destroyed."

The woman looked at Wang Lin and said, "Little friend doesn't need to be so nervous. I have already heard about you from Zihong. It was all thanks to your help that the three of them were able to safely return to the War God Shrine. Just with that, we can ignore you possessing Mai Liang. Ignoring everything else, because you saved Zihong, I can forgive you for everything that has happened."

Wang Lin was startled and carefully looked at the woman's eyes. He saw that the woman didn't seem to be lying. Then, he pondered a bit and said, "Please don't blame me, senior. Please wait until junior is 1000 kilometers away before I return the soul essence blood."

The woman raised her hand and made a pose that would shock any

man's heart. She shook her head and laughed, "1000 kilometers... I'll call you Mai Liang. Mai Liang, 1000 kilometers is only a few breaths for me. If I wanted to kill you, then unless you could escape to 10,000 kilometers away, it would be pointless. Fine, if you insist, then go."

Without a word, Wang Lin's body shot into the distance, leaving a trail of rainbow-colored light. Half an hour later, he had already traveled 3000 kilometers. He stopped at the mouth of a volcano to catch his breath. After adjusting the spiritual energy in his body, he pointed at his forehead and a silver speck of light floated out.

Wang Lin didn't even take another look at it as his body jumped into the air and he left. Along the way, Wang Lin wondered if what the woman said was true or false, but no matter what, it was not wise for Wang Lin to offend a Nascent Soul cultivator right now.

Therefore, Wang Lin didn't hesitate to return Zhou Zihong's soul essence blood.

A few minutes later, the woman's figure appeared at the mouth of the volcano where Wang Lin left Zhou Zihong's soul essence blood. She reached out with her right hand and Zhou Zihong's soul essence blood quickly came to her.

The woman looked at the speck of light and revealed a tender and loving expression. After carefully putting away the soul essence blood, she looked at the direction Wang Lin went and softly muttered to herself, "Seeing that you saved Hong Er and readily returned her soul essence blood, I'll solve the issue of possession for you."

For two days, aside from some necessary rest, he had been continuously flying. Because that woman had never appeared again, he relaxed a bit, but suddenly, his eyes focused on the ground not far from him.

Just at this moment, several sword lights flew toward him from the distance. After seeing Wang Lin, they quickly changed direction and headed toward him. When they arrived, seven or eight youngsters landed near Wang Lin. They look at him with hostile gazes.

Among these people, the most prominent was a young man in the front.

The man's face was as white as jade. He looked very refined. His cultivation was at the late stage of Foundation Establishment and already at pseudo Core Formation. He wore a purple robe and stood on top of a green flying sword, creating a very noble air.

Beside him followed a girl dressed in red. There was a hint of red on her pale face, making people want to love her.

The young man's eyes were cold as he looked toward the girl and whispered, "Wan Er, is it him?"

The girl looked at Wang Lin. She let out an apologetic smile and whispered to the young man, "Brother, it is not him. Although that person was good at the art of disguise, he couldn't fake this person's temperament."

The coldness disappeared from the young man's eyes. He clasped his hands at Wang Lin and honestly said, "Please don't blame us, fellow cultivator. I'm Li Qiqing from the Lou He Sect. Please forgive our rudeness."

Wang Lin's expression remained the same as he calmly said, "No problem. Since it is a misunderstanding, then how could I hold it against you?"

Li Qiqing let out a laugh and said, "I believe fellow cultivator is here to attend the Ravine Workshop Assembly. Maybe we can meet again in the future, but I still have an important matter to attend to today, so I'll take my leave."

With that, he clasped his hands again, grabbed the girl next to him, and left with the other six or seven people.

After they left, Wang Lin looked at the ground and moved forward without a word. Before long, he frowned. He took out the piece of metal from his bag of holding and smashed it into the ground.

The piece of metal was very quick and hit the ground with a bang. Then, a very pathetic figure came out of the ground 20 meters away.

This person's appearance was very normal. Only his eyes contained a

look of intelligence. He quickly raised his hand and shouted, "Fellow cultivator, this is a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding!" As he spoke, he quickly looked around and jumped up. A flying sword came out and carried him to Wang Lin.

"Fellow cultivator, I'm Sun Youcai. This is a misunderstanding. I didn't want to purposely follow you, but I had to. That girl from the Lou He Sect is looking for me, and since I can't beat them in a fight, I can only hide. They are still looking for me, but if I follow you, then that Li Qiqing won't be able to find me."

Wang Lin looked at him. Then, he flew forward and completely ignored the guy.

Sun Youcai quickly followed him up and slyly asked, "Fellow cultivator, what sect are you from? I'm a disciple of the Evil Devil Sect."

Wang Lin's brow slightly furrowed. He didn't say a word as he used spiritual energy to move faster. His speed suddenly increased and he left Sun Youcai behind. Sun Youcai looked at Wang Lin. He sneered in his heart, but his expression remained the same. He slapped both his legs and kicked off from the ground. In the blink of an eye, he was next to Wang Lin again. He continued to say, "Fellow cultivator, I'm really sorry about before. It is all that girl's fault. Ah, fellow cultivator, you are going to the Ravine Workshop, right? How about we go together? I know a lot of people in the area and can even buy a few Qi Condensation females to use as furnaces."

"What speed!" Wang Lin's heart moved as he turned to look at Sun Youcai and smiled. Sun Youcai saw this smile and suddenly felt his skin crawl. This feeling disappeared as soon as it appeared and Sun Youcai shook his head. He thought this person was only at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment. With his late stage Foundation Establishment cultivation, he couldn't be wrong. He slowly smiled and asked, "How about it fellow cultivator?"

Wang Lin sneered in his heart and decisively said, "Okay, then I'll bother brother Sun."

Sun Youcai's heart shook. He didn't expect Wang Lin to agree this easily. He had a lot of words he was preparing to say, but now they were all pointless. However, his reaction was very quick. He smiled and said, "No problem. It was originally my fault for using fellow cultivator to hide. What is your name?"

"My name is Mai Liang. I'm a disciple of the War God Shrine." Wang Lin faintly smiled. In Sun Youcai's eyes, the smile was filled with naivety, but only Wang Lin knew the truth.

Sun Youcai let out a mischievous smile. He looked around and whispered, "Brother Mai, I heard your War God Shrine has a beauty named Zhou Ziwei. Our future sect leader saw her six months ago and was completely mesmerized by her. You're from the War God Shrine. Is she really that pretty?"

Wang Lin was startled and asked, "Zhou Ziwei? Are you talking about Zhou Zihong, elder apprentice sister Zhou?"

Sun Youcai suddenly slapped his forehead and smiled. "Looked at his memory of mine. That is right, it is Zhou Zihong. So, how does she look?"

Wang Lin nodded and said, "Elder apprentice sister Zhou is indeed beautiful, but her personality is very cold, so I have only seen her a few times."



# Chapter 131: Is He a Fat Sheep?

Sun Youcai let out a laugh as he reached out to grab Wang Lin's shoulder and said, "Let's not talk about her anymore. Brother Ma, there is a transfer array to enter the Ravine just ahead."

Wang Lin's shoulder moved to dodge the hand. He said, "That is good. Let's quickly go so we can enter the valley sooner." With that, he flew forward.

Sun Youcai's hand hit empty air, but his expression didn't change as he asked, "Brother Ma, did you come out by yourself this time?" He casually followed Wang Lin.

Wang Lin sneered, but his expression didn't show any abnormality as he answered, "That's right, I'm the only one that came this time."

Sun Youcai let out a laugh and whispered, "I guess brother Ma secretly left the sect and came to the Ravine to get some technique jades. I heard that in three months, it will be the War God's Shrine's five palace competition. At that time, brother Ma can use them to become famous."

Wang Lin faintly smiled, but didn't say a word.

Seeing Wang Lin's reaction, Sun Youcai sneered, "Little brat, it doesn't matter if what you say is true or false. Since you've met your grandfather today, consider yourself unlucky. Hehe, I'll use your body to make a puppet. I believe that Li Qiqing won't be too on guard against you." He was thinking this, but to ensure that everything would go as planned, he took out a jade before Wang Lin and said, "Brother Ma, I'll call a friend over. He is very close. When he gets here, we can go through the transfer array together. That way, we can save a spirit stone."

There was memory of a transfer array in Ma Liang's memory. It cost a spirit stone to open the transfer array, and every time it opened, it could transfer up to three people.

So there was no issue with Sun Youcai's suggestion. After seeing Wang Lin nodding his head, Sun Youcai placed the jade on his forehead and

threw it into the air. After a few flashes of light, the jade disappeared without a trace.

Wang Lin followed Sun Youcai. As they flew, he noticed that the farther they went, the more deserted it got. There were more and more big and small volcanoes around them. Some of the volcanoes spat out black smoke.

Afraid that Wang Lin would become suspicious, Sun Youcai quickly explained. "Don't worry, brother Ma. The transfer array is not far away. I don't know what has been going on recently, but all of the volcanos have been releasing black smoke. I remember that the four great sects' Nascent Soul ancestors just finished sealing them last year."

Wang Lin's expression became cold as he laughed. "Yes, this place is indeed deserted. A very good place. Especially these volcanoes. After killing someone, you can just toss their body into them. That will save yourself from using a fireball technique."

Sun Youcai's body suddenly stopped. He forced a smile and said, "Brother Ma..."

Before he even finished speaking, sounds of wind and thunder came in from the distance along with a black sword. In the blink of an eye, the sword arrived near them. When the light dissipated, it revealed a skinny middle-aged man. His eyes revealed a ruthless light.

This person was wearing all black. Even the flying sword under his feet emitted a black light. Both of his hands were covered in black smoke. He didn't even look at Wang Lin as he said to Sun Youcai, "He is the fat sheep?"

Wang Lin looked at him and noticed that this person's cultivation level was higher than Sun Youcai's. This person had already reached the pseudo Core Formation stage and could compete with Li Qiqing.

Sun Youcai's face suddenly smiled like a flower. His voice sounded like he was trying to please the person as he said, "Senior martial brother, it is him. I saw that that girl, Li Muwan and her brother Li Qiqing, have a good impression of him. If we turn him into a puppet and use him to

approach them, we might have a better chance.”

The black-clothed man turned his head toward Wang Lin. He was surprised that Wang Lin didn't run away. Wang Lin was only a mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator, so he didn't think of Wang Lin as a threat at all as he coldly said, “Brat, you can die now.” With that, the flying sword under his feet shot out toward Wang Lin's chest.

At the same time, the black-clothed man jumped forward and clapped his hand a few times. The black mist spread out, forming a giant skull. It quickly followed the black sword toward Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's eyes became cold. He didn't even mind the mist or the flying sword as he pointed his finger at the middle aged man and said, “Destroy!”

The moment the Ji Realm appeared, the sky darkened. The moment the Ji Realm Divine Sense appeared, the soul was destroyed! Wang Lin was invincible among Foundation Establishment cultivators. If he reaches the Core Formation stage, he will be the king of Core Formation cultivators. If he reaches the Nascent Soul stage, then he will be the number one cultivator under the Soul Formation stage in countless countries.

The middle aged man's eyes suddenly bulged out. He could feel that his soul was hit by a powerful destructive force. He didn't have any power to resist, so his soul instantly shattered. When he revealed a look of fear, he had already died. His body then went limp. Even until his death, he still didn't understand how it all happened.

Everything happened too quickly. The flying sword didn't even travel half the distance to its destination when the divine sense from the middle aged man broke and it fell from the sky. The black skull followed behind it and slowly dissipated with the death of the middle-aged man.

Wang Lin waved his sleeves and the black flying sword quickly flew into his hand. He slapped his bag of holding and the piece of metal came out.

“Devour that black mist.” After saying those words, Wang Lin no longer paid any attention to it and turned to Sun Youcai, who was completely dumbfounded.

A flash of red light appeared on the piece of metal as the devil came out and jumped on the black mist. He didn't stop to consider whether or not he could even devour or digest the black cloud as he devoured it with a bitter smile. He didn't dare to disobey Wang Lin as he knew how scary Wang Lin was.

Sun Youcai finally realized what was going on as he took a few steps back. He quickly jumped to the ground and disappeared.

The devil's eyes turned and he slowed down on devouring the black mist. He was pretending to still be devouring. However, Wang Lin's next sentence caused him to frown again.

"Follow me."

With that, Wang Lin's body moved and his Ji Realm Divine sense quickly spread out. He chased northwest. The devil revealed a struggling expression as he backed up instead of charging forward. Suddenly, he let out a miserable scream as green gas appeared on his body, causing him to not dare to hesitate anymore.

Wang Lin retrieved the divine sense he used to punish the devil and focused on chasing Sun Youcai. He was very interested in Sun Youcai's speed. He knew that his own speed was lacking compared to Sun Youcai's, just like with the middle aged woman who could travel 10,000 kilometers in two breaths. If someone like that wanted to kill him, he wouldn't even be able to run.

When Sun Youcai caught up to him before, he was already using his full speed, so it showed how fast Sun Youcai was.

Therefore, Wang Lin didn't kill him. He decided to catch him alive to get the technique out of him.

Sun Youcai was scared now. Ever since he started cultivating 30 years ago, since he was a 15th layer Qi condensation cultivator, he had been killing people. But he had always been very careful and only killed people weaker than him. He never dared to kill people stronger than him.

Over the years, he used all of the treasures he had found and traded

them at the Ravine Workshop for pills to increase his cultivation level. This caused his cultivation level to continue to rise, but as his cultivation level increased, normal pills lost their effect. High quality pills were either hard to find or the prices were too high, so he set his sights on the Luo He Sect.

The Luo He Sect was famous for formations and alchemy, especially when it came to pills. If the pill was refined by the Lou He Sect, then it must be a high quality pill. Sun Youcai's target was the Luo He Sect's Li Muwan. He wanted to get some pills or pill recipes from her, but her older brother Li Qiqing's cultivation level was a step above his at pseudo Core Formation. Completely above him, who had just entered the late stage of Foundation Establishment.

The current Sun Youcai wished his speed could be even faster. Even now, his mind was recalling the terrifying moment from before. Fourth senior apprentice brother was a pseudo Core Formation cultivator, yet he was so easily killed.

If that Ma Liang had used some powerful treasure, then he wouldn't be so scared, but he didn't even see the shadow of a magic treasure. He only heard Ma Liang say the word "destroy" and fourth senior apprentice brother just died.

What...what kind of technique is that? Thinking about this, Sun Youcai couldn't help but feel his skull go numb. The more he couldn't understand, the more terrified he was. What cultivation level would you need to be able to kill a pseudo Core Formation cultivator with just one word? Could it be that Ma Liang had already reached the Core Formation stage?

No! Sun Youcai quickly rejected the idea because he had met Core Formation cultivators before. Even if the Core Formation elders were to fight a pseudo Core Formation cultivator, it wouldn't be this easy. Although they would win for sure, they couldn't just kill them with one word like it was some sword of heavenly decree.

Sun Youcai's heart trembled. Could it be a Nascent Soul cultivator?

But he soon rejected this idea as well. He had seen a Nascent Soul cultivator act before. It was when the Demon Sect ancestor killed a late stage Foundation Establishment traitor. In front of everyone's eyes, he only threw out a sword and the traitor died while running away. He didn't even have any chance to dodge or resist.

But still, in his eyes, when he compared Wang Lin killing a pseudo Core Formation cultivator with just a word to the Nascent Soul elder who used a flying sword, it was clear who was stronger. With that, his mind suddenly went blank.

"Could..could it be that... he...he is... Soul Formation...." When Sun Youcai said the words "Soul Formation," all of the strength left his body.

The more he thought about it, the more accurate it felt. Sun youcai bittered muttered, "A Soul Formation expert... that is someone of legends. How is it possible... but if not Soul Formation, how could he kill fourth senior apprentice brother with just one word... rumor has it that Soul Formation cultivators can control the ways of the heavens, so killing a pseudo Core Formation cultivator with one word would make sense...I...I am being hunted by a Soul Formation expert..."

# Chapter 132: Upheaval in Hou Fen (1)

Sun Youcai's body trembled as he escaped underground. The fear was making him feel like he couldn't even breathe. Just at this moment, he felt the ground before him warm up and he secretly complained. This earth escape move was an amazing technique anywhere else, but here in Hou Fen, where there were many volcanoes, there were some serious restrictions.

If he accidentally tunneled into lava, then he could only blame himself.

Normally, when Sun Youcai runs, he identifies the direction and immediately changes direction when he feels heat. But now, he believed that he was being chased by a Soul Formation expert. He didn't pay attention and now it was too late. All he could do was use all his might to raise his body up.

With a loud bang, his body bursted out from underground into a cave inside a volcano. A wave of heat immediately hit him, causing his hair and eyebrows to immediately curl.

He let out a scream as he quickly threw out his flying sword and moved onto a rock. After just these few moments in the heat, his skin was already cracking and his clothes were instantly turned to dust.

Even the flying sword under his feet had turned red, and its temperature kept on increasing.

The moment sweat appeared on Sun Youcai's body, every drop turned into white vapor. Looking at him now, his entire body was surrounded by this white vapor. Although he was naked, there was still a hint of a divine being.

Below him was a large pool of lava. There were many large bubbles in the pool, and every time one burst, black gas would rise up.

Sun Youcai was able to bite the bullet and rush through to the other side of the volcano before he stopped in place as he looked at the lava below him with a look of terror.

At this moment, Wang Lin had caught up. He didn't know the Earth Escape technique, but his divine sense had been locked onto Sun Youcai the whole time. He suddenly noticed that Sun Youcai had stopped, so he took out the piece of metal and pointed at the ground. The metal spun as it hit the ground and dug a tunnel. Wang Lin's body quickly followed and entered the lava pool Sun Youcai was at.

The moment he entered the volcano, Wang Lin noticed Sun Youcai, who was staring at the lava below in terror.

Wang Lin followed Sun Youcai's gaze into the lava and saw triangle-shaped eyes. Wang Lin took a deep breath and backed out of the tunnel. He hid, not moving an inch, and stared at the eyes.

According to Ma Liang's memories from when he grew up as a kid, there was no creature in Hou Fen that lived inside a volcano. If there was, then it would be impossible for them not to be found by the cultivators of Hou Fen. It has to be said that every few years, the ancestors of the four great sects seal the volcanoes for safety.

At the same time, Sun Youcai seemed to be possessed as he stared at the eyes. He got off the flying sword and stepped onto the rock with his bare feet. The moment his feet touched the rock, the smell of burning flesh spread out.

He only took three steps before his flesh and skin were completely burned off, revealing bones that had been burnt black. However, Sun Youcai didn't reveal any look of suffering as he jumped into the lava from the edge of the rock.

Wang Lin's eyes lit up as his hand reached out. The moment Sun Youcai started falling, he grabbed Sun Youcai's bag and then quickly backed away without even looking back at the lava.

A roar came from behind Wang Lin and the heat in the area suddenly intensified. As Wang Lin ran, the tunnel around him turned red. If someone were to look from above, they would see that all of the big and small volcanoes were spewing black smoke, especially one of the large volcanoes. Around it, a red light visible to the eyes spread out. Everything



that was touched by this red light turned red.

Wang Lin's face was dark as he followed the tunnel. He suddenly stopped as he saw an ocean of flames gathered in the tunnel before him. The fire formed a creature with triangular eyes and a single horn. It looked at Wang Lin with killing intent.

Without a word, Wang Lin sent out his Ji Realm Divine Sense. One could only see a ray of red lightning shoot out from Wang Lin's eyes and enter the fire beast. The fire beast's fire dimmed for a moment, but it soon recovered. It then opened its mouth and let out a roar before charging at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin's face darkened even more. He turned around, but his pupils suddenly shrank as another fire beast appeared behind him.

At this moment, inside the narrow tunnel, there were two fire beasts blocking both sides. He clenched his teeth as he sent out the piece of metal. The metal began to dig another tunnel and Wang Lin quickly followed.

But just at this moment, the two fire beasts suddenly let out roars. Wang Lin's heart sank. The dirt around Wang Lin suddenly turned red and hardened until it formed a cage. Wang Lin was trapped inside.

This cage was closing around him until it completely surrounded him, finally trapping Wang Lin inside.

At this moment, waves of cracks appeared on the ground. The ground collapsed inwards, forming a basin. A ball of black dirt was formed with Wang Lin inside.

Around the dirt ball were eight fire beasts that constantly spewed fire at the ball of dirt to make it smaller. Soon, the ball grew smaller and smaller, and the beasts eventually stopped.

One of the fire beasts grabbed the ball of dirt and jumped onto the ground. The other fire beasts quickly followed. They soon returned to the cave they were in before.

The fire beast threw the ball of dirt into the lava before jumping in with

the other fire beasts. They all disappeared into the lava. The lava let out a few more bubbles before calming down.

The surrounding volcanoes stopped spewing black smoke and the heat wave disappeared. Aside from the giant basin that was formed by the fire beast, there was no other evidence of what had just occurred remaining.

And basins were very common in Hou Fen. Almost next to every volcano, there would be big and small basins.

Wang Lin hugged his body as he resisted the high temperature waves. The moment the dirt surrounded him, he covered his body in his Ji Realm Divine Sense. At the moment, his divine sense was slowly dissolving the dirt ball.

He could clearly feel that he was shaking. With a shake, he could feel that he was thrown to the ground. Currently, his divine sense had broken through the restriction of the dirt ball, so he could clearly see everything before him.

In front of him was an endless pool of lava. There were countless openings above it. Lava flowed down into this endless pool from the openings.

The dirt ball he was trapped in was currently floating in the lava. Around him were seven or eight more dirt balls floating around. On top of each one sat a fire beast.

Then he looked at the lava around him and saw countless triangular eyes. One of the fire beasts jumped up from the lava and sat down on top of Wang Lin's ball of dirt. The fire beasts didn't notice Wang Lin's divine sense at all.

Time slowly passed and more fire beasts came from the tunnels above. Every group carried a dirt ball as well.

At this moment, the entire pool of lava began to shake. Every fire beast quickly made an opening where a giant fire beast appeared. Wang Lin quickly withdrew his divine sense and began to observe carefully.

A normal fire beast was only three feet tall, but just the head of this

large fire beast was already larger than ten feet. Slowly, a large portion of the big fire beast's body appeared. Along with this large body, a powerful pressure came, causing all of the small fire beasts to stop moving.

Wang Lin's heart was shocked. The power this large fire beast was at was least at the Nascent Soul level. As for exactly how strong, Wang Lin was unable to determine as he had never met a Soul Formation cultivator before.

This large fire beast looked around before moving to the left. Soon, another large fire beast came out. One by one, they appeared until there was a total of 16.

These 16 fire beasts formed a circle. Once the circle was complete, a translucent ring of fire appeared in the middle. Rainbow-colored light emanated from it.

Wang Lin carefully looked and saw a figure slowly become solid as it formed a ball of fire the size of his fist.

Slivers of red lines lined the ball of fire to the ring of fire.

The moment the ball of fire appeared, the 16 large fire beasts let out roars. One by one, their bodies jumped up from the lava pool. They then proceeded to kneel on the lava. All of the smaller fire beasts also jumped out of the lava and kneeled.

Wang Lin was observing when he suddenly felt a shock in his brain as the heaven defying bead appeared without him willing it for the first time. If he didn't quickly stop it, then it would have broken through the dirt.

Just at this moment, a fire beast grabbed the dirt ball beneath him and threw it at the ball of fire. The dirt ball suddenly stopped in mid air and the ball of fire quickly entered the dirt ball. The sucking noise was very clear in this silent cave.

A chilling scream came from inside the dirt ball. The scream continued, but got softer and softer until no sound came out anymore. Soon, slivers of blood mist came from the dirt ball and the ball of fire came out.

The dirt ball fell from the air and sank into the lava. Wang Lin's heart sank as well. He now understood that he wasn't the only person alive inside a dirt ball. Even if he didn't protect himself, the dirt ball wouldn't have kill him. At most, he would be asleep.

Subsequently, four more dirt balls were tossed at the ball of fire. Screams rang out as the ball of fire entered them. The screams lasted for more than half an hour. When the fifth dirt ball sank into the lava, the dirt ball Wang Lin was in was thrown out.

The heaven defying bead shook violently and with a never before seen momentum, it broke through Wang Lin's hold. Just at this moment, the ball of fire entered the dirt ball Wang Lin was in.

## Chapter 133: Upheaval in Hou Fen (2)

A wave of heat quickly spread throughout the dirt ball as the ball of fire smoothly entered it. However, at the exact same moment, the heaven defying bead charged out, causing the ball of fire to pause and then turn away without any hesitation.

But it was still too late. The heaven defying bead ignored everything in its way and slammed into the ball of fire. The ball of fire let out a scream and began to struggle, but before it could struggle for long, it was absorbed by the heaven defying bead.

The leaves that were on the heaven defying bead disappeared and were replaced by a ball of fire. Soon, many more balls of fire appeared on the heaven defying bead.

The ball of fire became dimmer and dimmer until it dissipated completely. At this moment, the tenth ball of fire appeared on the heaven defying bead, causing it to let out a bright light that could be clearly seen even from outside the dirt ball.

At this moment, with the disappearance of the ball of fire, the fire ring began to dim and the red slivers that connected the ring of fire to the ball of fire broke.

Wang Lin stared dumbfoundedly at what had happened. Not only him, all of the fire beasts were also completely stunned. They stood motionless in the cave, not knowing what to do at all.

The heaven defying bead quickly moved toward Wang Lin and retreated into his brow. Wang Lin didn't have time to check the bead as he moved his body and activated the attraction force technique. He carried the dirt ball up and into one of the tunnels.

All of this happened in a very short period of time. It wasn't until Wang Lin's dirt ball left that the fire beasts realized what had happened. The 16 large fire beasts let out roars as they tore open the tunnel and chased after Wang Lin.

Behind him, tens of thousands of fire beasts let out angry roars and chased him.

Wang Lin's body was trapped inside the dirt ball as he moved through the lava. It has to be said that the lava was flowing down into the cave. Wang Lin was currently going against the current, so there was no way for him to move fast.

But the fire beasts weren't slowed at all because they grew up in the lava. It could be said that they were fire spirits, meaning that the hotter it was, the faster they moved.

Although Wang Lin didn't know what that ball of fire was, just the fact that it was able to complete the fire element for the heaven defying bead was already a big enough shock. From the respect the beasts showed and how angry they had become, that ball of fire must have been very important to them. It was likely that the ball of fire was their king.

Wang Lin's guess was not wrong. The fire beasts were born from the lava. It could be described as a fire spirit and was ranked fairly high. According to the cultivation union, they were universally called fire spirit beasts. From the moment of its birth, it had intelligence. It cultivated in the lava under Hou Fen for many years and its cultivation was very powerful.

In the countless years it had been alive, it had transformed five times. If it changes nine times, then it can change from a spirit beast to a desolate beast, but after every transformation, it is in a weakened state for 500 years, unable to use any spiritual energy at all.

In order to protect itself, every time it's about to transform, it spreads out its spiritual energy to speed up the growth of the next generation to protect itself.

At the same time, as it transformed more and more, it learned that there was a way to shorten the time of weakness: devour cultivators.

He didn't need to devour a lot, only a few cultivators every once in awhile. So it used its offspring to catch cultivators that came into the volcano and fed them.

To prevent the cultivators from harming the fire spirit, they would all be trapped in dirt. As a result, the fire spirit could leisurely enjoy its meal.

But now, the weakened fire spirit itself was devoured instead, and the moment it disappeared, all of the fire beasts became angry.

In their hearts, the fire spirit wasn't only their king, it was also their father.

Their father was killed before them, how could they not be angry? Gradually, they got closer and closer. One of the 16 fire beasts in the front opened its mouth and spat out fire that was almost pure white.

Inside the purple lava, the white flame was very eye catching. When it hit Wang Lin's dirt ball, the dirt ball immediately shrunk one size.

Wang Lin bled everywhere as the white flame hit his dirt ball. His Ji Realm Divine Sense could only stop so much. He clenched his teeth and used even more spiritual energy to escape.

The fire beasts destroyed everything in their path as they charged at Wang Lin.

They got closer and closer until eight fire beasts spat out white flames together. The moment the flame hit the dirt ball, Wang Lin's body shook and he charged out from inside it. His body was surrounded by his divine sense as he withstood the unbearable heat and charged out.

After he came out, he stopped for a moment as the piece of metal appeared from his bag of holding and flew to under his feet. The piece of metal formed a rainbow and carried Wang Lin out from the top.

Looking from the outside, one could see a completely black figure with clothes that were almost all burnt charge out of the mouth of the volcano.

Behind him followed the 16 fire beasts. They chased him all the way to the entrance of the volcano. They roared at him in frustration, but strangely didn't dare to follow him out.

Only now did Wang Lin let out a breath of relief. He looked down and

his scalp suddenly went numb. He saw that below the 16 fire beasts were countless triangular eyes looking up. Their eyes only had one point of interest, and that was him.

Any one of those fire beasts could block his Ji Realm Divine Sense. This should be impossible, but if this was really true, then the only explanation was that these fire beasts didn't have souls or divine sense.

Wang Lin's face was gloomy. He looked at the countless fire beasts below him and flew into the distance without a word. Gradually, he became even more gloomy as along the way, every time he saw a volcano, he would see fire beasts. These fire beasts all waited at the mouths of volcanoes, starting at him with cold gazes. All of them seemed to be waiting for a command, and once the command was issued, they would all charge out of the volcanoes.

Wang Lin's scalp felt numb as he rubbed his temple. He decided that he would get a map as soon as possible so he could leave Hou Fen and never come back.

Thinking about that, he stopped moving and spread out his divine sense. After probing for a while, he changed directions and flew north.

Although he didn't look at the volcanoes on the way anymore, he could still clearly see those cold gazes staring at him.

At this moment, all of the Nascent Soul ancestors came out of their closed door cultivation sessions. They, ones who stood at the top of a the rank 3 cultivation country, could clearly feel the waves of destructive energy brewing inside Hou Fen.

This had happened many times before. This meant that the volcanoes inside Hou Fen were about to erupt. Every time this happened, they would go to the volcanoes they were each responsible for to seal them to prevent them from erupting.

Because if they were to erupt, then it would be a great disaster for Hou Fen. Mortals might be able to run to another country without my resistance. Even the royal family would have the cultivators coming out to speak for them.



After all, even though mortals were like ants to cultivators, there was a higher chance of finding disciples among the mortals if they were more of them.

Mortals could go, but cultivators couldn't because if a large amount of cultivators were to go to another country, there would be a great war. In the cultivation world, it is a huge taboo for a cultivation country to migrate, because migration equates to a large amount of spiritual energy loss, chaos between all of the sects, and a large shift in ownership of spirit stones and magic treasures.

On planet Suzaku, there is a fixed number of cultivation countries. If the volcanoes were to erupt, then the consequence would be a large amount of violent fire element spiritual energy escaping. This violent spiritual energy is impossible to cultivate, so for a long time, cultivators won't be able to survive in Hou Fen.

But luckily, these kinds of things have not happened even once. Every time, the volcanoes would be sealed without any real problems. Even if there were eruptions, they would only affect small areas, not the entire country.

Three hours later, Wang Lin stopped above a main road. If his face was already dark, then when he saw what was on the main road, it turned green.

On the main road were dozens of bodies, as well as several dead horses, on the ground beside a wagon.

Most of the dead bodies were male. Without exception, all of their faces revealed looks of suffering. They were all still holding weapons in their hands. It was clear that they were still fighting when they died.

Wang Lin stopped next to a carriage and waved his hand. A violent wind hit the carriage, causing it to fly into the air. As a dead body fell out from inside it, a flash of red light came out from the corpse, taking the form of a devil. He stared at Wang Lin with a look of terror on his face, but that expression soon turned vicious as he shouted, "You came at a good time. I was about to go find you. These mortals' souls are too plain. I wonder

how yours taste.”

With that, he jumped at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin was extra careful. He was able to track this devil because he left a mark with his divine sense on all of the beasts he fed the devil with. If he keeps feeding it like that, then no matter how strong the devil gets, he will be able to easily control it. But now time was short, so he could only detect them if they were within a certain distance.

# Chapter 134: National Migration

However, when he was chasing Sun Youcai and met the fire beasts, the devil managed to run away. After Wang Lin came out of the volcano, he used his divine sense to chase after the devil.

After devouring so many mortals, the devil had recovered its cultivation level to the peak of the Foundation Establishment stage and entered the pseudo Core Formation stage. He believed that he was already stronger than Wang Lin, so he attacked.

Wang Lin's gaze became cold as red lightning surged from his eyes. The devil suddenly let out a scream as the lightning struck him. He quickly stopped his attack and retreated. How could Wang Lin let him get away? He took one step forward and grabbed the air with his hand. The attraction force technique activated and caught the devil.

The devil begged for mercy, but Wang Lin didn't pay any attention as his Ji Realm Divine sense repeatedly pierced through the devil. His control was very good; he always stopped just before the devil was about to collapse. This cycle continued until smoke came from the devil's body. His scream became softer and softer until they stopped altogether.

The fear in the devil's eyes deepened even more. After this incident, he truly began to fear Wang Lin from the bottom of his heart.

Wang Lin's cold eyes revealed a ruthless emotion. He stared at the devil and said, "If this happens again, you're dead!"

The devil trembled in fear as he meekly nodded.

Wang Lin slapped his bag of holding and the piece of metal appeared. The devil didn't even need Wang Lin's order, he entered the piece of metal of metal on his own. The piece of metal flashed red a few times before returning to the bag of holding.

Wang Lin looked at the bodies of the people the devil devoured and pondered for a while. His current mentality was night and day compared to how it was back in Zhao. Before, the simple nature of a village boy was

still ingrained in Wang Lin's personality, but after the death of his family, that simple nature had disappeared.

The cultivation world was where the strong ruled. If he couldn't even protect himself and his family, then what right did he have to show compassion?

Situ Nan had always wanted to him to walk the demonic path, but Wang Lin always refused it. However, after dying once, he had discarded every reason to refuse it.

"So what if I become a demon?" He let out a cold laugh as he waved his hand and jumped into the air.

Wang Lin circled around a volcano in a deserted area of Hou Fen. After selecting a place, he landed and carved out a cave in the mountain with the piece of metal.

After one hour, the cave was completed, and Wang Lin walked into it. He used the rubble to place a few confusion formations before sealing the cave entrance.

After finishing all of that, he sat down on the ground, pulled out the bags of holding he got from the middle aged man and Sun Youcai, and searched through them for a while. He took out three pieces of jade from them.

He placed the first piece of jade on his forehead. After viewing it for a while, he placed it to the side. This one contained a cultivation method from the Evil Demon sect called No Restraint Cultivation Method.

The Evil Demon Sect was one of the demonic sects in Hou Fen and their cultivation method would make one's skin crawl. This No Restraint Cultivation Method had six level and focused on ruthlessness.

The jade's instructions were: Kill someone, then refine their heart. As you refine their heart, use this experience to transform your own heart into the heart of a killer and walk down the path of ruthlessness. Immerse yourself in the path of ruthlessness to form a Shura soul to replace your Nascent Soul, then this cultivation method is complete.

There was a strict requirement to cultivating this method at the start and that was to kill one person a day. He guessed that the middle aged man was cultivating this method and that this jade came from his bag of holding.

Wang Lin didn't have any interest in this cultivation method, but was interested in some of the techniques. Although these demonic techniques were cruel, they were also very practical.

He picked up a second jade. Its contents made him smile. There was only one technique recorded on this jade. It was named Earth Escape Technique.

This Earth Escape Technique was one of the Five Elements Escape Techniques. Speaking of the Five Elements Escape Techniques, they were extremely famous techniques even back in the ancient cultivation world. After the Cultivation Enion appeared, this technique became extremely rare.

But the Five Element Escape Techniques were too famous and thus countless branches appeared from it. Most of these branches used the name, but they really weren't that much different from any other type of escape techniques.

The jade in Wang Lin's hand didn't contain the real Five Element Escape Technique either. It was slightly more refined than the other imitations. However, just that little refinement created a world of difference.

Time slowly passed as he immersed himself in studying the Earth Escape Technique. It wasn't until the morning of the next day that Wang Lin opened his eyes and revealed a look of understanding. Instead of standing up, he hit the ground with both of his hands. His figure suddenly disappeared and reappeared 30 feet away.

A look of joy appeared on Wang Lin's face as he couldn't help but mutter, "This Ma Liang's body is much stronger than my previous body. Although it is not top grade, it is still middle grade, so it is not hard to learn this Earth Escape Technique. But I will still need to practice for a long period of time to truly master it."

Wang Lin took out the wooden bucket filled with spirit liquid. He drank it all, then began to cultivate. Half an hour later, all of the fatigue from practicing the Earth Escape Technique was gone.

He casually picked up the third jade and looked through it. This jade contained recordings of Sun Youcai's daily activities. It seemed Sun Youcai had a habit of keeping a daily log. This jade roughly contained his 30 years of being a cultivator.

It also contained information on his complicated relationships with several women.

Wang Lin skipped over all these things. What interested him was the summary of all of the pills Sun Youcai had taken in the last ten years. The jade contained information about more than ten different types of pills, including the effects they would have on the body, amount of spiritual energy given, and how fast they would raise his cultivation level.

In addition to these, it contained information on seven or eight pills that he really wanted, but could not get his hands on. After that, he looked through the bags of holding for other things.

Besides a few bottles of pills, Sun Youcai didn't have any magic treasures. If it was before, Wang Lin would have been suspicious, but after reading his logs, he knew that Sun Youcai traded everything he had for pills to increase his cultivation level.

The black-clothed middle-aged man had one thing that caught Wang Lin's attention. It was a yellow paper with a black symbol on it. The symbol released waves of a powerful aura.

Wang Lin knew what this yellow paper was as he had owned one before. It was made by a Core Formation cultivator and contained one of that cultivator's attacks at full power.

Wang Lin couldn't help but sneer as he held the yellow paper. If the middle aged man had been more careful and had taken this out, then he wouldn't have died. But it was obvious that this was the middle aged man's ace in the hole. He wouldn't use it unless it was absolutely necessary. Unfortunately, he met Wang Lin's Ji Realm. Adding on the fact

that he underestimated Wang Lin, he didn't even have time to take out this treasure.

Compared to this talisman, nothing else in the bag of holding was worth mentioning. After he finished organizing his spoils, he pointed at his brow and the heaven defying bead floated out.

Wang Lin let out a bitter smile as he looked at the bead. The heaven defying bead had already returned to having five leaves on its surface. Wang Lin pondered a little. The heaven defying bead needed to complete all five elements to release its true power. Water and fire were done and wood was half completed. He still needed earth and metal to complete all five elements.

Wang Lin couldn't wait to see what power this heaven defying bead will have once the five elements are complete. Looking at it now, the only ability it had was access to another space. However, how could a treasure that caused planet Suzaku's number one expert, Situ Nan, to lose his body be this simple?

Staring at the bead, Wang Lin's eyes trembled. He put it back into his brow. Next, he shook his bag of holding and a jade flew out. His divine sense entered the jade. This jade contained the refining technique Yang Xiong had copied for him from the War God Shrine.

This whole time, Wang Lin hadn't found the time to check the jade. Now he could finally study it in peace.

At this moment, the countless volcanoes in Hou Fen emitted black smoke. The smoke became even denser as it spread spiritual energy filled with rage across Hou Fen.

In addition to all of this, the disciples of the various sects noticed the fire beasts at the mouths of the volcanoes. They were all shocked and used various methods to report the information back to their sects.

The four major sects were very used to sealing the volcanos and were very used to the fire beasts. However, only cultivators at the Nascent Soul level knew about them.

At this moment, in the main hall of the War God Shrine, there were four males and two females sitting inside, silently frowning.

One of the old men to the left spoke with a grim voice, “What does everyone think of this matter?”

“Senior brother Song, I have only seen these fire beasts in some old records. The records only say that they are spirit beasts. The descriptions are overly dramatic, but I believe they shouldn’t be ignored. However, since they are spirit beasts, I believe they can be tamed. If the six of us move, we should be fine. I refuse to believe six Nascent Soul cultivators can’t deal with mere fire beasts.” The person who spoke was a middle aged man. Although his face was gentle and his voice soft, they were filled with pride.

The beautiful woman who met Wang Lin ruthlessly said, “Absurd! Master has met the fire spirit beasts once when they were only at the Core Formation stage. It is a nature fire spirit, so all fire based techniques have no use on them. Only ice-based techniques can hold out for a bit. Don’t even talk about killing or taming them.”

The middle age man didn’t feel embarrassed. He looked at the woman awkwardly and no longer spoke.

“This matter is really simple. The fire spirit beasts have existed for a long time, but they never left the volcanoes. I believe there are some natural restrictions preventing them from leaving. I just need to increase the intensity of the seals. Instead of wasting time here talking, we can be doing that right now. I’ll go ahead.” The person who spoke waved his sleeves, stood up, and walked out. This person was six feet tall and with a forehead that extended three extra inches forward.

Seeing that everyone went silent, the old man named Song said, “Forget it. I hope that the appearance of the fire beasts won’t cause the seals to fail. Let’s do what we normally do and seal the volcanoes we are responsible for.”

The same scene happened at the Lou He Sect, Evil Demon Sect, and Corpse Sect. The results were roughly the same and all of the Nascent



Soul cultivators in Hou Fen went about sealing the volcanoes.

Suddenly, the entire county of Hou Fen could see various Nascent Soul cultivators from different sects floating around volcanos, sealing them. The fluctuations of spiritual energy became more violent in these past few days as well.

As they sealed the volcanoes, all of the Nascent Soul cultivators couldn't help but feel that something was off. Every volcano had countless fire beasts just waiting at their mouths. They didn't stop the sealing or attacked the cultivators, they just waited with cold gazes.

Their actions gave the feeling that they didn't even mind the seals at all. Gradually, the hearts of the Nascent Soul cultivators that had joined the sealing became heavier and heavier. Even those that had optimistic views changed their minds.

Wang Lin wasn't ignorant to all of this while he was immersed in learning how to refine magic treasures. He knew that the fire beasts would appear one day, but he had to wait ten days for Lin Tao to bring him the map. Only at that moment could he leave. It would be too difficult to find a map after entering another country.

There were still four days left before the day Wang Lin was supposed to meet Lin Tao. Wang Lin withdrew his divine sense from the jade. Although he was tired, he revealed a joyous expression. The refining technique was very deep and not something he could master in a short period of time. Once he realized that, he focused his attention on refining flying swords.

After putting away the jade, he waved his hand and the piece of metal immediately flew out of his bag of holding. It circled around his head once before stopping in front of him. After being used so much recently, the piece of metal had shrunk. The edges were all black, which was caused by all of the high speed flying. The edges had melted more and more each time he flew.

Wang Lin pondered for a while, then closed his hands. When he opened them, there were thin lines of spiritual energy between his hands. This

was the first step to the War God Shrine's refining technique.

The refining technique from the War God Shrine was different from the traditional refining techniques. It could be said to walk its own path. It didn't involve using fire to refine, placing formations, or mixing materials. Instead, it was a very mysterious system that was like a pegasus appearing out of thin air.

This special system required three steps: adjust, fuse, and harmonize. The War God Shrine also required a very important tool called the reaction furnace that was mentioned many times in the jade.

The effect of the reaction furnace was to stimulate the various elements of each material. Only after successfully creating a reaction furnace could one be considered to have taken the first step in this refining technique.

Both of Wang Lin's hands moved very quickly as the amount of spiritual energy threads between his hands increased. Soon, he formed something like a sheet of cloth made of shining spiritual energy between his hands.

Once this thin cloth of spiritual energy was made, he waved his hands and it floated into the air. Wang Lin's eyes lit up as he recalled the methods of making the reaction furnace. There was one very difficult requirement and that was the skull of a spirit beast to use as the body of the furnace.

Wang Lin didn't know that just this requirement caused many disciples in the War God Shrine to be stuck forever.

Wang Lin took a deep breath and slapped his bag of holding. The corpse of a snake with a head and body that were as thick as a small wooden bucket floated out.

This snake came from the bag of holding he got from Xu Hao in the foreign battleground. Wang Lin wasn't sure where he had gotten it and he didn't really care. But now that he needed to make the reaction furnace, he took it out to try.

According to his analysis, this snake was once the pet of some powerful cultivator. Xu Hao got lucky and found its body while cleaning up the

foreign battleground.

He carefully cut the snake's head off and got rid of all of the skin and meat. What appeared before him was a oval skull. After removing the insides, the body of a reaction furnace was complete.

Next, Wang Lin carefully controlled the layer of spiritual energy and delicately placed it over the skull. He only heard a snap as cracks appeared on the skull. The cracks increased until the skull broke into pieces.

At this moment, the layer of spiritual energy began to slowly dissipate until it completely disappeared.

The production of the reaction furnace failed.

Wang Lin let out a bitter smile. Although he was disappointed, he was still somewhat prepared for this result. The jade said that the chance of creating the furnace was low. He would need to gain better control over the strands of spiritual energy, but the most important part was still the material for the furnace's body.

It would be best if he could get the skull of a beast that had just died or the skull of a powerful beast. A desolate beast would be even better. If the beast had been dead for a long time, the chance of succeeding was very slow. If it was not a spirit beast, then the success rate was basically zero.

The quality of the reaction furnace will affect his refining capability in the future. The jade repeated this many times.

Wang Lin pondered a bit after the production of the reaction furnace failed. As for spirit beasts, he only had the one snake in his bag. Now that the snake's skull had shattered and there was no way to make a reaction furnace, Wang Lin could only take a step back and look for another way to refine treasures.

He pointed at the piece of metal and it immediately began to spin rapidly. Soon, drops of liquid metal fell from the piece of metal as it shrank. Finally, the piece of metal turned into a puddle of liquid metal. The devil had already left the metal and looked at Wang Lin sheepishly

from the side.

The image of the little cyan sword flew out and floated around Wang Lin. He then took out the black sword that belonged to Sun Youcai's senior apprentice brother. This made it easy for Wang Lin.

Wang Lin pointed at the image of the little sword. It flew into the black sword and slowly fused with it. This method was the most direct and the worst type of refining. It really couldn't even be considered refining, more like finding a new body for your flying sword, much like how cultivators possess bodies.

Wang Lin frowned as he tested the flying sword. The sword was much faster than the piece of metal, but still far from what it was back in Zhao. However, this was the best result he could get for now.

The devil didn't wait for Wang Lin's order and obediently entered the flying sword. Wang Lin put away the flying sword. He did some calculations to figure out the time for a bit, then took a break to cultivate. After recovering his spiritual energy, he took a step without any hesitation and disappeared.

Wang Lin didn't know that during the few days he had been in closed door training, some earth-shattering changes had occurred in Hou Fen.

The source of this change was a volcano a Nascent Soul cultivator from the Lou He Sect was sealing off. One of the volcanoes he had sealed suddenly erupted, spewing lava hundreds of feet into the air.

At the same time, large amounts of black smoke filled the sky. This wasn't much, but what caused the Nascent Soul cultivator's scalp to go numb were the countless fire beasts that charged out with the lava.

Among these spirit beasts, there was one that was especially large. After the Nascent Soul cultivator fought the giant fire beasts, he found that he was no match and escaped with injuries.

Luckily, the fire beast didn't chase him. It went to destroy the seals on the other volcanoes instead. Suddenly, many volcanoes across Hou Fen erupted, filling the air with violent spiritual energy. If anyone were to

cultivate that spiritual energy right now, if they were lucky, they would just go mad, but if they were not, they would burn themselves to death.

The moment this happened, the entire country of Hou Fen went into chaos. The first to be affected were the mortals as they couldn't defend against the fire beasts at all. All of the mortals were moving out of the country.

Second were the various small and medium sects and families. They all looked toward the four main sects to see if they were fighting or running.

The Nascent Soul cultivators of the four sects met at the War God Shrine. After reporting the news to the upper cultivation country, they gave out the order to migrate.

After all, there was a chance that the rank 4 cultivation country would show up at any time. Even if they were to win, their losses would be heavy and they were likely to drop back down to rank 2.

Bordering Hou Fen was the country of Xuan Wu. Compared to Hou Fen, Xuan Wu was much messier as there were a lot more sects there.

When Wang Lin exited the cave, it was just as the four main sects were migrating. A migration of sects sounded simple, but because such a thing rarely happened, it was anything but. Because of the fire beasts' constant attacks, the sects had to keep sending out disciples to hold them off.

As a result, once the four main sects finally grouped together, adding on the various other families, they formed a group of 20,000 plus cultivators. At this point, not only had all of the fire beasts broken open the seals on all of the volcanoes, they also formed a 100,000 fire beast army, which was closing in.

After several large battles, the cultivators broke out of the encirclement. They left behind a group to hold off the fire beasts as everyone else closed in on Xuan Wu.

The moment Wang Lin left the cave, his pupils shrank as he saw seven or eight cultivators get jumped on by fire beasts and instantly die.

# Chapter 135: The Wind Changes

Wang Lin didn't hesitate to use the Earth Escape Technique to move toward the War God Shrine. As he moved, he found fire beasts everywhere. The more he traveled, the more shocked he became.

He quickly changed directions. Meeting Lin Tao wasn't his objective anymore. Instead, he moved toward the border of the country using information from Ma Liang's memories. He could no longer stay in Hou Fen.

But before he got very far, a giant divine sense swept by him. This divine sense quickly moved back and concentrated on him. Shocked, he scanned the sky. What he saw were 16 giant fire beasts in a circle with a ring of fire in between them.

Threads of fire from the fire ring were connected to the fire beasts' heads.

The powerful divine sense came from the ring of power. This was clearly a special technique the fire beasts were born with. It was something they could only use when working together.

When they found Wang Lin, all 16 fire beasts' eyes went cold. They all roared as they descended from the sky and charged at Wang Lin.

Wang Lin sped up without a word and escaped. The 16 giant beasts all let out angry roars and spat out fire, causing the ground to turn red and split apart.

Wang Lin had already seen this before, so how would he let it hit him twice? As the fire came out of the beasts' mouths, he came out of the ground and disappeared in a ray of rainbow light.

The 16 beasts didn't give up. The only reason they left the volcano was to find and kill the cultivator that killed their ancestor. This was the only thought in their minds right now.

At the same time, because of Wang Lin, these fire beasts now hated all cultivators. They basically wanted to kill every single one they saw. Their

losses were heavy too, especially under the powerful cultivators' magic treasures.

To be more accurate, these fire beasts don't have a souls; they exist in a special way. Normal flying swords cannot damage their hard bodies. The best way is to hit them with powerful blunt weapons.

However, there were just too many of them. Even now, there were endless fire beasts coming out of the big and small volcanoes in Hou Fen. As for exactly how many there were, no one but the ancestor fire spirit, who was absorbed by the heaven defying bead, would know.

As Wang Lin flew more, he got faster. These fire beasts were faster than him when they were inside the lava, but out here in the open, Wang Lin managed to keep his distance.

However, Wang Lin didn't feel very well. The surrounding spiritual energy was filled with fire element. Every time he absorbed some, he would feel waves of pain.

In addition to the constant roars of the 16 giant fire beasts behind him, there were countless fire beasts coming to obstruct him. More and more fire beasts accumulated behind him, chasing after him. He spread out his divine sense and felt his scalp go numb. There were so many fire beasts behind him that he couldn't tell how many there were right away.

If he were to pause for just a moment, the fire beasts would tear him apart, but Wang Lin was not one to be hunted. Back when he was only at the Qi Condensation stage, he dared to sneak attack Teng Li, who was at the late stage of Foundation Establishment.

At this moment, a vicious gaze flashed across his eyes. He took out a bucket full of spirit liquid and drank it as he ran to recover the spiritual energy he had consumed.

Next, a black light flew out of his bag of holding and disappeared. It reappeared before a fire beast and stabbed it.

The sound of two pieces of metal hitting each other rang out. A bloody wound appeared on the chest of the beast and it was knocked far away. It

let out a roar as it got up and continued chasing.

Wang Lin's expression was normal, but his face darkened. Not only were the fire beasts immune to his Ji Realm Divine Sense, but their bodies were also this tough. The flying sword was only able to wound that beast's body, and from the looks of it, it could only be considered a light wound.

Wang Lin was unwilling to give up. As he flew, he continued to attack the fire beasts. Using its ability to teleport, the sword moved in a very strange way until it stabbed in between the brows of a fire beast. The sword sunk in and the fire beasts exploded, releasing waves of heat.

Wang Lin's hair immediately curled as the smell of burning hair reached him, but his eyes lit up. Although these fire beasts were tough, they were not without weaknesses.

After this, Wang Lin continued to control the flying sword to ambush the fire beasts. One by one, the fire beasts were beheaded by him. Based on his calculations, the normal-sized fire beasts were only at the Qi Condensation stage, but because they had no souls and tough bodies, it was difficult to kill them.

But because Wang Lin was only one person, and adding on the fact that the fire beasts knew no fear, they continued to chase after him.

Eventually, the flying sword teleported too much and its shape began to change. After all, the sword's spirit was simply possessing a new body. It was not fused with it. There were dents on it and some parts of it had completely melted. If the flying sword's original owner were to be revived, even he wouldn't be able to recognize it anymore.

Wang Lin realized that this was not a long term solution as more and more fire beasts showed up. Even though he had spirit liquid, once he runs out and can't recover fast enough, he will die.

Wang Lin clenched his teeth and changed directions. He no longer went to Xuan Wu, but flew toward the War God Shrine. He didn't believe that the War God Shrine would have been wiped out by these first beasts. If he was the War God Shrine's ancestor, he would definitely decide to move,



and that would take time.

And even if they were going to move, it wouldn't be too quick because there were too many people. He had only been in the cave for a few days; even if the fire beasts had moved on the first day he went into the cave, the War God Shrine still wouldn't be able to move this fast.

These were merely guesses by Wang Lin. What made him make this decision was the Soul Blood Essences telling him the general location of Yang Xiong and Lin Tao.

The moment Wang Lin changed directions, the fire beasts closed in on him. They spewed lava at him, and many times, he was almost hit. He clenched his teeth as he moved even faster toward the War God Shrine.

Not long after, Wang Lin felt a powerful aura from a distance. He spread out his divine sense and noticed a group of tens of thousands of cultivators slowly closing in.

The scene of tens of thousands of cultivators on their swords shocked Wang Lin for a moment, but he quickly recovered and charged toward the army of cultivators.

Among the army of cultivators, there were many war chariots that emitted waves of spiritual energy.

The fire beasts suddenly stopped and the 16 large fire beasts blocked the army of cultivators.

The army of cultivators didn't stop. More than 10,000 flying swords attacked without any hesitation under the orders of ten Nascent Soul cultivators. Soon after, two more groups flew out from the army and 2000 more people joined the battle.

Before Wang Lin even arrived got to the army, two lights flew out and surrounded him. The person in the middle was an ordinary looking young woman, but there was heavy killing intent coming from between her eyebrows. She looked at the fire beasts behind her and revealed a look of hate. She turned to Wang Lin and asked, "Fellow cultivator, which sect's disciple are you? Quickly, say your name."

Wang Lin revealed a look of fear and quickly replied, "I'm a disciple of the War God Shrine, Ma Liang."

The woman looked at Wang Lin coldly and said, "Qiang Xuan, take him to the War God Shrine to verify his identity. If he isn't a disciple of the War God Shrine, kill him."

A young man flew out and nodded at Wang Lin, gesturing Wang Lin to follow him. Then he flew toward the army. Wang Lin clasped his hands at the young woman before following the young man.

Soon, they arrived at the center of the army of cultivators. The closer he got to the center, the more he realized how terrifying an army of cultivators large enough to cover the sky was. The fluctuations of spiritual energy here had already reached an unimaginable level.

Although the entire country was covered by the black smoke coming out from the volcanoes, under the fluctuations of the spiritual energy from the army of cultivators, a path has been cut open in the huge cloud of black smoke.

Everywhere they, the black smoke was split apart, unable to stop the army at all. What was even denser than the fluctuations of spiritual energy was all of the Sword Qi. It was so dense that it could cause the sky to change colors.

The Sword Qi revealed its might as it clashed against the black smoke. Especially now, at dawn, and adding on the fight before them, it created this very majestic feel.

Various flying sword and magic treasures shined in the sky like fireworks that were too chaotic to keep track of. This scene was something Wang Lin will never forget. After all, this scene was something that only appeared in large scale battles.

Compared to the collapse of the foreign battleground, there was an extra sense of everyone working together and the need to charge out of Hou Fen.

This power wasn't something an individual could wield; it was achieved

because the entire country had been forced to move to survive.

Only the horde of fire beasts could compete with it.

Wang Lin couldn't help but enter a trance. By the time he regained himself, he had already reached to the center of the army with the young man.

Xuan Qing shouted, "Scout from Lou He Sect, Qingxuan, has brought War God Shrine disciple Ma Liang. Would someone from the War God Shrine confirm his identity?"

Wang Lin's expression was normal. That Nascent Soul woman didn't act against him and her voice was filled with the intention of bringing him to their side.

But even without that woman's intent, Wang Lin would still come here. After all, this was the only place he could go while being chased by the army of fire beasts.

But Wang Lin was a very cautious person, so he was prepared to escape the moment things looked bad. With the battle with the fire beasts before them, there wouldn't be many people willing to chase him.

As for the Nascent Soul cultivators, none of them would take time away from managing the migration to come and kill him. Core Formation cultivators were the main fighting force against the fire beasts, so the best people to send after him would be late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators at the pseudo-Core Formation stage. But Foundation Establishment cultivators were no threat to Wang Lin. If one came, he would kill one. If ten came, he would kill ten without any fear.

# Chapter 136: Middle Aged scholar

The moment Qingxuan finished speaking, the expression of a female cultivator, who was standing on a flying sword, suddenly darkened and became unsettled after hearing the words “Ma Liang”. She clenched her teeth, stopped, and turned around. This woman was very beautiful, but her expression was very ugly as she came over.

This woman was the person who Ma Liang couldn't get out of his mind even in the foreign battleground, his junior apprentice sister Xu Si.

She greeted Qingxuan, then looked at Wang Lin with an ugly expression and cold eyes as she said, “Where did this evil doer come from? You dare to pretend to be a disciple of the War God Shrine? Brother Qingxuan, please help me kill this person.” With that, she slapped her bag of holding and a two inch black rain needle appeared in her hand. She gently moved her wrist and the rain needle violently attacked Wang Lin.

Strands of grey light spread from the needle, creating a shower of needles. The shower of needles covered the sky, then rained on Wang Lin.

Qingxuan was startled. He didn't act, but took a few steps back. He stared coldly at Wang Lin without saying a word.

Wang Lin's expression was calm as he sneered on the inside. He reached out, formed a giant hand with his attraction force technique, and easily caught all of the needles. He wiped off the divine sense on them, snorted, then casually placed them into his bag of holding.

The young woman's beautiful face suddenly turned pale as a stream of blood flowed down from her red lips. Her body shook, and the flying sword under her feet lost its shine. She stared at Wang Lin with a look of disbelief. In her memory, Ma Liang couldn't possibly have this kind of power. Not to mention stopping her magic treasure, but also to be able to so casually wipe her divine sense away from it. Her heart was in turmoil as she thought about this.

Just at this moment, three sword lights came from the middle of the army of cultivators. When they arrived, they revealed three young men.

One of them was Yang Xiong.

He looked at the woman once, then turned around to Qingxuan and said, "Sorry for bothering you, brother Qingxuan. Junior apprentice Ma Liang is indeed a disciple of the War God Shrine. Thank you for guiding him here."

Qingxuan looked at them meaningfully. He let out a chuckle as he shook his head and left. After he moved away a bit, he turned around and saw Yang Xiong being very respectful to Ma Liang. This startled him. After pondering for a bit, he changed directions and went toward the He Tu Sect.

Yang Xiong ignored everyone around him and whispered to Wang Lin, "Does master know ancestor Feng Luan? The person on the five-colored phoenix chariot is her. She ordered me to bring you to her."

Wang Lin raised his head to look at the constantly moving army of cultivators. In the center, there was a five-colored phoenix chariot, and standing on it was a woman wearing a court dress. She seemed to notice Wang Lin's gaze and glanced at him.

Wang Lin's expression was calm as he knew what was going on. This ancestor Feng Luan was the same middle-aged woman who had come for Zhou Zihong's Soul Essence Blood. After pondering a little, he moved toward her with Yang Xiong. When he passed Xu Si, he shot her a vicious look and silently placed a sliver of his divine sense on her.

This divine sense will activate after one month and then this girl will die. After experiencing the events in Zhao, Wang Lin decided he would eliminate anyone who had ill intent towards him, whether they were man or woman. He would nip the bud before anything else could happen. Since this Xu Si attacked first, then she couldn't blame him for being ruthless.

Yang Xiong guided the way and whispered, "When Lin Tao was making a copy of the map, he was caught by ancestor Feng Luan, so the map is currently in her hands. Lin Tao was also punished. If it wasn't for the migration, he would have been locked away for ten years."

Wang Lin's expression was normal, but he became even more cautious

and followed Yang Xiong to the five-colored phoenix chariot. Yang Xiong stopped after arriving near the chariot, but Wang Lin went past him. He arrived before ancestor Feng Luan, clasped his hands, and respectfully said, "Wang Lin greets senior."

The woman withdrew her gaze from the battle and looked at Wang Lin. She gently asked, "Wang Lin is your real name?"

Wang Lin silently nodded. The name Wang Lin was simply too common, so there was no need to hide it. If it was discovered by her that he was lying about his name, then it would be bad.

The woman looked at the advancing army of cultivators. She pondered a bit before saying, "Currently, the country of Hou Fen is in danger. Once we reach Xuan Wu, there will be another big battle. Thus, we can forget about this matter, so you don't have to worry about it. If someone bothers you, I can protect you, but only once. After I help you, then I no longer owe you for saving Zihong."

Just as Feng Luan finished speaking, the sky suddenly darkened. In the distant battlefield, ten large volcanoes were ripped out from the ground and tossed aside by the ten Nascent Soul cultivators. The fire beasts all scattered, but some of them were hit by the impact and were turned to paste.

Using this chance, the army of cultivators charged through the opening and broke through the army of 20,000 or so fire beasts that were chasing Wang Lin.

Flying swords charged into the gap one by one. Once a gap was opened, the cultivators had already won. After all, their goal wasn't to eliminate the fire beasts, but to escape.

Feng Luan stared at the battlefield. The phoenix chariot suddenly charged forth and broke through as well.

The 16 giant fire beasts were held down by the Nascent Soul cultivators. They roared repetitively, but eventually stopped and stared coldly at the escaping army of cultivators. Then they linked their hands together in a weird wave and waves of roars like before came from their mouths.

Shortly after, red lines came out of their foreheads to form the ring of fire. The moment the ring of fire appeared, the 16 giant fire beasts revealed looks of devotion and let out sad growls.

Their bodies shrank rapidly as bursts of dark red energy entered the ring of fire.

This processes lasted more than an hour. Some cultivators noticed the change and came to stop them, but when they got close, they were turned to dust by a destructive force. After seeing this, no one else dared to come too close.

One more hour later, the bodies of the 16 giant beasts had dissipated. They had all fused with the ring of fire. The ring didn't grow any larger, but the color was now dark red. Finally, it silently shattered into tiny red specks and disappeared.

At this moment, all of the fire beasts inside Hou Fen stopped moving and knelt on the ground, letting out sad sounds at the same time. Suddenly, one of the fire beasts fell to the ground and started twitching. If one looked closely, they would see a speck of red light on its forehead. Its body rapidly expanded and in less than one hour, it grew to ten feet tall.

Shortly after, one fire beast after another was touched by the red speck and their bodies rapidly grew. In less than 2 hours, all of the fire beasts in Hou Fen seemed to have undergone a change. Their powers were also increased ten fold.

The beasts that changed flew into the air and chased after the army of cultivators. More and more changed fire beasts joined the chase. This scene looked very intimidating.

As for the army of cultivators, of the ten Nascent Soul cultivators that returned from the battle, four came back to the War God Shrine's group. One of the old men with a pale face swept the chariot and locked onto Wang Lin. His voice was cold as he asked, "It was this junior who lured the fire beasts here?"

Wang Lin stared at the old man with his cold gaze and nodded.

The old man let out a few cold snorts, then his giant hand reached toward Wang Lin. Feng Luan's face slightly darkened as she slapped the five colored phoenix chariot. A five colored phoenix appeared and let out a chirp. It flapped its wings and a five colored light spread out.

The old man withdrew his hand. He stared at the woman and angrily shouted, "Feng Luan, what are you doing? Not only did this guy possess a disciple of our War God Shrine, but also lured the fire beasts here. You have to know that more than 1000 disciples of Hou Fen died in that battle."

Feng Luan revealed a determined look and decisively said, "As long as I'm here, you can't kill him."

Zhou Jin stared at Feng Luan with a dark expression. He pondered for a bit, then said, "This person isn't Ma Liang, so he isn't a disciple of my War God Shrine. Although I can't kill him, he can't stay here either."

Feng Luan turned toward Wang Lin and asked, "Wang Lin, are you willing to become my honorary disciple?"

Wang Lin quickly thanked her and nodded.

Zhou Jin's eyes narrowed and became cold. Feng Luan's cultivation level was the same as his, at the early stage of Nascent Soul, but her cultivation partner, Yang Sen, was at the mid stage of Nascent Soul. It wasn't really worth it to offend two Nascent Soul cultivators over something this small. Zhou Jin snorted and said, "Since junior apprentice sister Feng Luan is willing to take this person as her disciple, then I naturally won't pursue this matter anymore. Putting the identity of this person aside, seeing that there are more battles to come, with his mere mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivation level, it would be hard to ensure his safety."

With that, he waved his sleeves and left.

Of the three remaining Nascent Soul cultivators, only one flew toward Feng Luan. The other two wryly smiled and scattered. The person who flew toward Feng Luan looked like a middle-aged scholar. He was the mid stage Nascent Soul cultivator that Zhou Jin dreaded, Yang Sen.



He looked at Wang Lin and frowned. He then sighed at Feng Luan and asked, "Junior sister Luan... why did you do this?"

Feng Luan coldly stared at the middle aged scholar and said, "If it wasn't for him, Hong Er would have died in the foreign battleground. If it wasn't you for inciting her, how could Hong Er have entered that dangerous place?"

The middle aged scholar turned toward Wang Lin and deeply bowed. After he finished, he took out a piece of jade and swiped his hand over it. He threw it at Wang Lin and said, "This jade is a Nascent Soul level treasure I made in my earlier years. I have already removed my divine sense from it. Once you imprint yours, you will be able to use it to protect yourself in the coming battles."

# Chapter 137: Country Sealing Array.

Wang Lin revealed a joyous expression as he accepted the jade talisman. The middle-aged scholar no longer said anything to Wang Lin. He entered the phoenix chariot to talk to Feng Luan.

Wang Lin was not someone who didn't know his place. The moment the middle-aged scholar walked into the phoenix chariot, he left and joined the army's ranks.

At the border of Hou Fen was Xuan Wu. Along with the cultivators, all of the mortals were also migrating with their families to Xuan Wu. Those fire beasts that underwent change rarely attacked mortals now; their only target was Wang Lin.

As time passed, the fire beasts began to catch up. More and more fire beasts appeared behind the army of cultivators, causing a heavy pressure to weigh above everyone's heads.

There was a giant basin at the border of Hou Fen. After the army of cultivators arrived there, the heads of various sects and cultivation families, along with the 19 Nascent Soul cultivators, began an important secret meeting.

After the meeting was over, 19 figures flew into the air above the basin. One of the Lou He Sect cultivators shouted, "After many years of studying, my Lou He Sect has determined this to be the ancestral home of the fire beasts, the birthplace of the fire spirit beasts. If we lay a seal here, it will affect all of the volcanoes in Hou Fen. Then, if we use the country sealing array left by our ancestors from more than 1,000 years ago, we can seal the fire beasts within Hou Fen."

One of the Evil Demon Sect's Nascent Soul cultivators looked at the ground and snorted. "If our ancestors already had things prepared, then why didn't they just wipe them out back then instead of letting things become like this?"

The three Nascent Soul cultivators of the Corpse Sect had no coffins behind their backs. That meant they were close to completely possessing

their bodies.

The three of them had the most calm expressions. It was as if nothing interested them. If it wasn't for the fact that Hou Fen's current spiritual energy made it impossible for them to recover, they wouldn't even be involved in this migration.

Ancestor Song of the War God Shrine rolled his eyes and said, "Even the ancestors wouldn't be able to predict that this disaster would come. Even if they did predict it, they wouldn't be able to help. To be able to leave something behind from 1,000 plus years ago to give us a chance to live is good enough. Fellow cultivators, let us begin."

After Ancestor Song finished speaking, six Nascent Soul cultivators, including the middle-aged scholar and Feng Luan, stood together in a certain formation and formed a strange seal with their hands.

The six of them let out shouts together and six lotus flowers flew out toward the eastern corner of the basin. The entire basin shook as a cloud of red smoke floated into the air.

After that, the Lou He Sect, Corpse Sect, and Devil Demon Sect shot lotus flowers at the South, West, and North corners respectively.

More roars echoed in the basin as more and more red smoke appeared. The red smoke gathered in one place and formed many shapes before turning into a hollow ring.

At this moment, the Nascent Soul cultivators from the cultivation families who hadn't acted yet let out bitter smiles. They hit their own foreheads and their Nascent Souls appeared. Then they flew into the empty space inside the ring and stayed there.

One of the Lou He Sect's cultivators shouted, "Fellow independent cultivator, act now. What are you waiting for?"

One of the Nascent Souls inside the ring replied with a sharp tone, "Forget it! Since the four great sects are willing to repay us with Nascent Pills, it is only losing 100 years of spiritual energy! I'll do it!" With that, the Nascent Soul formed a seal and charged into the smoke. The moment

he entered the smoke, his Nascent Soul disappeared as if it had fused with the fog.

The rest of the Nascent Souls clenched their teeth and changed in. The ring of fog didn't change in size, but there were movements of spiritual energy within it.

The country sealing array left by this ancestor not only required all four sects to act, it also required Nascent Soul cultivators to use their Nascent Souls to ensure that the seal was perfect.

The color of blood became stronger and stronger on this ring of smoke as it floated higher into the air. Soon after, the ring quickly expanded toward the four corners of Hou Fen.

All of the volcanoes that the red ring passed released red smoke. The red smoke from the volcanoes joined the ring and increased its expansion speed.

After one hour, the ring covered the entire country of Hou Fen like a bowl. The country sealing array had successfully opened.

Once the country sealing array had opened, only mortals could freely enter. Anything with spiritual energy and under the Soul Formation stage would not be able to pass.

As the sealing array opened, the 19 Nascent Soul cultivators of the four sects grabbed the bodies of the independent Nascent Soul cultivators. Those who had families had entrusted their bodies to them while those without had entrusted their bodies to the Lou He Sect.

Several cultivators of Lou He Sect stood outside the array. They bowed and shouted, "Fellow cultivators, please be at ease while you maintain the array. We promise to keep your bodies safe. This array only needs to last three months. I believe we will have a spot in Xuan Wu by then. I believe that by then, the higher cultivation country will also come to wipe out the beasts. We will personally come to greet your return."

The moment the those words were said, the Nascent Soul cultivators of the other three sects sincerely bowed without a hint of dishonesty.

After the country sealing array opened, the fire beasts let out angry roars and slammed into the red cover. Every time they slammed into it, the barrier would tremble, but none of them could break through.

Now that they had managed to temporarily stop the fire beasts, the cultivator army moved at top speed. One could see ray of light left by the flying swords charging toward Xuan Wu.

At the border of Xuan Wu were some mortal armies. These mortals gawked at the sky as countless flying swords flew over their heads. No one knew who, but someone let out a scream and began to kowtow toward the sky. Soon, everyone was kneeling on the ground, praying to the sky.

There was one person who was dressed like a cultivator within the army. His face was pale as he muttered, "This... these are the cultivators of Hou Fen..."

He sucked in a breath of cold air and took a few steps back, but just at that moment, a creepy laugh came from the sky. One of the Devil Demon Sect's Core Formation cultivators came by on a flying sword. Three flying swords quickly pierced through the middle-aged cultivator.

The middle-aged cultivator let out a miserable groan as he was cut into pieces.

The mortal army immediately scattered. Even the mortal general ran away, afraid of getting caught in this mess.

Tens of thousands of flying swords charged into Xuan Wu in the blink of an eye. They stopped at a mountain covered in fog. An old man with a gloomy expression moved to the front of the army. He waved his hand and a powerful force smashed down on the mountain.

Rays of golden light appeared, forming a screen to block the descent of the hit.

Below the light screen were thousands of cultivators. They looked at the sky with fear in their faces. An old woman walked out and shouted, "Fellow cultivators of Hou Fen, what is the meaning of this?"

The War God Shrine's Yang Sen gently moved his body and appeared on

top of the lightscreen. His expression was plain as he grabbed with his right hand. The lightscreen immediately cracked under the pressure and shattered.

The old woman's pupils shrank. She turned around and left without a word. Her body disappeared and reappeared more than ten kilometers away. However, clouds gathered before her in the shape of Yang Sen. He looked at her with a cold gaze and waved his hand at the old woman without a word. The old woman let out a roar as she hit her head and her Nascent Soul came out.

The moment her Nascent Soul appeared, her body was disintegrated by a destructive force.

The old woman was frightened. She was only at the early stage of Nascent Soul, while her opponent was clearly at the peak of the mid stage of Nascent Soul. There were only three people at this cultivation level in Xuan Wu. She didn't even have the heart to resist; she only wanted to survive this.

Yang Sen let out a snort and shouted, "You won't be able to run!"

Ignoring Yang Sen, the moment the lightscreen failed, all of the Core Formation and Foundation Establishment cultivators of Hou Fen attacked. They killed everyone they saw, and in the blink of an eye, the entire mountain peak was covered in blood. No one was left alive.

This large mountain was now completely occupied by the four sects. Tens of thousands of disciples stood on the mountain peak with all of the Nascent Soul cultivators other than Yang Sen above them.

The War God Shrine's Ancestor Song's eyes were like lightning. His voice was filled with killing intent as he shouted, "This is a war without right or wrong. If we can't establish a foothold in Xuan Wu within three months, then we must face the fire beasts. The fire beasts aren't scary. What is scary is not having spiritual energy to cultivate."

"As of today, the War God Shrine, Evil Demon Sect, Lou He Sect, and Corpse Sect will become the Hou Fen Union. Every disciple of the Hou Fen Union will be gifted a Core Formation treasure, and every Core

Formation disciple will be gifted a Nascent Soul treasure.”

“During the war, everything you seize belongs to you. The union will not take it from you. Disciples, this is war, but I personally want you all to see it as an invasion, an invasion for survival.”

A Nascent Soul cultivator of the Lou He Sect on the side let out a cough and said, “Aside from the treasures, each of you will receive a jade talisman that can be used to record the number of enemies you have killed. Anyone who kills 100 5th layer Qi Condensation or higher cultivators, or ten Foundation Establishment cultivators will be gifted ten medium-quality spirit stones. Anyone who kills 200 5th layer Qi Condensation or higher cultivators, 20 Foundation Establishment cultivators, or one Core Formation cultivator will be rewarded ten bottles of spirit pills.”

# Chapter 138: Distant Heaven Pill

A very skinny and old man walked out of the Lou He Sect section. He was wearing a black robe and his face was filled with wrinkles. His eyes were dull, as if his soul wasn't there. His eyes turned and then he said, "Whoever kills the most enemies each month will be given a Distance Heaven Pill."

The moment the Distant Heaven Pill was mentioned, Wang Lin noticed that all of the surrounding cultivators became tense and their breaths became ragged.

There was some information about the Distant Heaven pill in Ma Liang's memory. There were no more than 30 of these pills in Hou Fen and it could be considered one of the top pills in Hou Fen because it could increase one's chance of forming their core. If someone who just formed their core consumes it, then they would immediately enter the early stage of Core Formation and stabilize. The key ingredient had long gone extinct; these 30 or so pills were carefully preserved from over 1,000 years ago.

After that, 5,000 cultivators were split into teams, each with their own mission. Wang Lin was among them.

The teams were to spread out and kill any cultivator they saw. The Nascent Soul cultivators would also be around to help deal with enemy Nascent Soul cultivators.

Wang Lin was assigned to the 8th Squad of the 10th Brigade. There was a total of 30 people in the 8th squad, all from various sects. It contained five Foundation Establishment cultivators, while the rest were 13th or 14th layer Qi Condensation cultivators. The person leading them was a Core Formation cultivator from the Evil Demon Sect. For some reason, Wang Lin was the only person from the War God Shrine in his squad.

Their mission was to help the 10th Brigade take control of a medium-sized spirit vein. As a Foundation Establishment cultivator of the War God Shrine, Wang Lin received a Core Formation treasure. This treasure



wasn't very strong. It could be used many times, so the quality of each attack was low. It would not be inappropriate to say it was quite weak.

Before he left, Feng Luan ordered someone to call Wang Lin over.

Feng Luan stood at the window of a beautiful loft looking over Hou Fen. After a long time, she threw out a piece of jade and said, "Hong Er said that you were extremely powerful in the foreign battleground, so why is your cultivation level only mid stage Foundation Establishment?"

Wang Lin caught the jade. After sweeping it with his divine sense, his expression became strange. This jade contained a small portion of a map. It included about seven or eight countries north of Hou Fen. It even showed the rank of each country and what products they were known for.

After pondering a little, his eyes lit up. He was able to guess the hidden meaning behind her words.

Feng Luan waved her hand and said, "There are a total of three pieces to this map. If you can kill 50 Foundation Establishment cultivators, I'll give you the second piece. If by the end of the war you can kill 150 or more Foundation Establishment cultivators, I'll give you the last piece."

Wang Lin left without saying a word. He understood what Feng Luan wanted. There was no such thing as charity in this world, only unfair exchanges.

In comparison to the other Nascent Soul cultivators in Hou Fen, this Feng Lou was at least quite sympathetic. Because of the matter with Zhou Zihong, she dealt with the matter of him possessing Ma Liang's body. As for the map, her intentions were clear. If Wang Lin had the ability, he could have the map, but if he didn't, then he couldn't blame anyone if he were to die on the battlefield.

Wang Lin originally didn't intended to get mixed up in this war, but now he had other plans. The map was only one reason. That Distance Heaven Pill was the main reason.

A pill that could increase the chance of his core forming was something he must have. According to his plans, he already had a high chance of

forming his core once he created his three cold cores, but there was still a chance of failure.

Wang Lin was really anticipating reaching the Core Formation stage. Once he successfully forms his core, he will be the number one cultivator below the Nascent Soul stage. Thus, he won't allow any mistakes to be made. With the Distance Heaven Pill and the Underworld Ascension Method, he was 80% confident in forming his core.

Thinking about this, his eyes released a powerful killing intent.

The invasion team from the Hou Fen Union spread out on the second day. Ten Nascent Soul cultivators circled the area. The moment an enemy Nascent Soul cultivator appears, they will immediately teleport over.

A team of 30 cultivators flew north on their flying swords and stopped above a desolate mountain. An ordinary looking old man, whose eyes would occasionally reveal powerful killing intent, proudly said, "The cultivators of the 10th Brigade have already began their attack on the people around the spirit vein. I believe they will have reinforcements coming, so our job is to stop anyone from passing this 500 kilometer area. All of you, spread out and immediately report to me if you find anything."

With that, the old man sat down on the ground and closed his eyes. This old man, Zhang Zili, was the captain of the 8th squad, an early stage Core Formation cultivator from the Evil Demon Sect. He only cared about the five Foundation Establishment cultivators; the rest weren't worth his attention.

Wang Lin took one step and flew far into the distance. He landed on top of a canopy and began to cultivate. As for the rest of the team, they all spread out to look for places to cultivate. Soon, it was completely silent in the area aside from the sound of breathing.

Zhang Zili opened his eyes and looked at his surroundings with contempt. He was very dissatisfied with being assigned to this place. In his mind, he should be in the main army, attacking the enemy's sects. If that was the case, there would be enough targets for him, but now he was

assigned to this place where there wasn't even any guarantee that there would be any reinforcements for them to stop.

Time slowly passed. Suddenly, Wang Lin opened his eyes. He looked into the distance and sneered.

At this moment, Zhang Zili also noticed the change and stood up. He looked into the distance and saw more than 10 flying swords coming this way. He licked his lips and spat out a black light. The moment the black light appeared, it turned into a pair of scissors. He waved his hand and the scissors flew out. He let out an insidious smile and shouted, "Kill!"

With that, he took a step and his body shot out like a sword. The rest of the 8th squad flew into the air to form a blockade.

The two sides didn't waste any time talking. The moment they saw each other, they attacked. The 15 or so cultivators of Xuan Wu were all Foundation Establishment cultivators, so when they saw Zhou Zili, eight of them placed down a very strange sword formation and surrounded Zhou Zili. Suddenly, Zhou Zili was trapped inside the formation, unable to escape. This caused him to curse loudly.

The remaining seven people began their battle with the 8th squad.

Wang Lin's eyes turned cold. He didn't have any time to waste as he had to get the map and Distance Heaven Pill. At this moment, his body moved and he shot out his flying sword. Like lightning, the sword went through a Foundation Establishment cultivator's chest, causing blood to spray everywhere.

His Ji Realm Divine Sense spread out and the remaining six Foundation Establishment cultivators' eyes immediately dimmed. Then his flying sword quickly stabbed through their chests.

From an outsider's point of view, these seven Foundation Establishment cultivators died to Wang Lin's sword. Little did they know that these cultivators' souls had been destroyed.

The moment the seven Foundation Establishment cultivators died, both sides were completely startled. Whether it was the eight cultivators

surrounding Zhou Zili, Zhou Zili, or the rest of the 8th squad, they all had their gazes locked onto Wang Lin.

That killer flying sword was currently floating around Wang Lin, releasing a very cold aura.

The faces of the eight people surrounding Zhou Zili immediately turned pale. One of them quickly shouted, "Retreat!" Shortly after, the eight of them quickly retreated and tried desperately to escape.

Zhou Zili looked at Wang Lin and revealed a hint of dread. He wasn't confident he could kill seven Foundation Establishment cultivators in an instant like that. He believed that Wang Lin was hiding his cultivation level to look like a mid stage Foundation Establishment cultivator. He secretly cursed, but suddenly thought that this idea was really good. Once the enemy drops their guard, it would create great opportunities.

But none of those things were important right now. Those eight Foundation Establishment cultivators were able to use some kind of formation to trap him. This was a bit too embarrassing, especially when it happened in front of his own team.

Zhou Zili's face was gloomy as he charged out to chase them. Just as he was about to catch up, the eight cultivators used some strange technique that made white gas come out of their bodies. The white gas surrounded their legs and made their speed increase by one fold.

Zhou Zili sneered. He formed a seal with both of his hands and pressed it on his chest. Suddenly, he spat out a golden core that was emitting thick spiritual energy. After pointing with his finger, the golden core shot out and quickly caught up to the eight Foundation Establishment cultivators. The golden core smashed into three of them before returning to him.

The three who were hit coughed out blood and fell from the sky.

The remaining five didn't even bat an eye as they pushed their bodies to the limit to escape. Zhou Zili let out an angry roar just as the bodies of the five that escaped suddenly went limp and fell from the sky.

Zhang Zili suddenly became very cautious as he saw Wang Lin approaching from the distance. After seeing this, his expression quickly changed. Just as he was about to speak, he heard Wang Lin's voice.

"There are no less than 100 cultivators coming from behind us!" With that, he passed by Zhou Zili's body and disappeared into the distance.

At the same moment, Zhou Zili also noticed more than 100 flying swords in the distance. He turned around to leave and saw that Wang Lin had already disappeared. He couldn't help but secretly curse.

The rest of the 8th squad saw that things were going south and retreated toward the spirit vein.

After Wang Lin flew far away, he made sure no one was around before entering the ground with the earth escape technique and moved south.

He had killed 12 Foundation Establishment cultivators just now, so he only needed 38 more to get the second piece of the map. This would be very difficult if he traveled with his teammates. Although it wouldn't be as safe, he would need to move alone if he wished to get enough kills to get the Distant Heaven Pill.

Hundreds of flying swords flew by toward the spirit vein. Wang Lin stared at them with a cold gaze and followed them.

# Chapter 139: Pseudo Core Formation Stage

The flying swords were fast, but the earth escape technique was even faster. Wang Lin trailed them from a distance as the 100 plus cultivators flew across the sky and arrived at the location of the spirit vein.

There were powerful spiritual energy fluctuations coming from the many holes on the ground. There were limbs all over the place and a strong stench of blood covered the area.

The moment the 100 cultivators arrived, countless cultivators from Hou Fen appeared and the battle began.

At the same time, eight rays of light charged in and a powerful aura surrounded the area. Wang Lin's eyes squinted. Those eight were all Nascent Soul cultivators.

The moment they came close, they were targeted by the patrolling Nascent Soul cultivators of Hou Fen. Nascent Soul cultivators from both sides began fighting. The earth shook and the sky changed colors.

Shortly after, 100 more teams appeared in the distance and joined this battle.

Wang Lin's eyes became cold. After looking for a while, his Ji Realm Divine Sense shot out from the ground and charged into the battlefield.

A Foundation Establishment disciple of Xuan Wu had just killed a 15th layer disciple of Hou Fen. Just as he was about to attack again, a red light flash past him. He felt like his head was hit with a giant hammer and lost consciousness. His soul was destroyed without any resistance and he fell from the sky.

Eight Foundation Establishment cultivators of Xuan Wu used a sword formation to trap a Core Formation cultivator of Hou Fen, but after a red light flashed by, the eight of them trembled and their faces froze. They felt their souls being stirred into a mess and lose their shapes as their bodies fell from the sky.

The trapped Core Formation cultivator was startled, but the current

situation didn't give him time to think as he charged toward the enemies.

After a pseudo Core Formation cultivator of Xuan Wu killed several cultivators of the same level with the help of a Nascent Soul rank flying sword, he grabbed the neck of a female early stage Foundation Establishment cultivator. He ripped off her clothes, revealing her pink pocket. She let out a scream, which sounded very weak in this messy battle.

The pseudo Core Formation cultivator licked his lips. His eyes revealed an evil look as he quickly backed up with the female cultivator in his hand. However, a red light flashed by him and his body trembled. He let go of the female cultivator and his body fell from the sky.

After he died, not only did his flying sword not stop, it charged toward the ground. Just as it got near the ground, a hand came out, grabbed the sword, and retreated back into the ground.

As more and more Foundation Establishment cultivators from Xuan Wu fell from the sky for seemingly no reason, the cultivators of Xuan Wu began to pay close attention to this matter. A purple-robed Core Formation cultivator from Xuan Wu stared at the ground and pointed with his finger. He used some unknown method to send out a message. Then, ten late stage Foundation Establishment cultivators charged toward that direction.

Wang Lin's expression was calm. He turned around to leave at a leisurely pace using the earth escape technique. One of the ten cultivators held a compass and chased after Wang Lin.

After moving more than ten kilometers, Wang Lin stopped and sent out his Ji Realm. Before Foundation Establishment cultivators, Wang Lin was king, with full control over their lives and deaths. The ten of them didn't even have time to react as their souls were destroyed.

The current Wang Lin no longer had the naive nature or the kind heart of a village boy; he would now kill anyone who dared to get in his way.

There was no right or wrong on the battlefield; only life and death. If he had a sliver of pity, then the person to die would be him. Along with the

power that the Ji Realm had brought him, it also quietly changed his nature. The Ji Realm focused on the extremes. If the user planned to walk the path of good, then he would be a hero of the generation who would fight all evil.

If one walked the path of evil, then that person would definitely be a demon king; evil enough to even cause the demonic cultivators to fear him and be worthy of the title of demon king.

Under the influence of the Ji Realm, it was impossible to have a personality that switched between good and evil.

Wang Lin, with his honest personality, wanted to become an immortal hero and create a righteous path to honor his ancestors. Unfortunately, Situ Nan's appearance caused his personality to slowly change, which eventually led to disaster.

What family was there to honor when his family had been wiped out? The Ji Realm caused his personality to change. Since he couldn't become a hero of his generation, then he would become a demon king.

Wang Lin's eyes were emotionless as he collected the bags of holding without even looking at the bodies. He returned to the ground and headed toward a different part of the battlefield.

But soon, he came out again. He looked at the battlefield, then took out a few spirit stones, formed a formation, and threw the ten bodies inside it. Each body exploded into a bloody pulp before being absorbed by the formation.

When the last body exploded, Wang Lin bit the tip of his finger and flicked a drop of blood onto a spirit stone.

Suddenly, a sliver of purple smoke came out of the formation and circled it once. The purple smoke disappeared along with the spirit stones. If one didn't look carefully, they wouldn't notice any difference.

After finishing all of that, Wang Lin sank back into the ground and returned to the battlefield.

The battle had become even more tense as everyone was engaged in the



fight. The battle between the Nascent Soul cultivators also became more intense, forcing the rest of the cultivators to avoid them.

Just at this moment, Foundation Establishment cultivators of Xuan Wu started to mysteriously fall from the sky. Their bodies became bloody messes as they hit the ground.

As more and more Foundation Establishment cultivators of Xuan Wu died due to mysterious circumstances, the cultivators of Xuan Wu panicked. The cultivators of Hou Fen took this opportunity to attack.

The purple-robed middle aged man who had sent the ten Foundation Establishment cultivators to kill Wang Lin frowned. His eyes swept the ground like lightning before locking onto a spot on the ground. He pointed at the location and an early stage Core Formation cultivator charged out without a word.

The moment the Core Formation cultivator charged over, Wang Lin quickly escaped. The Core Formation cultivator sneered as he slammed his hand into the ground. A huge handprint appeared on the ground, forcing Wang Lin to come out. Wang Lin came out from underground and quickly ran toward the formation he had set up.

The Core Formation cultivator revealed a mocking smile. He believed that Wang Lin was only able to kill so many Foundation Establishment cultivators because he was using a powerful magic treasure. He thought that with a bit of caution, he could easily kill Wang Lin.

With that in mind, he waved his hand and a golden awl appeared before him. It paused for a moment before lunging toward Wang Lin. The awl's speed was too quick. It created ripples in the air as it travelled.

Wang Lin didn't even turn his head as he threw out the treasure passed out by Hou Fen. The treasure turned into a silver fist and attacked the awl.

The moment they collided, the awl spun even faster and pierced through the silver fist. The awl dimmed, but it didn't slow down. It continued to chase Wang Lin.

Wang Lin was calm. As the awl caught up to him, he jumped into the ground again. He activated the earth escape technique to move a few dozen meters before coming out again. Wang Lin did this several times before arriving at the formation he had laid down.

The Core Formation cultivator casually caught up. His eyes were filled with disdain as he shouted, "You little rat! Do you have no other ability besides ambushing people?"

Wang Lin didn't say a word. He charged through the formation without pausing. After going past it, he stopped and turned around to see the Core Formation cultivator above the formation.

Wang Lin's eyes became cold and he shouted, "Open!"

The moment he shouted that word, purple smoke came out of the formation and trapped the Core Formation cultivator inside. If someone were to look from a distance, they would be unable to see what was going on through the thick, purple smoke.

Wang Lin sat down cross-legged and sneered as he threw out the treasure Yang Sen had gifted him. Suddenly, a ring of energy came out from the treasure and surrounded Wang Lin. The awl hit the ring of energy, but it only caused it to ripple slightly.

Wang Lin didn't even pay attention to the awl as he stared at the purple smoke and took out his flying sword. After he touched the sword, red smoke escaped from it and the devil appeared. The devil stared at the purple smoke with greed in his eyes. He wanted to go devour the person inside, but he was hesitant because of Wang Lin.

Wang Lin took a deep breath and closed his eyes without a word. Rays of red light came together to form a red cloud, which charged out of Wang Lin's consciousness.

This was the first time the Ji Realm had gone all out and left Wang Lin's body. The moment the devil saw the red cloud, his face became filled with fear and he stepped off to the side.

The red cloud immediately turned into a circle and circled the devil once

before dragging it into the purple smoke. The Core Formation cultivator sat cross legged inside the formation with a dark expression on his face. There was a gourd floating around the cultivator. It was slowly absorbing the purple smoke.

This was a very vicious formation called Heaven Devouring Demon Formation. The key ingredients were the bodies of cultivators to use as the base of the formation. Wang Lin used ten Foundation Establishment cultivators to set up this formation, so it wasn't too big of a deal to trap a Core Formation cultivator for a while.

If he had the bodies of Core Formation cultivators, then he would only need five to kill any mid stage or lower Core Formation cultivator. But this formation had a high requirement for the bodies. He had to have killed the people himself, making this formation very inconvenient to use.

The moment Wang Lin's Ji Realm Divine Sense entered the purple cage, the Core Formation cultivator noticed that something was off and opened his eyes. Wang Lin quickly charged into the Core Formation cultivator's consciousness with the devil while completely ignoring the gourd.

Inside the Core Formation cultivator's consciousness, the cultivator's soul took the form of a giant and angrily roared at Wang Lin. The Ji Realm Divine Sense activated its full power against the cultivator's soul. Wang Lin commanded the red cloud to send out countless bolts of red lightning to attack the Core Formation cultivator's soul.

The giant revealed a painful expression and his body shrank. He quickly waved his hand and a chunk of red lightning was split in half.

Shortly after, the red cloud turned into more red lightning bolts and once again charged toward the giant. The giant's body became smaller and smaller, but his fists became more and more deadly. Every time he punched, a large number of red lightning bolts were destroyed.

With Wang Lin's cultivation level, he could barely handle early stage Core Formation cultivators. If he were at the pseudo Core Formation stage, it would be much easier for him.

But Wang Lin was not a reckless person. Why would he take a fight he

only had a chance of winning? As the fight reached its peak, the devil received an order from Wang Lin and reluctantly attacked.

The giant panicked. He immediately hit the devil with his hand and the devil shattered into pieces. The giant let out a sigh of relief before panic filled his face again. He saw the devil reappear on his hand. The devil began taking large bites out of his soul.

No matter how hard the giant swung his arm around, the devil clung onto him like it was part of his body. Eventually, the giant gave up on fighting the red lightning and used his other hand to constantly smash the devil. Every strike would cause the devil's body to dim a bit, but the devil not only never let go, it began to devour even faster.

The truth was the devil was also in a pretty sorry state. If he were to let go now, Wang Lin would surely kill him. If he let go, he would die, but if he held on, there would be a chance for him to survive. If he could devour this Core Formation cultivator, there would be a chance for him to become powerful enough to deal with Wang Lin. Once he deals with Wang Lin, he will be free to do as he pleases.

With that idea in mind, the devil became determined and started to devour even faster. It can be said that the devil focused all of his power on devouring.

The giant began to weaken. His strikes became weaker and weaker. His giant body rapidly shrank until it became a smaller, golden soul, which was devoured by the devil.

The devil revealed a look of ecstasy as he attempted to quickly devour this soul, but the red cloud suddenly surrounded the devil. The devil let out frustrated roars as it slowly spat out the Core Formation cultivator's soul.

After having passed through the devil's body, the soul's consciousness had been wiped out. It had become divine sense without an owner. Wang Lin controlled his Ji Realm to leave the collapsing consciousness with the divine sense and returned to his body.

Wang Lin suddenly opened his eyes and let out a cold smile. The Core

Formation cultivator's divine sense was floating in his consciousness and being slowly devoured by his Ji Realm.

The golden awl attacking Wang Lin lost its glow and fell to the ground. Wang Lin put away the treasure that had been protecting him. He grabbed the awl and, after examining it, put it away.

Then he walked forward and stopped at a corner of the formation. He dug out a piece of spirit stone from underground and crushed it. The purple smoke dissipated, revealing the corpse of the Core Formation cultivator.

Wang Lin stood next to the corpse. His hand pointed at the corpse's brow and he shouted, "Come out now or I'll immediately kill you!"

A ray of red light unwillingly came out of the cultivator's head and turned into the shape of the devil. His eyes were filled with hatred, but he soon let out a sigh and obediently returned to the flying sword in Wang Lin's bag of holding.

Wang Lin stared at the cultivator's body. Ideas flashed through his mind. He took the cultivator's bag of holding and waved his hand. The body was lit on fire and burned to ashes, but within the ashes there was a shiny, golden core. The golden core was rapidly shrinking and its color was becoming dim. It seemed like it was about to disappear.

Wang Lin grabbed the golden core and put it into his mouth without any hesitation. He then took a step back and sunk into the ground.

Wang Lin sunk more than 1,000 feet into the ground and sat down cross legged. He began digesting the core. The core immediately dissipated and spiritual energy surged through his body.

This spiritual energy was too powerful for Wang Lin's body to handle, so he bled out of his mouth and nose. Wang Lin pointed at his brow and the heaven defying bead appeared. He grabbed it and disappeared into the heaven defying bead's space.

Inside the heaven defying space, Wang Lin immediately flew to Situ Nan's Nascent Soul and began to cultivate. He began bleeding all over his

body and his veins began to show through his skin.

Wang Lin's hands formed a seal. He entered a weird position where one hand was on his forehead and the other on his stomach. This formed a complete loop.

The large amount of spiritual energy rapidly cycled through his body, and with each cycle it would strengthen his body.

After two months had passed inside the heaven defying bead, Wang Lin suddenly opened his eyes. However, his eyes were cloudy and it took some time before they became clear again.

"The jade from the Evil Demon Sect said that one can raise their cultivation level by devouring cores. This seems to be true as long as I follow the seal and chant in the jade. Sadly, I have to use the same cultivation method as them to absorb more than 20% of the core's spiritual energy. Right now, I can only absorb 10%"

Wang Lin stood up and checked his cultivation. He secretly thought, "I only absorbed 10% of the core's spiritual energy, yet it allowed me to break past the mid stage of Foundation Establishment into the peak of the late stage of Foundation Establishment, putting me at the pseudo Core Formation stage."

The two months in the heaven defying space were like ten days outside. Once Wang Lin left the heaven defying bead, he immediately moved away with the earth escape technique. It was currently late at night.

Wang Lin arrived at the scene of the battle. There were many corpses strewn about and the spirit vein had been pulled out of the ground by someone, leaving a bottomless chasm.

After checking for a bit, he quickly charged toward the mountain the Hou Fen Union was at. Once he arrived at the foot of the mountain, he came out of the ground and jumped on his flying sword.

There were a lot of cultivators patrolling the area, but once they saw the jade Wang Lin used to record his kill count, none of them stopped him. Wang Lin went straight to one of the side buildings at the mountaintop.

This was where Fen Luo had summoned him last time.

There are two female Core Formation cultivators cultivating outside. They opened their eyes as he walked toward them, but when they noticed that it was Wang Lin, they closed them again.

Wang Lin stood outside the building and loudly said, "Disciple greets master."

"Come inside." Fen Lou's gentle voice came from inside the building.

Wang Lin walked in without a word and saw Fen Lou sitting on a stone bench. There was another person beside her, Yang Sen. He nodded at Wang Lin before turning his gaze back outside and furrowing his brow.

Feng Lou's expression seemed tired as she looked at Wang Lin and asked, "What is it?"

Wang Lin didn't say a word, he only threw out the jade. Feng Lou was startled. She hadn't checked the jade yet, only Wang Lin. After her divine sense entered the jade, her expression became strange.

Yang Sen took the jade from Feng Lou and scanned it with his divine sense. His face brightened up and he smiled. "Not bad. You killed 61 Foundation Establishment cultivators and one Core Formation cultivator. If you can continue this, then you have a chance of getting the Distant Heaven Pill. But I am very curious. You were only at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment before. How did you reach the pseudo Core Formation stage so quickly? And even so, it should be almost impossible for you to kill a Core Formation cultivator. How did you do it?" Near the end, his voice became more serious.

Wang Lin had already expected these questions before he came here. His expression was calm as he plainly said, "That Core Formation cultivator was already heavily wounded by other people before escaping. I was lucky to catch him off guard and took his core. Then I used the Evil Demon Sect's technique to devour his core to reach the pseudo Core Formation stage."

"Devouring technique..." Yang Sen's eyes pierced through Wang Lin. He

noticed the trace of core spiritual energy inside him. This made him believe Wang Lin's story a bit and he remained silent.

Feng Lou shot Wang Lin a meaningful look, then threw the jade back to him. She said, "This is the second piece of the map. I'll count that Core Formation cultivator as ten Foundation Establishment cultivators. If you manage to kill 150 Foundation Establishment cultivators, then you can come to me for the third piece.

Wang Lin nodded. He checked the jade with his divine sense and found that it was indeed the map. If he were to combine the two maps, then he would have a clear understanding of Hou Fen's surroundings.

Hou Fen bordered the Sea of Devils. According to the map, there was no Zhao around Hou Fen. According to the description on the map, there was another continent on the other side of the Sea of Devils. He believed that on the 3rd piece there would be some information on that other continent.

There was also a detailed description of the Sea of Devils, but Wang Lin didn't pay much attention to it as he withdrew his divine sense.

Yang Sen looked at Wang Lin in a favorable light and said, "The cultivators of Xuan Wu have gathered together for a big fight. If you want to get credit, then this will be your best chance."

Wang Lin was about to speak when a scream suddenly came from outside. Yang Sen and Feng Lou immediately disappeared as they charged outside.

Wang Lin quickly walked out and saw a Nascent Soul that had many wounds. It was leaking spiritual energy everywhere. The Nascent Soul said, "Fellow cultivators, the country sealing array has been broken... the fire beasts are on their way..."



# Chapter 140: Sea of Devils

Wang Lin's expression became unsettled as the country sealing array being broken was very bad news for him. Once those fire beasts get out, their first target will be him.

The thought of the fire beasts chasing him made Wang Lin's scalp go numb. He immediately made up his mind; he had to get the map no matter what, and it didn't seem like he could wait until the end of the month for the Distant Heaven Pill.

Thinking of this, Wang Lin's brow furrowed. The last piece of the map was in Feng Luan's hands and he didn't have enough time to kill the required cultivators. After pondering a bit, Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he made a decision.

He immediately found Lin Tao and Yang Xiong with his divine sense and then quietly moved away before flying toward Yang Xiong.

Yang Xiong was one of the disciples responsible for patrolling the area. He didn't dare to relax at all as he vigilantly kept watch, but his eyes couldn't help but move toward the top of the mountain. When that broken Nascent Soul flew past him, he had a feeling that something big was about to happen.

Yang Xiong let out a sigh as he suppressed the heavy feeling in his heart. Just as he was about to go patrol the northwest area, he suddenly felt something, so he flew into the dense forest in the north. After he entered the dense forest, he looked around and respectfully said, "Yang Xiong greets master."

Wang Lin came out of a tree. He examined Yang Xiong before asking, "Where is Zhong Zihong?"

Yang Xiong was suspicious, but he didn't dare say anything. He pondered for a bit before replying, "If I remember correctly, junior sister Zhong should be in the third squad of the fourth army, but I don't know the exact details."

Wang Lin looked at Yang Xiong and said, "I have already returned Zhong Zihong's soul essence blood."

Yang Xiong's body shook and his breathing became rough, but he quickly calmed himself down. He raised his head and looked at Wang Lin. His mouth opened as if he wanted to say something.

Wang Lin's expression was calm as he said, "If you can make Zhong Zihong come here, then I'll return your soul essence blood to you."

Yang Xiong's eyes became bloodshot and his breathing became rough again. After a long time, he whispered, "Is what master is saying true?"

Wang Lin frowned but still nodded.

Without a word, Yang Xiong took out a piece of jade and placed it on his forehead. Wang Lin only saw the jade gleam a few times before being thrown. Yang Xiong then disappeared into the distance.

After one hour, the sound of flying swords came from the distance and a very beautiful woman with red lips, white skin, and a curvy figure arrived. This person was Zhong Zihong.

She put away her flying sword, and just as she was about to speak, she saw Wang Lin beside Yang Xiong, making her face immediately go pale.

Wang Lin waved his hand and Yang Xiong's soul essence blood flew toward Yang Xiong. He felt very shameful as he caught it and left without daring to look at Zhong Zihong.

Zhong Zihong's face was pale and she bit her red lip. After a long time, she talked with a chill on her back. "Ancestor Feng Luan... is my mother. When she saw me, she immediately noticed that something was off, so..."

Wang Lin shook his head. He sighed and said, "This matter is over, so there's no need to mention it again. Zhong Zihong, I would like you to help me with something."

Zhong Zihong was startled and asked, "Is it the map?"

Wang Lin nodded and said, "My home is very far away. It would be impossible to find it without a map."

Zhong Zihong looked at Wang Lin with a very complex gaze and said, "Help me kill two people."

Wang Lin raised his brow. "What cultivation level?"

Zhong Zihong's eyes became cold as she answered, "One is at the mid stage of Foundation Establishment and the other is at the peak of late stage Foundation Establishment."

"Okay!" Wang Lin didn't hesitate to agree.

"You should know the two of them. One of them is Ma Liang's precious junior apprentice sister, Xu Si. The other is Zhou Au, who is always fooling around with her. You don't have to kill them now, you can kill them when you leave. As for the map, I'll bring it to you within one hour." After Zhong Zihong finished speaking, she looked at Wang Lin meaningfully before leaving on her flying sword.

"Ma Liang, this is the last time I'm helping you..." Zhong Zihong revealed a melancholy look as she slowly flew away.

Wang Lin meaningfully looked at Zhong Zihong's back before spreading out his divine sense to find Xu Si. He left a sliver of his Ji Realm on her before, so it was very easy to find her.

After finding Xu Si's location, Wang Lin took a step forward and went underground.

Half an hour later, Wang Lin resurfaced. He sat down cross legged, waiting for Zhong Zihong's return.

There was a strange look on his face as when he found Xu Si and Zhou Au. The two of them were in a remote area of the mountain. They were having fun with their two white bodies colliding and creating popping sounds.

Wang Lin took one look and placed a sliver of divine sense that would activate in half a month on Zhou Au before quietly leaving.

After waiting in the dense forest for a while, the person that came wasn't Zhong Zihong but a female Qi Condensation disciple. She threw a

piece of jade into the forest and ran away without even looking back.

Wang Lin's right hand moved and the jade quickly flew into it. He checked the jade with his divine sense before putting it away. Then he took a deep breath, entered the ground, and quickly left.

After the three pieces of the map were fused, Wang Lin could tell that Hou Fen belonged to the Zhou Wu continent. A place called the Sea of Devils was between here and the continent Zhao was on.

If he wanted to return to Zhao, he would have to cross this Sea of Devils, which was rumored to be filled with demonic cultivators.

The map contained only some details of the Sea of Devils. It only said that it was a very dangerous place and that even Nascent Soul cultivators didn't dare to casually enter.

And the map even pointed out that the Sea of Devils wasn't a real sea anymore. Back in ancient times, the sea was evaporated by a very powerful cultivator to kill his enemy.

Since then, the entire Sea of Devils was filled with fog, so it's more accurate to say that it's a fog sea. The creatures living in the Sea of Devils have adapted to survive in this fog too.

At the same time, because of the the special fog of the Sea of Devils, the fog becomes seawater for one month out of the year.

Due to the harsh landscape, resources are very lacking, there are very few spirit veins, and killing people is very common. All of this caused the Sea of Devils to become a gathering point for demonic cultivators. Even criminals from high ranking cultivation countries being hunted by their countries escape to the Sea of Devils.

The name Sea of Devils comes from this. As for its real name, no one even remembers it. The Sea of Devils is a very messy and chaotic place. Very few non-demonic cultivators are willing to enter that place.

Wang Lin digested the information in the jade as he was using the earth escape technique. He suddenly stopped when his divine sense spread out from the ground and saw two flying swords flying across the sky. The one

in front was a girl whose face was very flustered and pale. Her body seemed like it was ready to fall over.

This girl was as beautiful, graceful, and elegant as a fairy. She was Li Muwan from the Lou He Sect who he met once.

The person chasing her was a young man with slicked hair. Not only was the young man not in a rush as he casually chased her, but he also loudly teased, "Little darling, I have kill everyone else in your 13 man squad. Where can you possibly run to?"

Li Muwan remained silent as she bit her lower lip and flew forward.

The young man waved his hand. Li Muwan let out a scream as a large piece of the clothes on her back was torn off, revealing her white and tender skin.

The young man let out a laugh as he sniffed the ripped piece of cloth. His eyes lit up.

Wang Lin only looked for a bit before withdrawing his gaze. That young man's cultivation level was very high, at the mid stage of Core Formation. He doesn't want any trouble as his goal is to leave before the fire beasts arrive.

He only met Li Muwan once, so there was no real reason to risk his life to save her. But just at this moment, the young man's eyes lit up and he threw a black light toward where Wang Lin was hiding.

"There is a junior who knows the earth escape technique hiding here. Since we met, you might as well stay."

Wang Lin let out a sigh and jumped out the moment the black light hit the ground. Li Muwan noticed a change, so she turned around. She revealed a joyous expression and shouted, "It's you! Senior apprentice brother, please save me!" With that, her flying sword turned and arrived next to Wang Lin in an instant.

The young man let out a laugh. He waved his hand, making eight flying swords appear. They all shot toward Wang Lin and Li Muwan. The flyings swords closed in, but most of them were targeting Wang Lin. Only one

sword was targeting Li Muwan, and it wasn't trying to kill her. Clearly, the young man wanted to keep her alive.

Wang Lin secretly let out a sigh as he grabbed Li Muwan's arm and dangerously dodged the flying swords. He pulled her underground and activated the earth escape technique to run away.

The earth escape technique was really a technique of the ancient cultivation world, even if this was just an inferior branch of it. Even when Wang Lin was carrying another person, his speed barely dropped.

The youth controlled the flying swords to attack the ground. He showed a mocking smile as the shock waves transferred underground, but as Wang Lin's speed became faster and faster, the youth's expression became more serious and he focused on chasing.

Although he was a Core Formation cultivator, he wasn't specialized in speed. If Wang Lin was using a normal flying sword of a Foundation Establishment cultivator, it would be nothing, but against the specialized earth escape technique, his weakness was exposed. The more he chased, the bigger the gap between him and Wang Lin became.

Wang Lin's face was gloomy as he looked back at Li Muwan with a merciless expression. Li Muwan's heart began to pound. She knew that she had dragged him down with her. She bit her lower lip and quickly said, "That person is the Xuan Wu's Double Cultivation Sect's elder. He somehow knew that I had a Distant Heaven Pill. That's why he disregarded his status and came after me."

Without waiting for her to finish speaking, Wang Lin's eyes lit up and he asked, "You have a Distant Heaven Pill?"

Wang Lin's gaze caused Li Muwan to become very frightened. She was a very clever person or else she wouldn't have risked saying the three words "Distant Heaven Pill" to get him to save her.

After all, they were both from Hou Fen, so falling in his hands would be better than falling in the hands of that Core Formation cultivator. Thinking about this, she immediately said, "I don't have a finished Distance Heaven Pill, only a semi-complete product..." Her eyes began to

turn red as she saw Wang Lin's unkind gaze and quickly explained, "None of the Lou He Sect's Distance Heaven Pills are complete; they are all in a semi-complete state. However, it would only take half an hour of refining to make it a complete product. This is because once the Distance Heaven Pill is complete, there is no way to store it. It must be consumed within one year, otherwise its effectiveness will drastically decrease."

Wang Lin's mind quickly turned. He originally planned on going around Hou Fen to get into the Sea of Devils, but now he grabbed Li Muwan's soft little hand and charged toward Hou Fen's border.

Wang Lin had two options right now. One was to return to the Hou Fen Union. There were many powerful cultivators there and the moment they arrive, they would be safe. However, that Core Formation young man might not even let them get that far. If Li Muwan changes her mind once they get to safety, then it would be very hard for him to get the Distance Heaven Pill.

The second option was to go to the border of Hou Fen. Considering how long it had been since the country sealing barrier broke, the fire beasts should be on their way.

Wang Lin didn't hesitate to choose the second option.

The young man kept chasing. Seeing his prey getting farther and farther away, he let out an angry grunt and took out a crystal leaf from his bag of holding. The young man looked at the leaf for a bit before throwing it out. The leaf immediately grew longer and wider until it was ten feet long. The young man jumped on the leaf, then his hand formed a seal and he shouted, "Quick!"

The moment he said that word, the leaf flew forward at an incredible speed. It was so fast that it left an afterimage that took a while to dissipate.

The distance between the two parties began to lessen and Li Muwan's face became even more pale. She didn't dare to think of what would happen if the young man caught up. She was angry that Wang Lin didn't go toward the Hou Fen Union, but she only dared to keep it inside as she

didn't want to show her face in fear of Wang Lin leaving her behind.

Wang Lin's expression remained calm as he carefully calculated the time. It had been about three hours since the news of the country sealing array breaking arrived. Adding the time it took for the Nascent Soul to use all its power to teleport here and the time after the fire beasts broke the array, the fire beasts must have arrived at the border of Xuan Wu by now.

As he was calculating, he detected a red cloud rolling in from the distance with his divine sense.

When the young man saw the red cloud, he immediately stopped and gave up the chase. With his position, he knew the reason Hou Fen was invading Xuan Wu. The reason was that the fire beasts were forming that red cloud.

The herd of fire beasts was very fast and Wang Lin's earth escape technique was also very fast, so when they passed each other, a huge gap was created.

Li Muwan's heart pounded rapidly as she watched the red cloud. She finally calmed down a bit when she noticed that they moving farther away from it. However, she suddenly realized something and shouted, "Quickly, stop! We need to go back and report it... aren't the fire beasts supposed to be sealed by the country sealing array?"

Wang Lin looked at her coldly and said, "They already know, there is no need for you to worry."

Just then, a powerful divine sense spread out and suddenly locked onto Wang Lin's body. Wang Lin realized that something was wrong, so he took out a bottle of spiritual liquid and drank it all. He throttled the earth escape technique to 120% of its normal speed and quickly escaped with Li Muwan.

The fire beasts that had already flown far away suddenly stopped. They all let out roars, then turned around and started chasing after Wang Lin.

However, the distance between them was very large and Wang Lin's reaction was very quick. Instead of slowing down, he sped up, so even



though the fire beasts were chasing, they could only follow far behind and were unable to catch up anytime soon.

Li Muwan was horrified as she noticed the change, but then she suddenly had a very strange thought. It felt as if the fire beasts weren't out to destroy Hou Fen but were after this cold youth.

The real five elemental escape technique is a legendary technique. Not only does it require a large amount of spiritual energy, it also has strict requirements for one's talent. However, what Wang Lin learned was only a branch variant called the earth escape technique. Aside from the large spiritual energy consumption, the amount of talent required isn't very high. He could even fine-tune the technique after many uses. Although he hadn't known the technique for long, he had used it a lot since learning it, so now he could use it with ease.

As for the spiritual energy consumption, well, to be honest, the last thing Wang Lin was afraid of was the consumption of spiritual energy.

Wang Lin continued to use the earth escape technique for three days straight as he brought Li Muwan across Hou Fen. The fire beasts chasing him had gotten closer and their roars could now be heard. At the border of Hou Fen, Wang Lin came out of the ground. He looked at the Sea of Devils, then he turned to Li Muwan, who had a pale and weary face, and asked, "Are you confident you can finish refining the pill before the fire beasts catch up?"

At this point, Li Muwan feared Wang Lin from the bottom of her heart. She was now sure that the fire beasts' target was the person before her. Why would those fire beasts ignore the Hou Fen Union and all turn to chase him otherwise? Also, looking at the fire beasts, it was as if they all had some deep hatred for this person.

Most importantly, Li Muwan knew a bit about the earth escape technique. Unless one reaches the Core Formation stage, it is impossible for a cultivator to use for it three days straight. She became very curious about the liquid Wang Lin always drank whenever he ran low on spiritual energy.

Now that she heard Wang Lin's words, her face became even more pale. With how smart Li Muwan was, how could she not realize the hidden meaning in that question? If she could do it, then he might give her a way out, like luring the fire beasts away or something.

But if she couldn't, she believed that this cold youth would take away her half-completed Distant Heaven's Pill and leave her behind.

Thinking about it, Li Muwan's body began to tremble. She had seen a lot of cultivators being torn apart by the fire beasts, so she was terrified right now.

Wang Lin's brow furrowed. Time was of the essence right now, yet this girl was in a daze. How could he possibly know what was going through her head right now? Li Muwan's guess was a bit off however. Even if she couldn't finish it now, Wang Lin would have taken the semi-complete product, but he still would have given her a life-saving treasure. Adding on the fact that the fire beasts were after him, she would have had a high chance of survival.

Li Muwan's heart trembled when she saw Wang Lin frown. She bit her lower lip and said, with a trembling voice, "Senior... senior apprentice brother, time is too short for me to produce a complete product, but I... I can refine pills. I know how to refine almost every pill from the Lou He Sect and I have memorized many ancient recipes. As long as I have the materials, I can refine them."

Wang Lin was startled and looked at Li Muwan a few times, then he saw the red light coming in from the distance and grabbed Li Muwan. He then charged toward the Sea of Devils.

Li Muwan didn't know that her words had really tempted Wang Lin. In his eyes, Li Muwan was a walking pill furnace. If he used her properly, his cultivation level would be able to increase greatly.

Wang Lin obtained this idea from Sun Youcai's life journal.

The Sea of Devils was very large, and it was basically a big hole. It wouldn't be wrong to call the Sea of Devils a giant basin, only this basin had many mountain ranges within it. There weren't any trees, but there

were many strange plants. If one were to check their ancestry, they would find that these plants would trace all the way back to ancient sea plant life.

The season Wang Lin entered the Sea of Devils was when the fog was the thickest. Shortly after, the fog will turn into water, and then one month later, all of the water will become fog again.

Li Muwan was dragged into the thick fog by Wang Lin. Her charming body trembled as she bit her lower lip and whispered, "Senior... senior apprentice brother, this is the Sea of Devils!"

Wang Lin coldly replied, "I know!"

Li Muwan secretly let out a sigh and no longer said a word.

The moment they entered the Sea of Devils, slivers of Ying energy entered their bodies. This caused Wang Lin to become alert. He didn't expect to find Ying spiritual energy here. This made him very happy.

Compared to Hou Fen, the Sea of Devils was like a piece of ice, creating a vast contrast with Hou Fen. This was the first time Li Muwan had come to the Sea of Devils. Various stories she had heard about the Sea of Devils entered her mind, causing her face to become ever paler than it was before.

Wang Lin stopped in the middle of the fog. The fog in this spot wasn't too thick, so the border of Hou Fen was visible. He saw the red cloud closing in from the distance, but once the fire beasts arrived at the border, none of them crossed it. They could only roar at Wang Lin.

Gradually, more and more fire beasts gathered, but not one fire beast entered the Sea of Devils. It was as if there was a giant crevice in the way and they didn't want to cross it.

After a long time, one fire beast finally charged out, but the moment it touched the fog, it let out a miserable scream. Its body quickly shrank and its skin went from white, to red, to grey. This scene looked exactly like throwing a hot coal into ice water.

After seeing this, Wang Lin's heart calmed down a bit. According to his

plan, even if the fire beasts charged in, the beasts and cultivators from here would stop them.

And the Sea of Devils was the size of several thousand Hou Fens. Although the map did not show it, it clearly pointed out the difference in size.

With how large the Sea of Devils was, if Wang Lin were to hide here, it would be hard for the fire beasts to find him.

Wang Lin's body moved and he grabbed Li Muwan, the portable pill furnace, and quickly flew away. His Ji Realm divine sense spread out. He kept a watchful eye on the surroundings.

He had to make a cave and reach the Core Formation stage as soon as possible. Only after reaching the Core Formation stage and becoming the number one cultivator below the Nascent Soul stage would he have any confidence in surviving in the Sea of Devils.

# Credits

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